REAL WEST

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A CHARLTON PUBLICATION
AUG. 1972

TRUE TALES OF THE AMERICAN FRONTIER

Coleman OF THE VIGILANTES

Abraham "BULLET HOLE" Ellis

Jesse James AND THE LIBERTY BANK ROBBERY

THE Grizzlies GOTTA GO!

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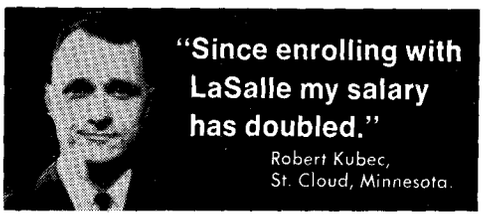

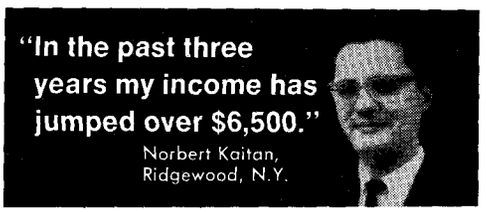

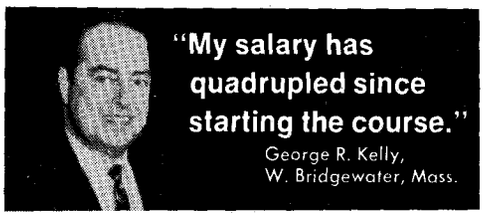

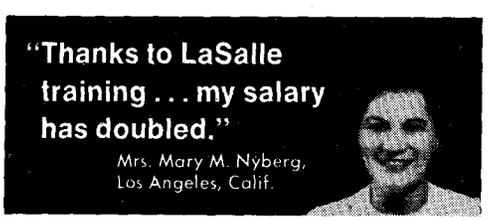

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ESCAPE

DID YOU KNOW there is a small town only 15 minutes from hideous Times Square that boasts a lower crime rate than most rural areas?

. . . or that secret sanctuaries dot the map of the U.S., located in breathtakingly beautiful surroundings — where even the local boosters have clammed up because they don't want to attract outsiders?

Do you know where to find an uncluttered beach 113 miles long, and a land so rich it grows four crops a year? Or the name of the only town near L.A. with a low crime rate?

Do you know the Nevada town where gambling is prohibited? Or the beautiful town in Hiawatha country with three colleges, a 238-bed hospital, a $5 million high school?

May we tell you where to find a prosperous Dixie suburb — fully integrated and crime free . . . a gracious town founded by tax reformers, and spiced with a French accent . . . a town that lowered its taxes last year . . . and a college town where the hottest issue is dancing on campus?

Would you like directions to Edna St. Vincent Millay's unspoiled hometown, where you can ski, sail, and pick blueberries . . . or the town that Arnold Toynbee fell in love with?

May we give you the name of the town with the purest air in the country . . . where you pay $25,000 for a large, modern home, and $6.50 for a doctor's office visit?

All of these surprising paradises are just as real as the crime rates of New York, Washington and San Francisco. They are described in the brand new 932-page guidebook, SAFE PLACES — the first and only directory of the safest communities in the United States.

46 Safe Places to Live In!

Tired of fortress-like apartments? Terrified of dark streets? Leery of your children's schools? Worried about pollution? Weary of brutal taxes? *If you don't like it here, MOVE . . . while you still can!*

But where would you go? Where can you find a really nice place to live that is still safe — and likely to remain so? Where, in America, has the American dream not turned into a nightmare?

Journalists David and Holly Franke found 46 of them. All different. They have proved: *it's not too late!*

These 46 communities were discovered by a canny husband-wife team who knew just what to look for — and what to *look out* for. They traveled more than 20,000 miles in search of towns where the living is still good . . . where folks take walks at night without first making out their wills.

"Swell," you say, "but can I live there?"

To help you decide which of these communities is the right one for you, the authors knocked on doors in every town. They interviewed mayors and police chiefs. They spoke to housewives, students, retirees, farmers, factory workers, businessmen. They plowed through hundreds of newspapers and documents. They sifted fact from fiction, reality from wishful thinking, saving you months — even years — of beating the bushes for a Safe Place of your own. The authoritative information they uncovered — warts and all — is carefully organized to help you make up your mind before you call the moving man and make your escape. It makes fascinating and valuable reading. In *Safe Places*, for instance, you are told, without whitewash or balderdash, just what you can expect:

Standards of living. Want a cheap and charming old town? An outdoor sports-oriented community? A frankly opulent country-club life? You will find them all — plus much *more — in Safe Places.*

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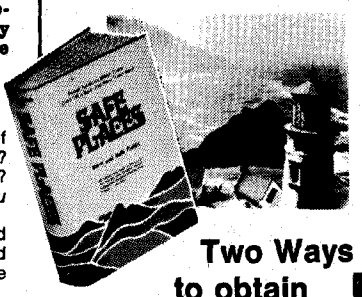
Crime rate. Thorough as an FBI report, *Safe Places* gives you the details for all 46 towns in seven crime categories, from murder to auto thefts. Includes any potential problems with drugs, hippies, etc.

Real estate. Houses, apartments, farms, ranches, trailer parks. Building lots. Prices and mortgages. Even fuel bills.

Taxes. Present levies and possible hikes.

Medical facilities. Doctors, dentists, pharmacies, specialists, nursing care. Necessary if you take sick. Priceless if you are a physician. (Medical bonus: the ultra-modern research facilities in many tiny communities.)



Education. Public, private and parochial schools. Colleges. Extension courses. (Idea: Use *Safe Places* as a practical supplement to fanciful college catalogs.)

In the 932 pages of Safe Places, you find much more. You learn about government services and utilities, including garbage collections and water supplies . . . *shopping and restaurants* . . . places of worship . . . transportation . . . ethnic mix . . . entertainment, recreation, sports . . . *cultural activities and fraternal groups* . . . local politics . . . climate . . . environment.

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Nothing has been left to chance in the first book to give people like yourself a treasure map to the REAL America:

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- Americans of all ages in search of a real home

If you fit any of these categories, *Safe Places* is indispensable. As a *different* travel guide to the U.S.A., it stands alone. Over 400 photos, drawings and maps season its quarter of a million words so you can linger over the most beautiful as well as the safest spots from coast to coast: The *hidden beauty spots along the* Atlantic seaboard. Dynamic and delightful communities of the Old South. The tranquil surprises waiting for you in the Midwest. The unpublicized havens on the Gulf. The magnificent vistas of the Great West. Winter sports centers and desert oases. The best towns along the Pacific Coast.

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REAL WEST

Volume XV
Number 106
August, 1972

The Brand of Quality

Executive Editor/Patrick Masulli
Managing Editor/Edward T. LeBlanc
Gun Editor/Major R.O. Ackerman
Treasure Editor/E.S. LeGaye
Art Director/Madelyn Fisher

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ZANE GREY, MAN OF THE WEST
By G. M. Farley

•

JOHN ALLEN: BARBER-OUTLAW OF SHASTA
By Craig MacDonald

•

THE LEGEND OF TOM HORN
By Ernest H. Hart

•

LOST TREASURE OF THE DONNER BROTHERS
By E. S. LeGaye

•

THE PONCA TRAIL OF TEARS
By Samuel Stanley

•

FORTS OF THE WEST - FORT McKAVETT
By Louise Cheney

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I KNEW JOHN SLAUGHTER
By Harold Preece

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RATTLESNAKE COUNTRY
By Wayne Gard

•

TALES OF OLD BODIE
By Cy Martin

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THE SPIRIT OF THE VIGILANTES
By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

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FIFTY YEARS FOLLOWING HEEL DUST
By Maurice Kildare

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By Lean C. Metz

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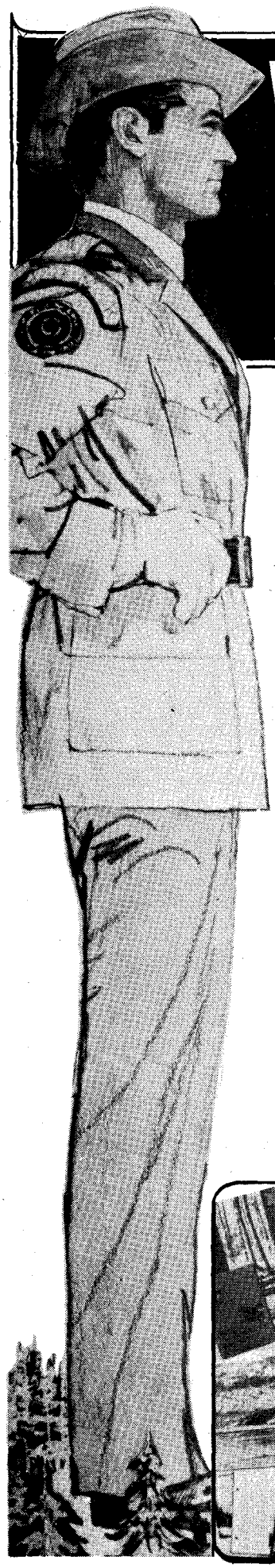

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The man who wears the insignia of a forestry, conservation, wildlife or park agency is a man of *action* called upon to rescue people in danger . . . to enforce our laws and protect our wildlife . . . to direct citizens in time of emergencies . . . even lead fire fighting crews. What's more, the conservationist has the satisfaction of knowing that he is serving his country . . . safeguarding her forests, parks, ranges and wildlife. Future generations will be grateful to him for preserving the natural beauty of our American heritage.

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"While taking this course, I was with Champion Paper Company . . . now I am the owner of Bryson Pulpwood Yard, and doing my own forestry work."—*Mack Howell*, Bryson, N.C.

"Your course afforded me the position as Ranger-in-Charge of an area, and my present position." *David E. Heck* Asst. Park Supt. Elk Neck State Park, Maryland

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MAIL ROUNDUP

Tell It To RW, Charlton Building, Derby, Connecticut

HAS BACK ISSUES OF REAL WEST FOR SALE

Dear Editors:

Your magazine has given me countless hours of pleasure. If any of your readers are interested, I have back issues dating to May 1965. I'm interested in selling them and would like to hear from anyone wanting to buy back issues. Keep up your good work on a true western type publication.

Thank you,
Robert F. Huff,
33 Groveview Terrace,
Fayetteville, N.C. 28301

LAUDS MRS. SHULSINGER

Dear Sir:

Stephanie Shulsinger's articles compress and condense more real history into easily read prose than any of your other authors. Her facts are verifiable and absolutely correct. She always provides some beautiful, but obscure historical quote as well as a truly inspiring man who has helped make the U.S.A. great. The Kansas article quoted Salon Thacher as our "generous sunshine of liberty." What an easily read, enjoyable article. More, please!

Sincerely,

Viola Hughes,
441 E. 51st St.,
Long Beach, Calif. 90805.

WANTS CORRESPONDENCE

Dear Sir:

Your magazine has afforded many hours of pleasure and also a constant source of information to me. The history of your Western heritage is a much loved subject of mine and it is a privilege to share so many stories of a great past. I would so much like to correspond with other readers sharing my interest. I am trying to keep a scrapbook about the West.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Margaret Daniel,
Farthingstone, Towcester, Northants,
England.

ENJOYED THE EMMETT DALTON ARTICLE

Dear Editor:

I enjoy reading Real West Magazine. Found Beyond the Law, by Emmett Dalton especially interesting as was the Truth about Jesse James' Death.

Sincerely,
Walter R. Peterson,
P.O. Box 433,
Saskatoon, Sask. Canada

INDIAN BATTLE IN 1930?

Dear Sir:

I enjoy reading Real West Magazine when I can get it. The stories are very interesting. I particularly like reading about the American Indian, and your page on Indians by Nono Minor is full of fact and history. One would think however that the Indians and the Indian problem is a thing of the past. Why don't you print some present day story of the Indian (those left). I am led to understand that as late as April 1930 there was an Apache attack near the Nueori Chico settlement in the Sierra Madre mountains. I don't know of course if this is inside the USA or Mexico.

Sincerely,
Carl Raymer,
1019 High Road,
London N20, England.

The Sierra Madre mountains are in Mexico. Can anyone shed any light on the Indian battle of 1930?

OLD MAN LILLY

Dear Sir:

In your column a Mr. D. Hale of Elko, Nevada asks about a Mr. Lilly. (Old Man Lilly).

I think you will find they refer to Ben Lilly, well known in Arizona as an expert hunter of mountain lions and other game.

He spent a good share of his life as a hunter and this was a hobby and a livelihood.

I think you will find that the author, Zane Grey, hunted with him a time or two and wrote a book about him and his hunt with him.

Also a few months ago I read a magazine article about, "Old Ben Lilly."

Yours truly,

Carl J. O'Rourke
3011 Bandolina,
Rosewell,
New Mexico 88201

TOM MIX'S DEATH

Dear Sir:

In your March issue of Real West, Mario DeMarco wrote that Tom Mix was killed near Florence, Arizona. This is sure a mistake on his part. Tom Mix was killed near Ashfork, Arizona on Highway 66 which is about 300 miles from Florence. There is a bronze plaque where he was killed.

Very truly yours,
Helen Dugan,
2509E Miller Drive,
Flagstaff, Arizona 86001

RIO TINTO MINE

Dear Sir:

Just a brief note to say that I certainly enjoyed the article about the Rio Tinto Mine of Elko, Nevada. The facts related are ones that I have heard my father recall many times. Thanks for a very interesting magazine.

Very truly yours,
Wayne Hage,
Box 68
Loyalton, Calif. 96118

WANTS INFO ON BILLY THE KID

Dear Sir:

Recently I've been doing some research on the Southwestern outlaw, Billy the Kid. Before his death in 1963 my grandfather told my brother and I that we were related to Billy the Kid. I would very much like to correspond with anyone with any knowledge of Billy, especially anyone from around Silver City or Lincoln, New Mexico.

Sincerely,
Gordon Struble,
708 Byron Drive, Milford, Michigan
48042

●RW

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How to Speak and Write Like a College Graduate

"It's easy," says Don Bolander...

"and you don't have to go back to school!"

"Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English,*" says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. For almost twenty years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes.*

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question *What is so important about my ability to speak and write?*

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence – handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life. You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

Answer A command of good English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation—also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question *But wouldn't I have to go back to school to gain a command of good English?*

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home – in only a few minutes each day.

Question *Is this something new?*

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question *Does it really work?*

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question *Who are some of these people?*

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question *How long will it take me to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?*

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question *How can I find out more about the Career Institute Method?*

Answer I will gladly mail you a free 32-page booklet.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE BOOKLET

To receive a free copy of the 32-page booklet, How to Gain a Command of Good English, *just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send coupon, card, or letter today to Career Institute, Dept.840-00 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.*

DON BOLANDER, Career Institute, Dept. 840-00 555 E. Lange St., Mundelein, Illinois 60060.

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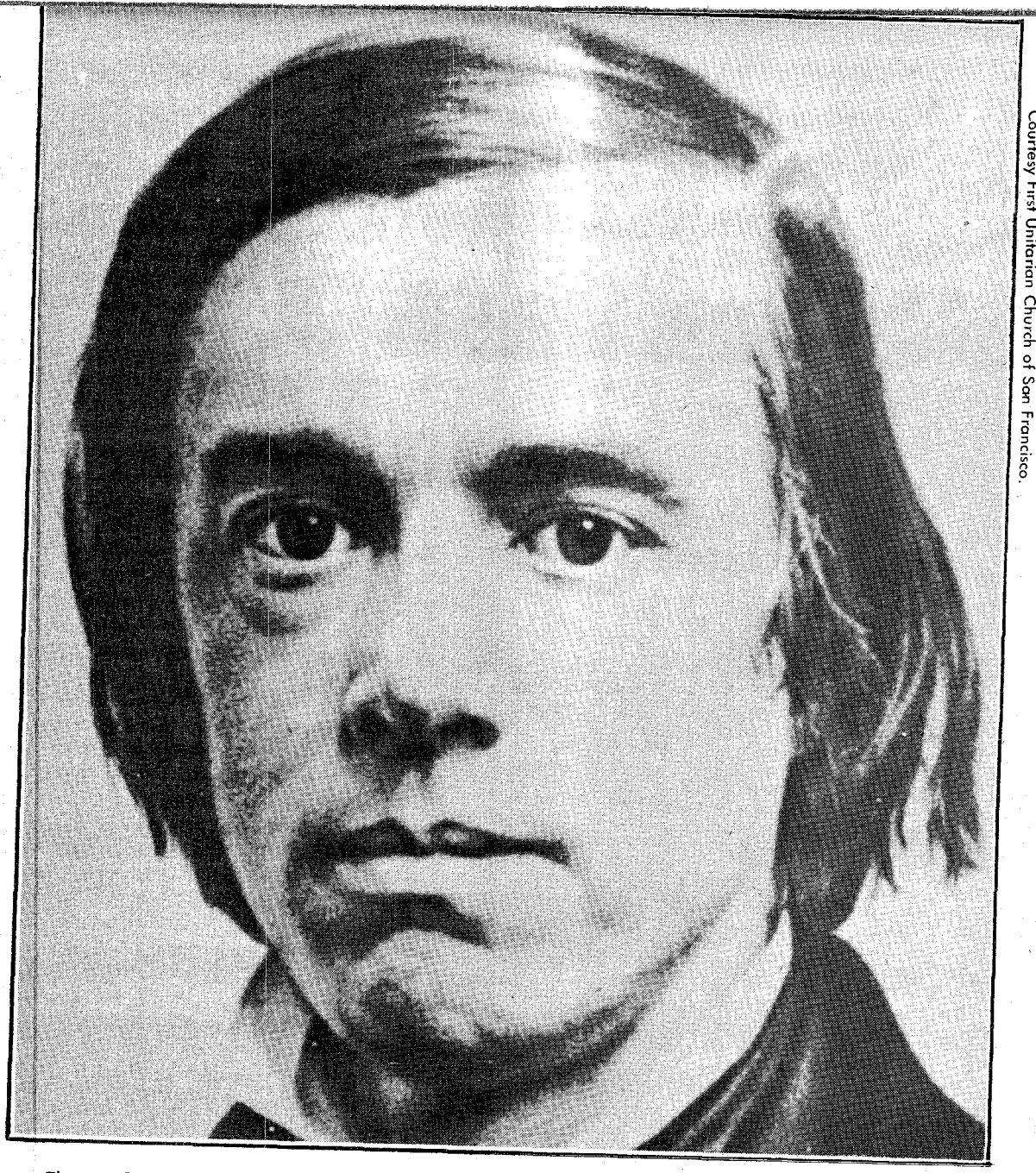

Courtesy First Unitarian Church of San Francisco.

Thomas Starr King, one of California's most noted heroes. He left the security of a Boston pastorate and became leader of San Francisco's Unitarian Church in 1860. He was a staunch unionist and is credited by many as saving California for the union by his oratory.

THOMAS STARR KING- The Preacher Who Saved California's Soul

By WILLIAM WINGFIELD

This boyish looking Unitarian minister was the deciding factor in keeping California from going over to the Confederacy during the Civil War. His golden voice destroyed the arguments of the pro-slavers and kept the great state on the side of the Union.

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When he first walked to the pulpit of the San Francisco Unitarian Church, the eyes of the congregation turned on the frail, delicate little man.

Many asked, "Could this slender, youthful young man with his beardless, boyish face be the celebrated preacher, Thomas Starr King?"

King laughed in reply, "Though I weigh only 120 pounds, when I am mad, I weigh a ton."

To be "mad" was going to be King's stock-in-trade during his years in California from 1860 to 1864. President Abraham Lincoln firmly believed that it was the Rev. Thomas Starr King alone who kept California from seceding from the Union during the dark early days of the Civil War.

King's reputation had led the San Francisco church to rather wistfully ask him to become its minister. During his 11 years as minister of the Hollis Street Unitarian Church in Boston, he had increased its congregation to five times its original size and gotten it out of bankruptcy.

After hearing one of King's sermons, Ralph Waldo Emerson, considered the wisest man in America of his time, commented, "That is preaching!"

As a lecturer on scholarly subjects, King had traveled as far west as St. Louis.

Both Chicago and Brooklyn churches had sought him as their minister, but the popular Boston pastor rejected them, feeling that San Francisco out in the raw west offered the greatest challenge.

He was right. At that moment, California was heading into a crisis. The showdown between the free and slave states was at hand. The governor and most members of the California Legislature were sympathetic to the Confederacy. The only effective voice in California against slavery, Sen. David C. Broderick, was killed in a duel only the year before.

Leadership of the forces of the Union was a vacuum that was only to be filled by Thomas Starr King.

The initial sense of disappointment by San Franciscans at his slender and boyish appearance quickly gave way to wonder and then to delight as his rich, golden voice poured forth.

Those present the first day recalled that sermon decades later. They said he literally had the audience in his hands. Not only was his reputation as an orator and preacher established that very first Sunday in San Francisco, but it soon spread statewide. Many worshippers even came from places as far away as Stockton and Sacramento.

Less than a month after King arrived in San Francisco, the Republican National Convention met in Chicago and nominated Abraham Lincoln as its candidate for President.

In the ensuing election, Lincoln carried California by a mere 711 votes, receiving only 28 per cent of the votes cast. The only reason Lincoln carried California was because the Democratic Party was split in two, with Sen. Stephen A. Douglas and Vice President John Cabell Breckinridge each claiming to be the Democratic nominee.

Following Lincoln's election, one by one, the stars in the American flag began to blink out. Even before Lincoln was inaugurated, the Southern states began dropping out of the Union. The crucial question was if California would join them, delivering its immense gold resources into Jefferson Davis's hands.

A majority of citizens of Los Angeles were known to have favored California seceding and joining the Confederacy. Indeed, on the Fourth of July in 1861, it was the Confederate Flag rather than the American Flag that flew over the Plaza in Los Angeles.

Used with permission of the Architect of the U.S. Capitol.

Thomas Starr King's statue stands in the U.S. Capitol as one of California's two greatest heroes. The other is Father Junipero Serra, the great Catholic missionary.

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King wrote a friend in Boston about touring the Sacramento Valley — "You see in glaring capitals 'Texas Saloon,' 'Mississippi Shoe Shop,' 'Alabama Emporium.' Very rarely do you see any Northern state thus signalized."

Congress was so convinced of a secessionist plot in California that it required easterners to secure passports before they could go to California. To justify Congress's fears, a secret paramilitary secessionist organization called the Knights Of The Golden Circle had a minimum of 16,000 members.

In February 1861, when Lincoln still had not yet been inaugurated, King fired his opening salvo toward saving California for the Union.

On Washington's Birthday, 1861, he spoke for 2½ hours to an auditorium holding over 1,000 people on how people should remember George Washington by preserving the Union that Washington created.

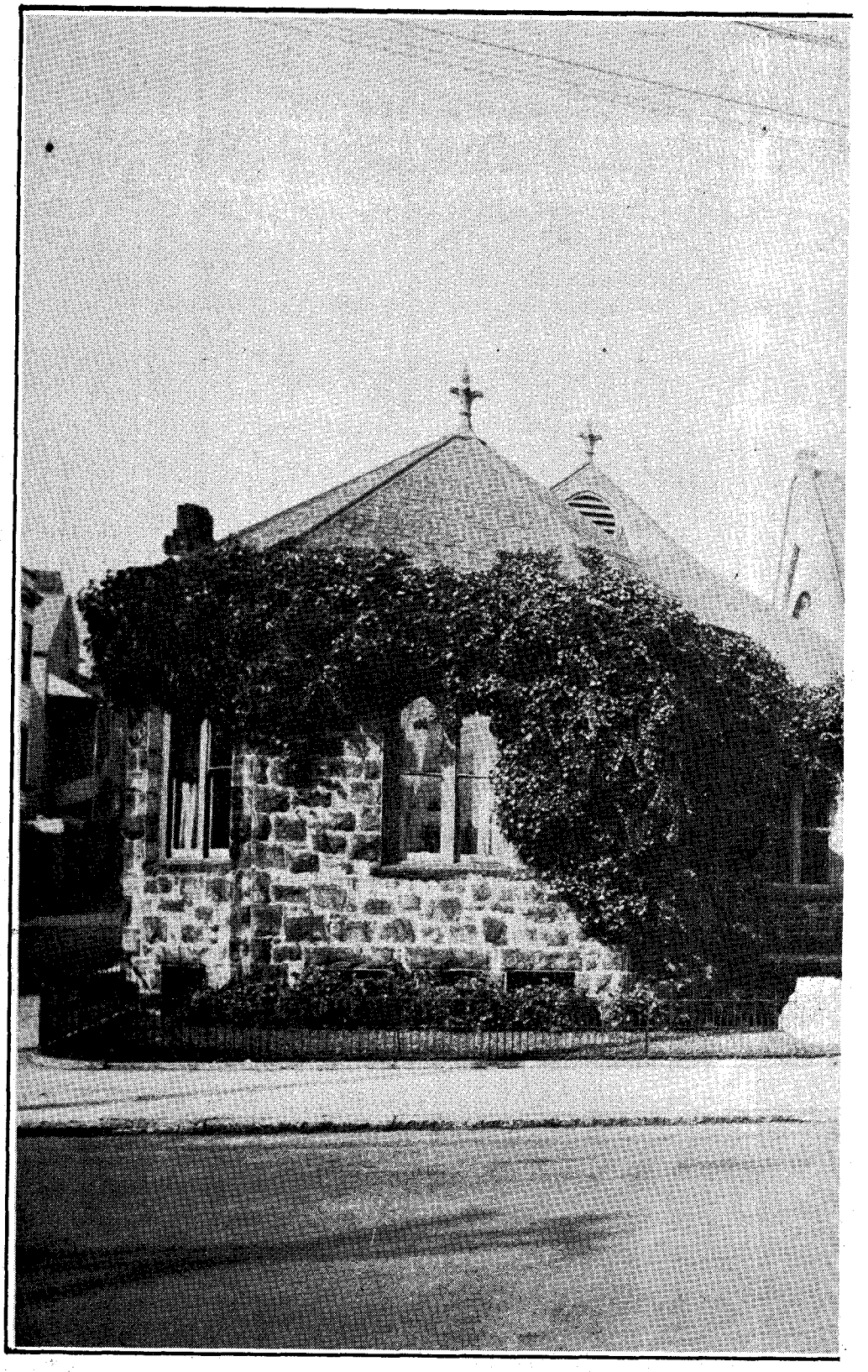
Afterwards, King recalled, "Mrs. (John C.) Fremont was out and told me she hadn't been so stirred in years. A son of old Vanderbilt, a lieutenant in the army, stayed to be introduced and tell me his joy. I pitched into Secession, Concession and Calhoun, right and left, and made the Southerners applaud.

"I pledged California to a Northern Republic and to a 'flag that should have no treacherous threads of cotton in its warp,' and the audience came down in thunder. At the close it was announced that I would repeat it the next night, and they gave me three rounds of cheers."

On March 10, he spoke to the Masons on "Washington and the Union." King was a Mason himself, and the Masons were especially moved and delighted since George Washington is the Masons' chief hero.

His most powerful talk was "Webster and the Union." Sen. Daniel Webster had been his hero in Massachusetts, and he had conducted the memorial service at his church on Webster's death. His talk emphasized Webster's most moving phrase — "Liberty and Union, Now and Forever, One and Inseparable!" King insisted that Webster's call was more meaningful than when it was made.

King cried out, "Rebellion sins against the Mississippi; it sins against the coast line; it sins against the ballot box; it sins against oaths of allegiance; it sins against public and benificent peace; and it sins, worse of all, against the cornerstone of American progress and history and hope—the worth of the laborer and the rights of man. It strikes for barbarism against civilization!"



He thundered against Jefferson Davis, "He is a representative to my soul and conscience of a force of evil. His cause is a pollution and a horror. His banner is a black flag. I could pray for him as one man, a brother man, in his private affectional and spiritual relations with heaven. But as president of the seceding states, head of the brigand forces, organic representative of the powers of destruction within our country — pray for him? As soon as for Anti-Christ! Never!"

Speaking up and down the state, he visited the rough and rugged mining camps, and said he never knew the exhilaration of public speaking until he faced a front row of men armed with Bowie knives and revolvers.

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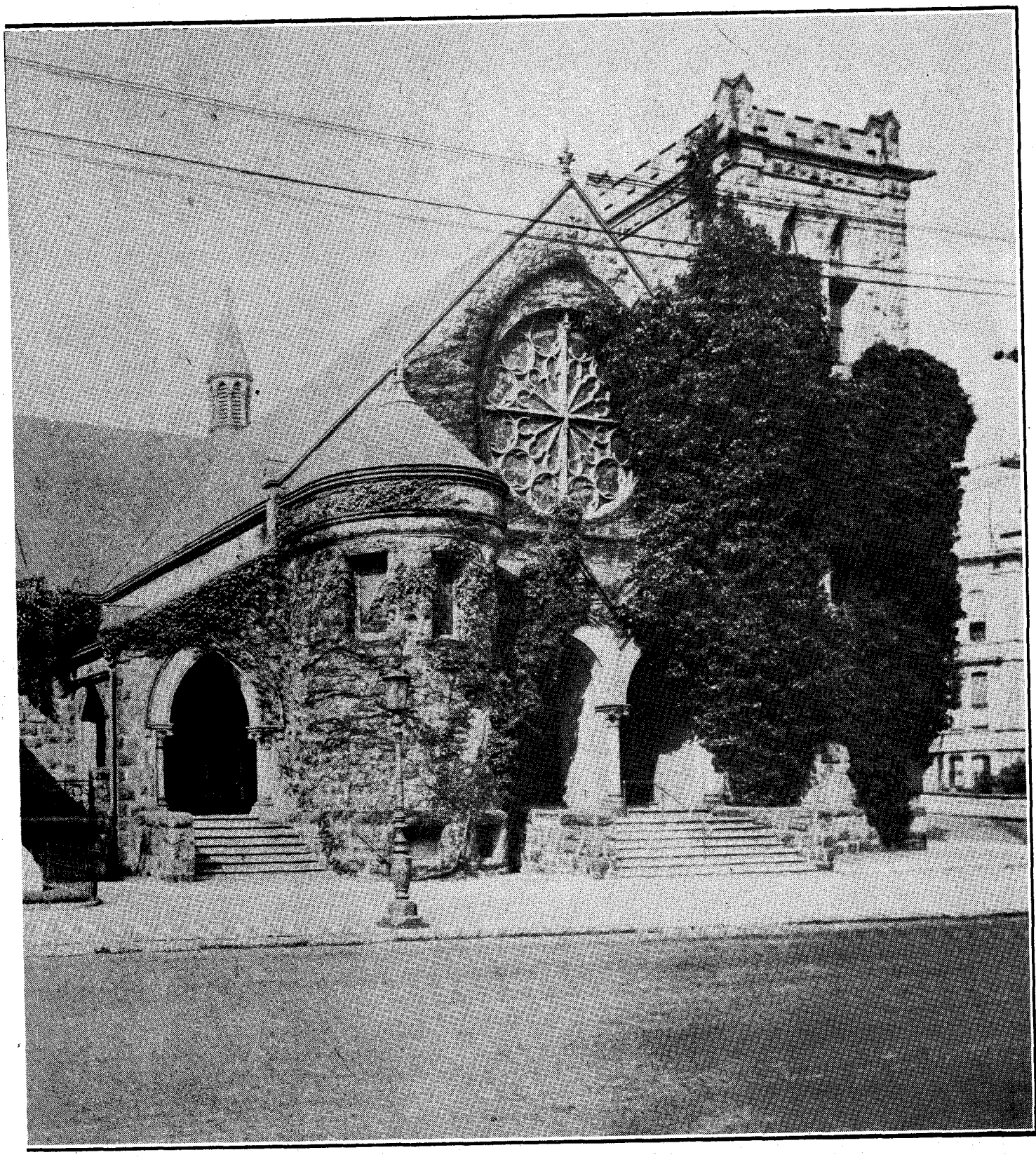

Courtesy First Unitarian Church of San Francisco

The First Unitarian Church of San Francisco at the corner of Franklin and Starr King Streets. Thomas Starr King's tomb is at the center near the stairs. In the 1960's the state legislature designated the church and tomb to be a historical monument.

His friend Edward Everett Hale, who made a similar contribution to saving the Union through his moving story, "The Man Without A Country," declared, "Starr King was an orator no one could silence and no one could answer."

When he delivered his sermons at church, his pulpit was covered with the American Flag, and he compared the Rebels with the Fallen Angels and with Judas. He ended all of his sermons, "God bless the President of the United States and all who serve with him the cause of a common country."

His culmination came at a mass rally in San Francisco where 40,000 people turned out.

His appeals were so effective that a

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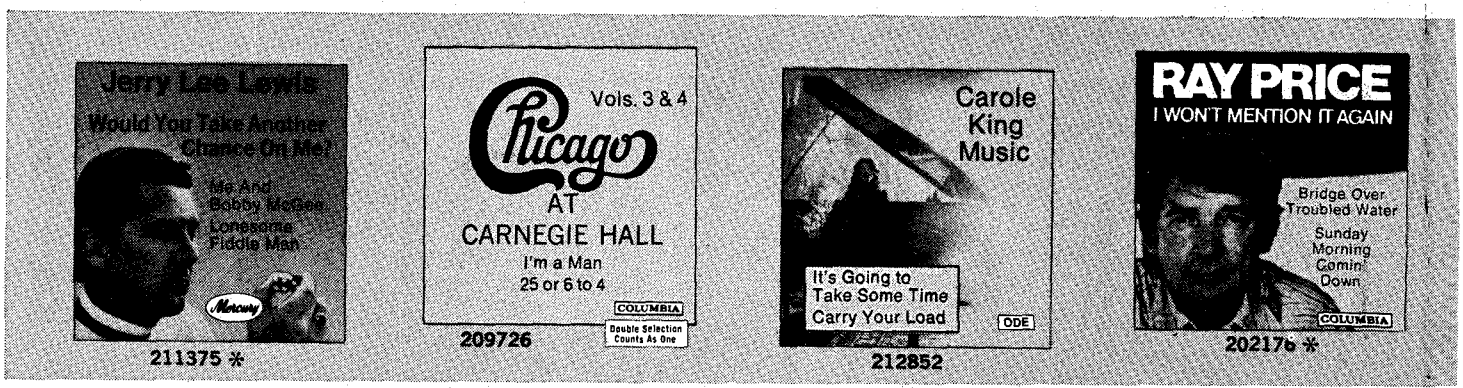

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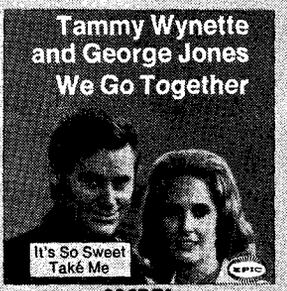

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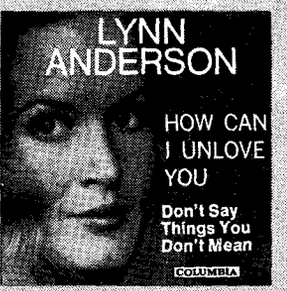

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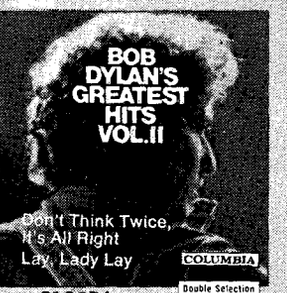

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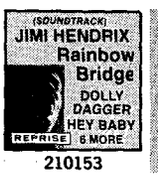

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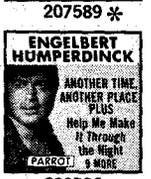

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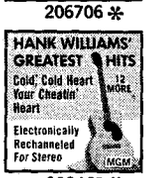

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Raindrops Keep Fallin' On My Head • 10 more
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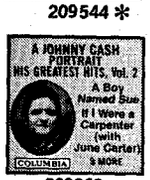

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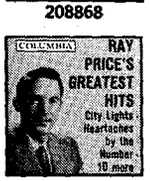

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OR — if you prefer your music on Stereo Tapes join the Columbia Tape Club now and take ANY 8 of these selections for only $2.86. Just write in the numbers of your 8 selections on the application — then mail it together with check or money order. (Also indicate whether you want cartridges *or* cassettes *or* reel tapes.) In exchange, you agree to buy seven selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming two years . . . and you may cancel membership any time after doing so.

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RECORDS

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only) **(BS-Z)** E76

☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Classical
☐ Broadway & Hollywood ☐ Country ☐ Jazz

OR TAPES

I am enclosing my check or money order for $2.86, as payment for the 8 tapes indicated below. Please accept my membership application for the **Columbia Tape Club.** I agree to buy seven tapes (at regular Club prices) in the next two years — and may cancel membership any time after doing so.

SEND ME THE FOLLOWING TYPES OF TAPES (check one box only)
☐ Cartridges (PN-W) ☐ Cassettes (PP-X) ☐ Reel Tapes (MH-Y) E76

MY MAIN MUSICAL INTEREST IS (check one box only)
☐ Easy Listening ☐ Young Sounds ☐ Country

Whichever Club I've joined, all selections will be described in advance in the Club magazine, sent every four weeks. If I do *not* wish *any selection*, I'll return the card provided by the date specified, or use the card to order any selection I do want. If I want *only* the regular selection for my musical interest, I need do nothing — it will be shipped automatically. Occasionally, I'll be offered special selections which I may accept or reject by using the dated form provided.

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss.....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address.....

City.....State.....& Zip.....

Do You Have A Telephone? (check one) ☐ YES..... ☐ NO

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group of Americans living in Victoria, British Columbia, sent him $1,000 to carry on his work toward preserving the Union.

By now, his effectiveness was not lost on his enemies. They realized that he was beginning to turn the tide against them.

For example, in Sonora, one of the mining towns, the newspaper editor called King "a fair representative of the rabid, fanatical, Godless school of Boston political preachers. Their cry is now nigger, nigger, blood, blood!"

At a prayer meeting, a man got up in the midst of prayers and said that God had just summoned him to kill Thomas Starr King. Nothing daunted, King shrugged it off and said the man was only a harmless lunatic who probably really meant him no harm.

During the 1861 state elections, he threw himself into the gubernatorial campaign of his parishioner, Leland Stanford, the Republican nominee. Frequently Mrs. John C. Fremont and the budding author Bret Harte accompanied him and Stanford on speaking tours.

The result was an overwhelming election for Stanford, and a sigh of relief for King.

"The state is safe from Southern tampering," King wrote.

"What a privilege it is to be an American!" he exulted. "What a year to live in! Worth all other times ever known in our history or any other!"

The battle to save California for the Union won at last, King now turned to the needs and concerns of the soldiers themselves.

The Union Army had been thrown together so hastily in the time of crisis that it was ill provisioned and medical care didn't exist. There were few trained doctors or nurses or medical attendants. Much of the food was rotting because war profiteers saw an excellent opportunity to get rich by dumping spoiled food off onto the Army. There were not even sheets or blankets. Disease took a greater toll of soldiers' lives than Confederate bullets.

To remedy this tragedy, the Rev. H. W. Bellows of New York organized the U. S. Sanitary Commission, the forerunner of the American National Red Cross. Starr King immediately pitched in to help.

Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, secretary and historian of the Sanitary Commission, later recorded, "Starr King was the Sanitary Commission in California."

In fact, he came near being the whole Sanitary Commission. Out of $4.8 million raised by the Commission in the entire United States during the war, $1.25 million was raised by King in California. King's contribution was over one-fourth of that raised in the entire country.

The $1,000 sent to him by the Americans in Victoria to help in his fight to save the Union was turned over to the Sanitary Commission. After he wrote the people in Vancouver to thank them and tell them what he had done, they turned around and sent him another $300 to be used for the Sanitary Commission.

King used their bank draft as an example and inducement for individuals and civic groups in San Francisco to chip in and do likewise. He was able to parlay the $300 into another $1,000.

On Jan. 10, 1864, San Francisco gave the fund $200,000.

His efforts were even more impressive because during those years, California was hit by a series of natural disasters. One of the worst floods in California history hit and converted the whole Sacramento-San Joaquin Valley into a vast lake as big as Lake Ontario. The following year, an immense drought wiped out the Valley's wheat crops.

As well as working for the Sanitary Commission, King now found himself raising funds for flood and drought relief. As a Mason, he was also active in fund raising for the Masonic Relief Board.

In addition, he found time to work for the rights and betterment of the Negroes and Chinese in San Francisco when these two were very despised minority groups.

Edward Everett Hale observed, "We know that here is a heart as large as the world, so that you can not make it understand that it should hold back from any service to be rendered to any human being."

Because of his success at patriotic and charitable services, a strong movement arose to run him for the U. S. Senate. However, King steadfastly refused to even be considered for the honor. He said he feared it might lead him into political compromises and impair his ability and liberty to speak forthrightly on subjects he felt strongly about.

He said, "I would swim to Australia before taking a political post."

What relaxation he had came from exploring the mountains. At the time, except for the mining districts, the mountains were largely unexplored.

He was one of the first 100 persons

to visit Lake Tahoe, and said the blueness of the lake and the greenness of the pines surrounding it seemed to him in harmony with the deepest religion of The Bible.

Yosemite Valley and Yosemite's big trees were a special delight to him. He wrote the *Boston Transcript* that each time he saw one that amazed him by its size and height, he saw another beyond it that was even larger. The trees, he said, made him think what it would have been like if the Bunker Hill Monument had grown from a single seed of granite.

On entering Yosemite Valley, he exclaimed, "The Ninth Symphony (Beethoven's) is the Yosemite of music! Great is granite and the Yosemite is its prophet!"

He climbed above Nevada Falls and Vernal Falls, and was attracted by

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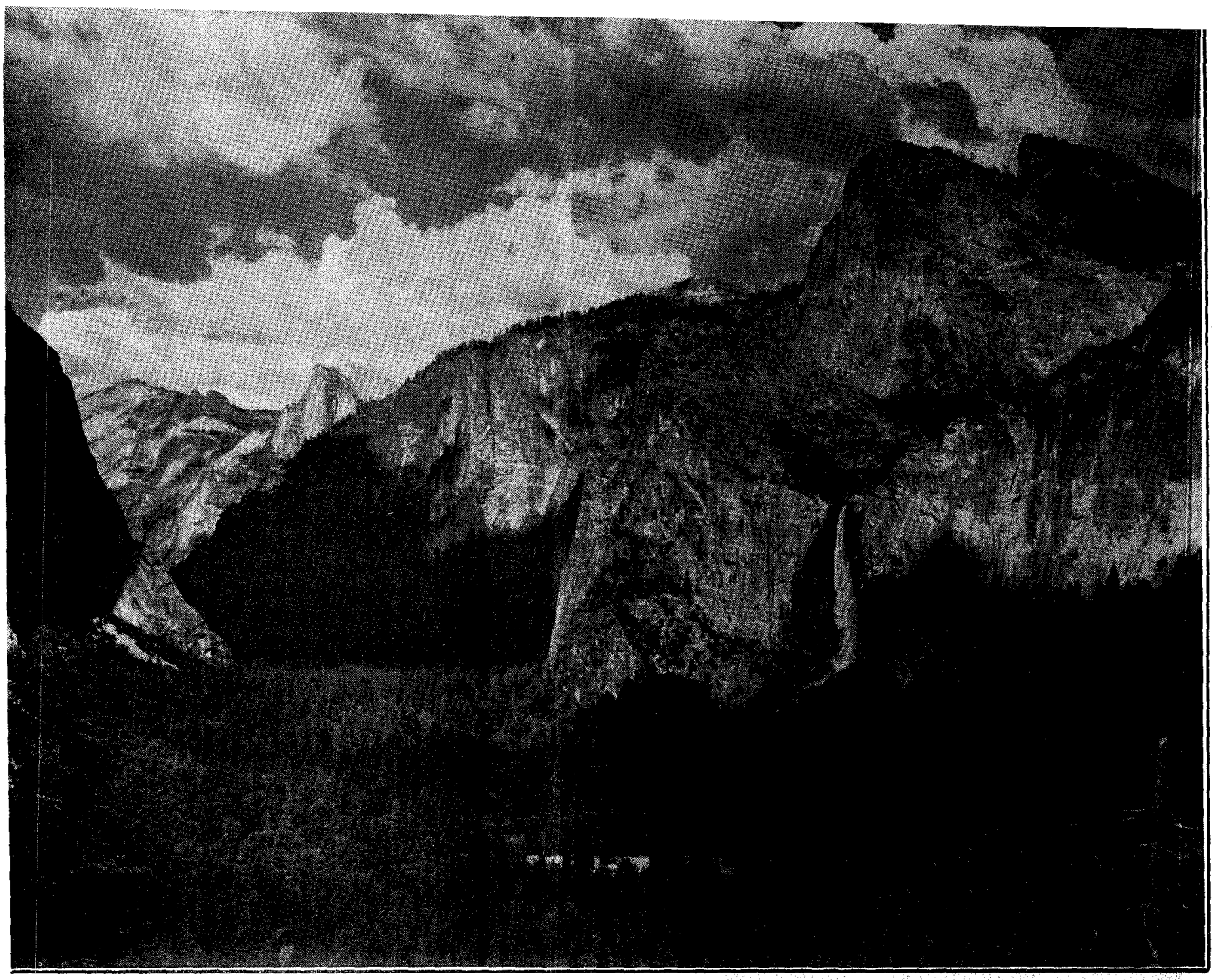

Courtesy Yosemite Park and Curry Co. Photo by Ansel Adams.

Yosemite Valley showing Starr King Mountain in the distance. The mountain was named in King's honor. Another mountain in New Hampshire also bears his name.

one magnificent dome or turret of granite that towered over the valley. It rose 13,600 feet. Today, it is named Mt. Starr King.

In letters to the *Transcript* about mining towns, he gave colorful descriptions that might have done credit to his friend, protege and parishioner, Bret Harte. He depicted both the color and the dreariness of the cabins, saloons, billiard halls, stage coaches, and the miners at work.

Back in New England, he had enjoyed climbing and exploring the White Hills of New Hampshire. He wrote a book about them, *The White Hills — Their Legend, Landscape and Poetry*, which, when published in 1859, was far more popular than Henry David Thoreau's now classic *Walden*.

King hoped to write a similar book some day about the Sierras.

Throughout his many endeavors, his church still had first call. When he arrived in 1860, the church had a $30,000 debt. By Christmas, he had done such a good job of paying off the debt that the church members gave him a set of silver in appreciation.

Indeed, he had become such a successful minister in such a short time that the existing Unitarian church soon was much too small for its fast growing congregation.

He set about in October, 1862, to raise $80,000 toward construction of a new church. As one of the means, he gave lectures on the contemporary New England poets. He asked each of them to send a new poem to be read at the conclusion of the talk.

The cornerstone of the church was laid on Dec. 3, 1862.

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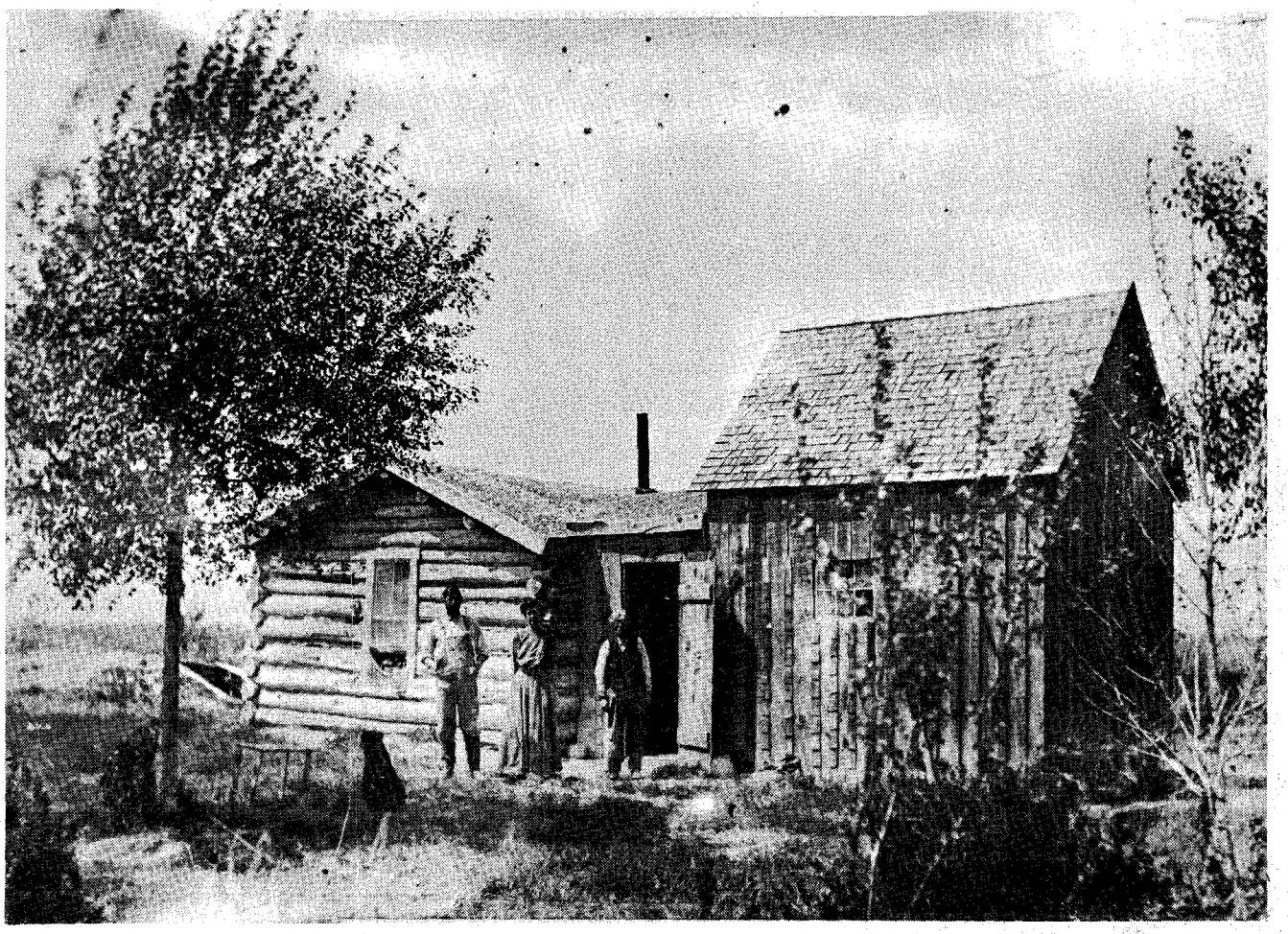
Photos from the collection of the author



Log Cabin in Idaho, later added on to by the owner

When the first pioneers headed west to wrest a living from the wilderness, they had to rely on an axe, a rifle, and their own courage and energy. Living was rugged and a man was content if he slept warm with a full belly. Many of us today might envy our adventurous forefathers.

Our rugged forefathers might well have adopted the axe and the rifle as their Coat-of-Arms heraldic emblems, signifying their mission as harbingers of vigilization and the conquerors of the American continent. With these two crude implements they built and defended their homes; later constructing barns, fences and numerous articles of everyday use.

Wherever the pioneers traveled through that great and unknown country, the first thing a man thought of was his axe. On rest stops or making night camps the sites had to be cleared, and wood chopped for campfire over which to cook their meals. So the pioneer always kept his axe handy and sharp. His rifle was just as important. All day, along the route they traveled, several men had been out with rifles, tramping forests or plains in search of game to feed the hungry waiting around campfires. So much did they rely upon their rifles as a source of food and in defense of their homes, rifles also were kept ready and in good condition for immediate use. Even so, with the best of care, the oldtime rifle and musket, which had a flint lock only, sometimes failed to fire.

As the emigrants traveled westward and found likely places, they settled down and built log cabins. It was then when Indian and pioneer met in mortal combat that the gun that fired first settled the question. If the settler's gun failed, it was too bad. So it was considered a valuable accomplishment to know how to load a gun quickly. Often while on the trails or at home the settlers would run

OUR ADVENTUROUS

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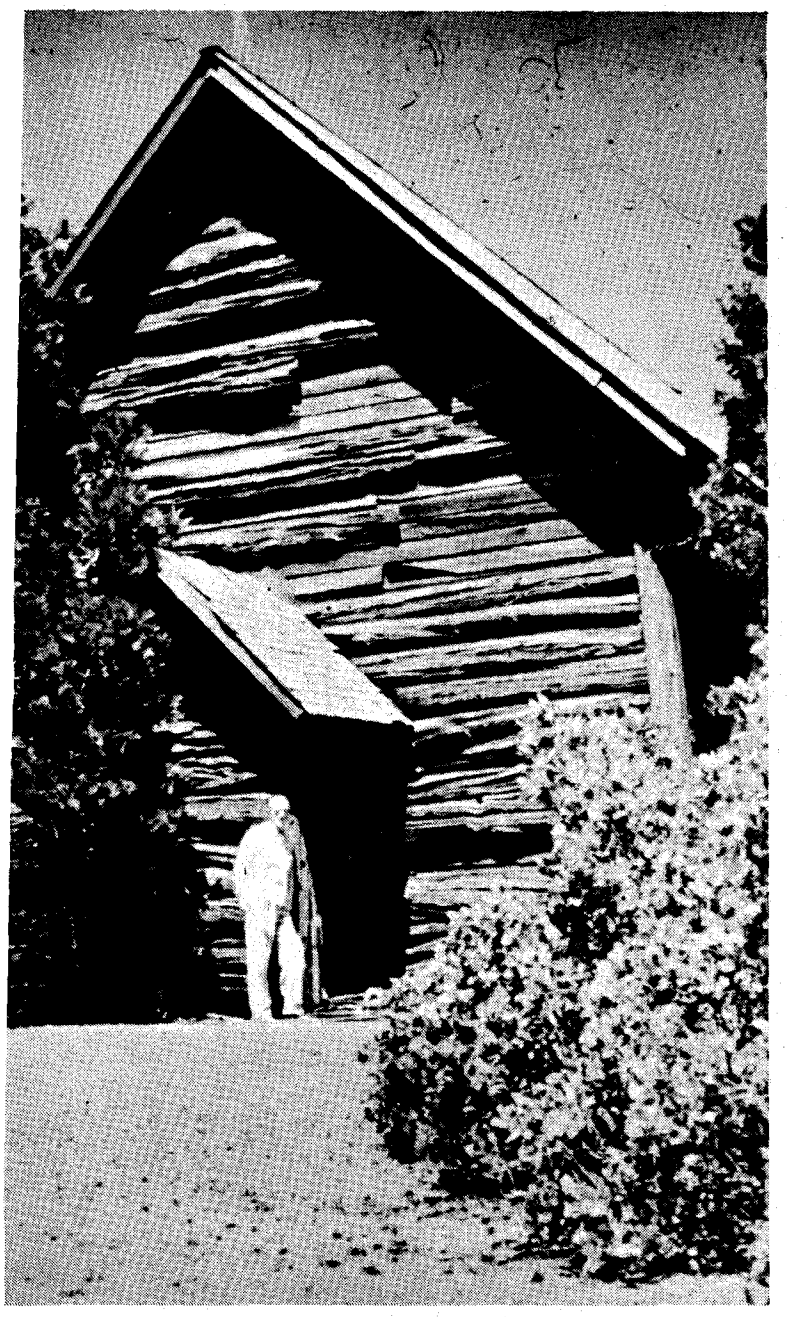
FOREFATHERS

by Harriett Farnsworth

short of meat, and if a deer or other game came their way and their guns "flashed-in-the-pan" failed to shoot—this often meant starvation. Conditions were worse for the pioneers if they happened to meet an enraged bear or a crouching panther and their guns failed them. And there were numbers of instances that not only had the pioneer discovered that he had fired his last shot, worse his powder flask was also empty.



An ancient split log (redwood) church in northern California.

Unlike hunters of today, our forefathers never hunted for sport or pastime. They hunted from dire necessity so a big part of their time was taken up to secure food for the family. It was the custom for hunting parties to go out in the fall in order to replenish empty larders for winter use. Then the streams provided plenty of fish, the forests an abundance of game for both the pioneers and Indians. So when the emigrants first came into Indian territory they were friends. There was plenty for all. So the settlers and Indians often went on hunting parties together. Wherever game was plentiful they built camps to which they returned each fall, to what they called their "hunting houses."

During this hunting season when game was fat and fine, white man and Indian took their finest trophies home and, like our hunters of today, they gathered in the evenings to recount the day's great adventures; many of them enlivening the occasion with GREAT stories of past exploits.

Then times began to change. When deer, bear and wild turkeys and other game became less plentiful, the settlers had to be more diligent and persistent on hunting excursions. The Indian now making a scant living off his land once filled with plenty became resentful of the settlers, and he retaliated by trespassing upon the pioneer's property and taking what he could get.

So as times changed, if the Indian happened to be in a hostile mood, pioneers had to keep a constant lookout or be surprised by an attack from the Indians, once his friends.

The early day settler's homes were log cabins built of round unhewn logs, crude buildings erected under stress of immediate need for shelter and protection from wild beasts and Indians. When several settlers moved into a wilderness location, they built their cabins near to each other for better protection. Those cabins were only one big room, in which a family of several persons lived, slept and ate.

The cabin roofs were made of split clapboards or "shakes", laid upon strong poles or logs, which extended the full length of the room, projecting out a foot or two on the sides. The clapboard roofs were laid on loose and held down by poles placed over the lower ends and weighted down with heavy stones. Numbers of these cabins had no floors. The earth was leveled then packed hard to keep down the dust. However some of the more industrious builders laid split puncheon floors which had been hand-hewed to make them smoother. The cabin doors were simple out-and-out conveniences. First an opening was cut as wide as desired in one of the cabin walls. A log was split for door jambs which were fastened to the sawed off log ends with wooden pegs. The heavy door was then hung with wooden hinges that grumbled loudly when opened or closed. The settlers had no locks as we know locks today. Theirs were called a "latch", which was made of wood and lifted by a buckskin "whang" string and was passed outside through a round hole cut in the door.

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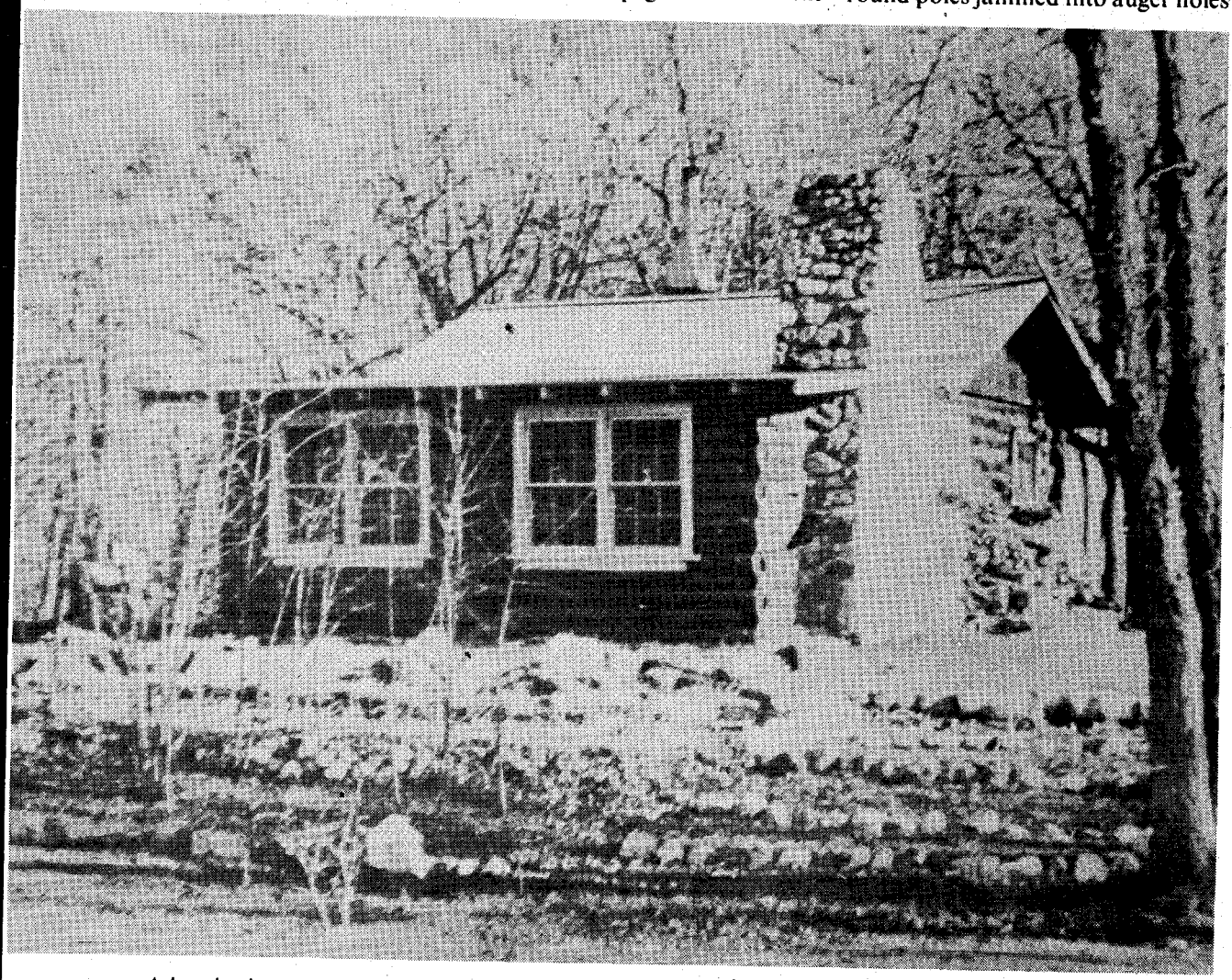
The cabin windows were small square holes cut in the walls, four or five feet up from the floor, and covered with greased paper, which let in a little light.

The fireplaces which were the center of home living in those days were huge and well built; big enough for the average-sized woman to stand in, and very wide, which called for wood of amazing lengths. Some of the fireplaces were built of "barked" logs then plastered inside with a heavy backing of clay to protect the logs from catching fire. Where rocks were plentiful the fireplaces and chimneys were built of stone which were safer and more durable, but it has been recorded that it is surprising how long some of those log fireplaces and chimneys, built by our forefathers, have lasted. Some have been found still in good condition that were built two hundred years ago.

So the early day settler's fireplaces were the most important and useful part of the cabin. It was here the family gathered after work was done to exchange the happenings of the day, while the woman of the home was preparing meals. Her mode of cooking was as primitive of that of the Indian, but the food was delectable. Her cast-iron kettles were suspended by trammel hooks fixed to a pole wedged to both sides of the fireplace. While pots of wild game cooked there, she could be roasting such things as potatoes, apples and tender corn, wrapped in corn husks, in hot ashes, or frying other food in a covered frying pan on hot coals pulled toward the hearth. Primitive, yes, but as well cooked as food prepared on our modern stoves of today. And above the mantle there was always a decoration, a pair of deer or buck antlers. Up there also was where the settler kept his gun, dry and ready for instant use.

The settler's cabin had no space for such things as wardrobes or closets. Clothes worn by the family were hung on wooden pegs driven into the logs along the walls. Most settler's cabins had a "loft", floored with split clapboards laid down loosely. Since space was limited there was no stairway to the "loft". A ladder was used when needed then stood up in some space-saving place, usually beside the chimney. Although the loft was a humble looking place, it served as an important and interesting extra room. Not only did the boys sleep there but the loft served as a storage room for all kinds of plunder: wild walnuts, popcorn, butternuts and hickory nuts; such delightful treats during long winter evenings around the great fireplaces. And it was to the loft that the woman of the house went for herbs, some used for medicine, some for culinary purposes such as strings of red peppers, dried "punkin" and ears of seed corn.

Our forefather's furniture was simple but durable. Dining tables were made of slabs of wood hewed and smoothed down; the legs were round poles jammed into auger holes



A hundred year old log cabin in South Dakota. Dressed up a bit after the author bought it.

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Good dogs were an essential part of the pioneering family. Hounds holding a mountain lion at bay.

beneath. The height of those tables would amaze the great-grand-daughters of those early day settlers. The table, considered an exalted piece of furniture, came level with the chins of those seated on backless stools, serving as chairs. Of course the "water bench" with its bucket of water and a gourd or wooden dipper was always nearby.

The beds were built for "solid comfort". The bedstead and slats were made of round, peeled poles over which split boards were laid. The mattresses were not fancy. The pioneer's bedtick was stuffed with clean straw or dried cornshucks torn into narrow strips. Bed covers were usually bear, deer or elk skins, supplemented with whatever quilts or blankets that had been brought along. The settler's beds were built on the same lofty proportions as their tables. The wonder of it is how they ever got into them, especially the older fleshy folk; going to bed was like mounting a scaffold without a ladder.

The log homes and furniture above mentioned portrays the earliest frontier homes of our forefathers. However, they soon had feather filled bedticks and improved on the furniture still rather primitive.

The early-day settler's cabins differed greatly on the outside from that of the backwoods' cabin of today. The first cabins had skins of wild animals tacked on the outside walls to dry. And a story was told of an itinerant preacher traveling a thinly settled region of the southwest searching for members of his church. Stopping at a cabin in the woods he asked the woman there if she knew of any Presbyterians in the area. She replied she did not but since her husband had killed every kind of varmint in that vicinity, he might take a look and see if any Presbyterian skins were tacked on the walls.

Visitors nearing a frontier cabin were always greeted by a pack of baying hounds. Every settler kept them. Dogs were indispensable to give warnings of bears, panthers and hostile Indians that were plentiful. Because of the dog's keen scent, his alert ears and eyes, he quickly warned the settler of danger. So accustomed were the pioneers to the different tones of the dog's barkings, instantly they knew if a wild beast or Indian were sneaking up on them. This saved many a life for it gave the man or woman of the cabin time to grab his trusty gun from the antler rack above the fireplace and be ready for the intruder.

Of such were the undaunted men

(continued on page 71)

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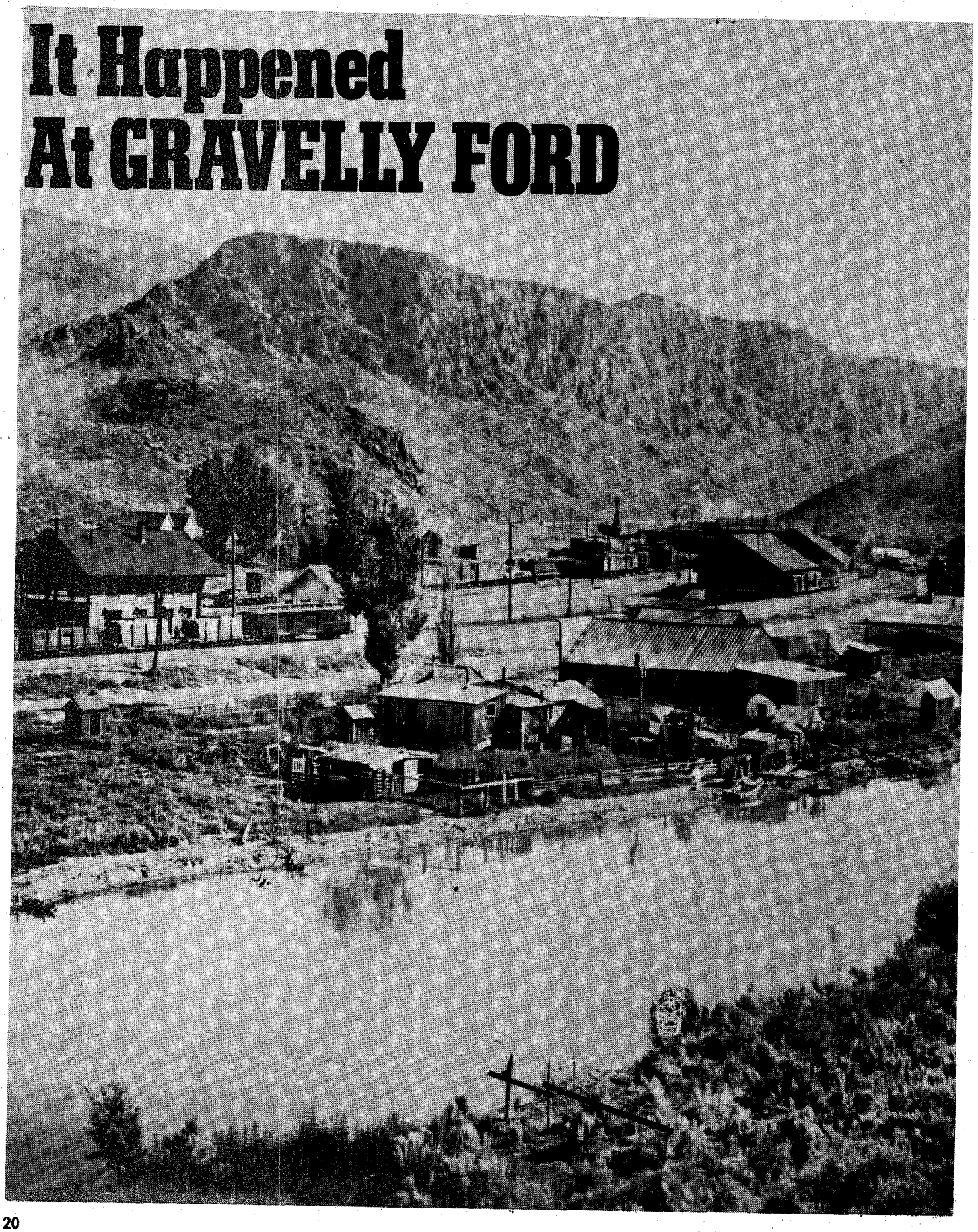
The Humboldt River winds across Nevada and when wagon trains were rolling West they followed this rich valley through rugged, beautiful terrain. One favorite camping ground was Gravelly Ford where wagon trains paused to rest . . . and where Shoshone or Paiute Indians killed more than one unwary emigrant.

It Happened At GRAVELLY FORD



Courtesy Southern Pacific Railroad

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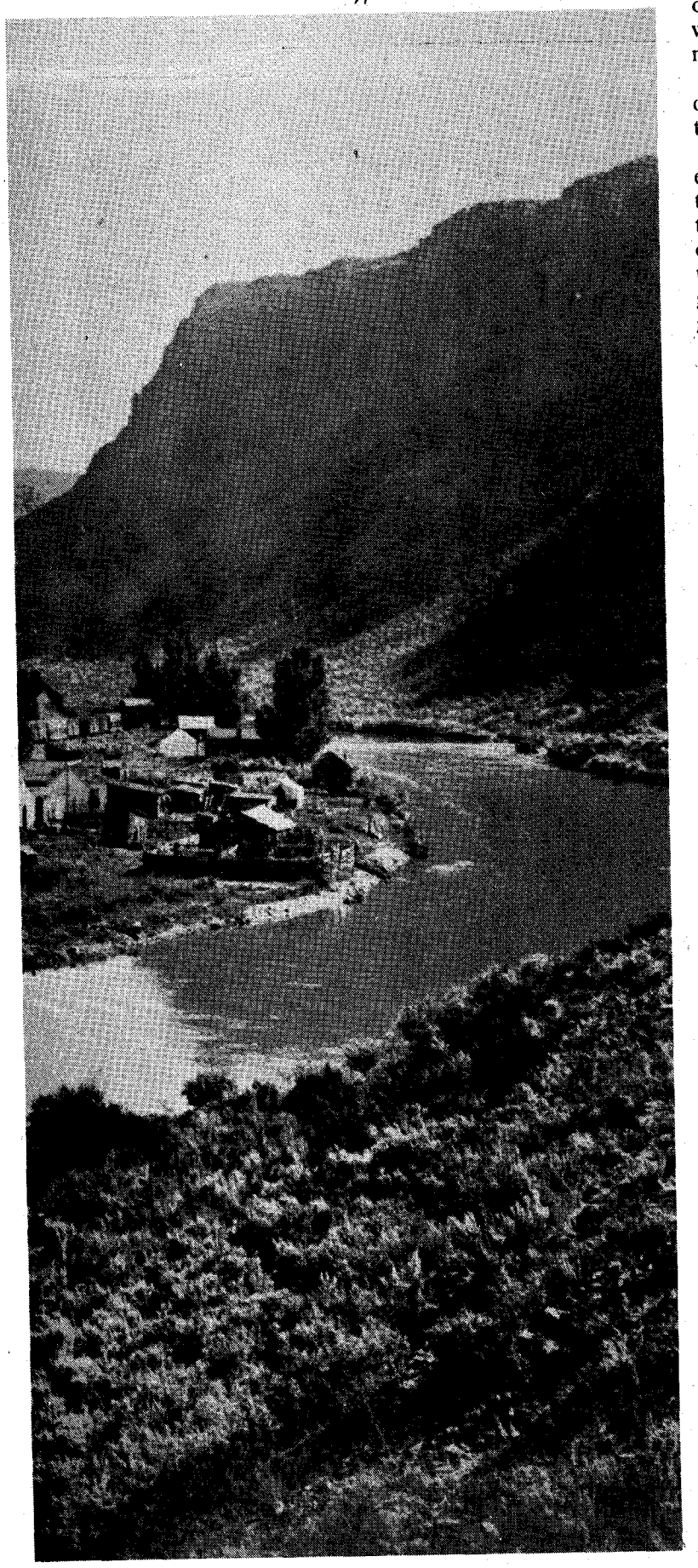
Palisade, Nevada. Wagon trains avoided the narrow canyon and crossed the Tuscarora range at Emigrant Pass so as to bypass it.



By Doris Cerveri

For several days curious dark eyes watched the progress of a heavily-laden pack train as it laboriously followed the winding Humboldt River. Behind tall sage, red-skinned, nearly-naked men crouched unseen.

"Looks like this is as good a place as any to camp," observed one of the men in the party as he called a halt to the lead outfit.

This part of the Humboldt, where Capt. Bonneville's expedition under Joseph Walker chose to stop, was one of the loneliest stretches in the entire Humboldt Valley. At this particular point travelers had a choice—they could either cross over the shallow, gravelly river bed at the ford to the river's south bank or stay on the north bank. Here groves of willows and stands of tall cottonwood trees grew in profusion.

The pack train composed of about 40 men with their animals chose the south bank. As they prepared to dismount and set up camp, obscure shadows darted among the trees endeavoring to keep out of sight.

"Say, fellas, looks like we can get us an Injun or two."

"Yeah, sure enuf," retorted another. "Couldn't be anybody else but a dirty, lowdown Injun."

Apparently no member of the party needed any further persuasion. Without provocation, volley after volley of shots penetrated bushes and ricocheted in every direction from tree trunks and low-set boulders. Howls of anguish, moans, and piteous cries rent the air as bewildered, frightened savages fell mortally wounded to the ground. There was no time for any of them to escape. Walker's party slaughtered over 25 Indians before leaving the area. Strangely enough, historians record no other annihilation of Indians for almost 17 years or until the mass exodus of emigrants started for California's gold fields in 1849.

However, commencing with that year and for several years thereafter Gravelly Ford, (as the site became known nationally), earned a most unfavorable reputation. Singularly beautiful and seemingly peaceful, it was in reality a grim place; a place of death and disaster for many emigrants.

Although the trip along the Humboldt Valley usually took at least three weeks and there were over a half-dozen crossings of the River, the one at this historic site was the easiest. It marked the spot where the trail returned to the waters of the Humboldt after emigrants crossed the Tuscarora range at Emigrant Pass so they could bypass narrow Palisade Canyon.

Gravelly Ford's rich bottomlands were excellent for grazing, and heavy brush along the riverbank provided welcome shade and firewood. Also families could indulge in much needed baths, and women could get the family laundry washed.

To add insult to injury, Gravelly Ford was designated by one chronicler of western migration as the scene of the murder of John Snyder by James F. Reed on October 5, 1846. Years later a perusal of James Reed's log book by George Stewart revealed this certainly was an error. Stewart, author of *Ordeal by Hunger*, has always insisted that the Reed-Donner party arrived at Gravelly Ford on September 29, a week before Snyder's death. On the date of the murder, the Donner party was in the Iron Pt.-Comus area, which is around the north end of Edna Mountain. A physical description of the terrain, as noted in Reed's log book, fits this area and not that of Gravelly Ford.

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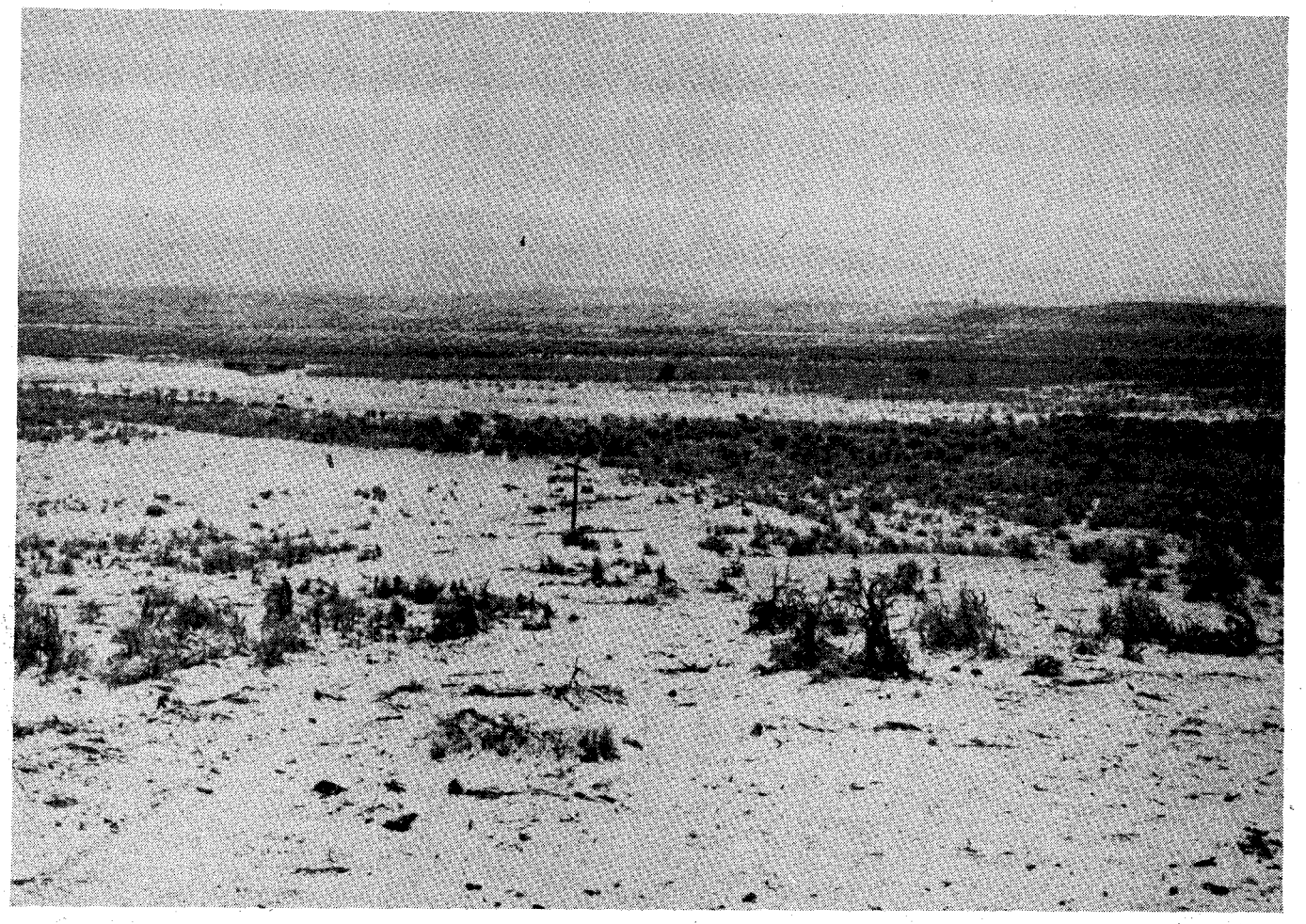

A Stan Paher photo

Gravelly Ford area in the Humboldt Mountain Region of Nevada. Here wagon trains rested before moving on further west.

At any rate, there were enough atrocities and killings in the years to follow to make up for this historic discrepancy pertaining to the Donner party's trek through the Humboldt Valley.

Usually by the time emigrants reached the Humboldt River cattle were gaunt, especially in late summer after traveling long distances in hot, relentless sun. People were tired in mind, body and spirit. The Indian tribes they encounted were either Shoshone or Paiutes. In the beginning, neither tribe was particularly warlike, only curious, but the majority of whites thought the only good Indian was a dead one. Many also believed that killing an Indian made them some sort of a hero. It was only natural then for the Indians to retaliate and kill in return. In addition to wanton killing, Indians would creep into camp, often stealing articles of trifling value, but more often would stampede stock and run them off.

A favorite Indian strategy was to build numerous fires at night along the trail which would reveal anyone or anything trying to travel in the cool of evening. Emigrants were forced to remain in camp until the next day when many were ambushed as they attempted to resume their travels.

Indian troubles appeared to reach a new intensity as one wagon train after another was attacked. Men, women, and children were massacred on a regular basis. Most such skirmishes were luridly written up as horrendous outrages by Pacific Coast editors and their editorials more than once demanded that entire tribes be exterminated without further delay.

Gravelly Ford was also the junction of Col. Absolam Woodward's and George Chorpenning's "Jackass" Mail Route, an express and stage outfit operating from Sacramento to Salt Lake City during 1858-59. Shortly after the mail contract was awarded to them, Woodward was attacked from ambush by Shoshones near Gravelly Ford while he was in charge of a mule train. A couple of other men with him were killed but he managed to escape, only to die a few days later in the Ibapah Mountains along the Utah-Nevada border.

One particularly sad incident occurred in the summer of 1861 when four families stopped at Stebbins' trading post in Ruby Valley. Maggie, an old squaw who worked for the Stebbins, took a fancy to a 10-year old girl in the party. After staying for a few days, the emigrant party left for the Humboldt and Maggie disappeared at the same time. One night, several days later, Stebbins heard someone pounding on his door. When he opened it, Maggie, the Indian woman, fell at his feet crying and moaning. She was a pitiful looking sight with her face and head so swollen she could scarcely talk.

It seemed Maggie had been worried about the safety of her young friend and had followed the party. Her suspicions were confirmed when the whites were attacked in Yago canyon which connects Pine Valley with the Humboldt River a few miles southeast at Gravelly Ford. During the melee, Maggie grabbed the frightened child and together they ran as fast as they could, heading in the direction of Stebbins' trading post. For a day and night they traveled, only to be pursued and overtaken by two Indian braves. Maggie was beaten severely and left for dead. The child was tied to a stake driven in the ground and a knife used to torture

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her, and she was forced to endure other atrocities as well. When Maggie regained consciousness, she found the mutilated, dead child.

As soon as Maggie had been cared for, Stebbins and his friends accompanied Maggie to where the child lay dead. After burying her they attempted to track down the Indians but were unsuccessful.

The following year the same two Indians showed up at Fort Ruby over a 100 miles distant and asked for food. They were recognized and immediately arrested. One was hanged; the other was shot while attempting to escape.

No survivors remained of other emigrant groups massacred at the south fork of the Humboldt. All that was found later were a partially burned Chicago wagon and three ox yokes.

Then the tale is told which, if it weren't so tragic, would be somewhat humorous, about the emigrant who, while fording the river in a wagon, allowed his wife and two children to float away in the wagon box. It seemed his wagon and team at the time meant a great deal to him and he was determined to save them and not be saddled with the extra burden of a family. It was realized by those who rescued his "burden" that "alkali works into the nerves." Other members of the wagon train wanted to hang the man or throw him into the river, but the woman was a forgiving wife. She begged for her husband's life and he was consequently saved.

Depredations of one kind or another continued until about 1863. So many emigrants were killed and buried near Gravelly Ford that there were sufficient graves to warrant their resting places being designated as an emigrant cemetery. Numerous other nameless graves dot the Humboldt Trail, and near the cemetery area there are also about 20 piles of stone scattered here and there in the sage.

The cemetery is located on a small, sagebrush-covered knoll facing Gravelly Ford about 2.4 miles from Beowawe, a tiny ranch, mine, and railway community. Approximately seven miles from Beowawe is a hot spring-geyster area, which for countless years, was an all year camp of the Paiutes.

One of the graves in the cemetery is that of Lucinda Duncan, referred to as the Maiden's Grave. Over the years the tale of the Maiden's Grave has become a veritable legend with many

Nevada Historical Society

Joseph Walker, one of the leaders of Capt. Bonneville's expedition to the West. At Gravelly Ford over 25 Indians were slaughtered by his party as they set up camp by the river.

variations. It is not known who first wove a romantic story about the grave's occupant, but it probably originated in the late 1860's.

When the Central Pacific Railroad was constructing a line eastward across Nevada, the construction crew discovered their right of way ran near a decaying headboard bearing the name of Lucinda Duncan. They erected a 20-foot white cross over the grave and kept it painted year after year. Then in 1906 when the railroad was realigned and found to pass too close to the grave, the construction crew moved the grave to its present location in the cemetery. Over the years the cross and grave have been maintained by the Southern Pacific crew, successor to the Central Pacific.

Some versions relate that Lucinda was a child of 13 and that she died of pneumonia or from some other hardship of the trail. Other stories tell that she was massacred and was one of several children traveling with a wagon train. Spinners of this tale could have heard of the murder of the little girl previously mentioned and her attempted rescue by Indian Maggie. Nevertheless, the story is still repeated to anyone who is interested and many tourists visit Gravelly Ford

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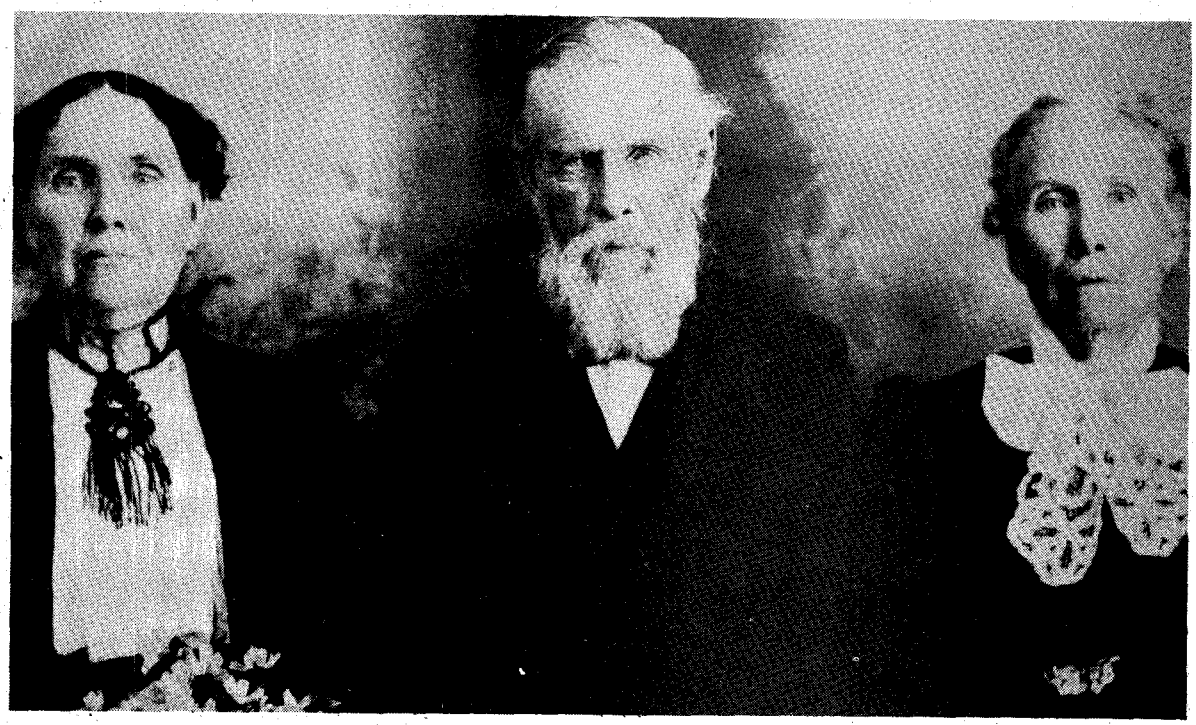


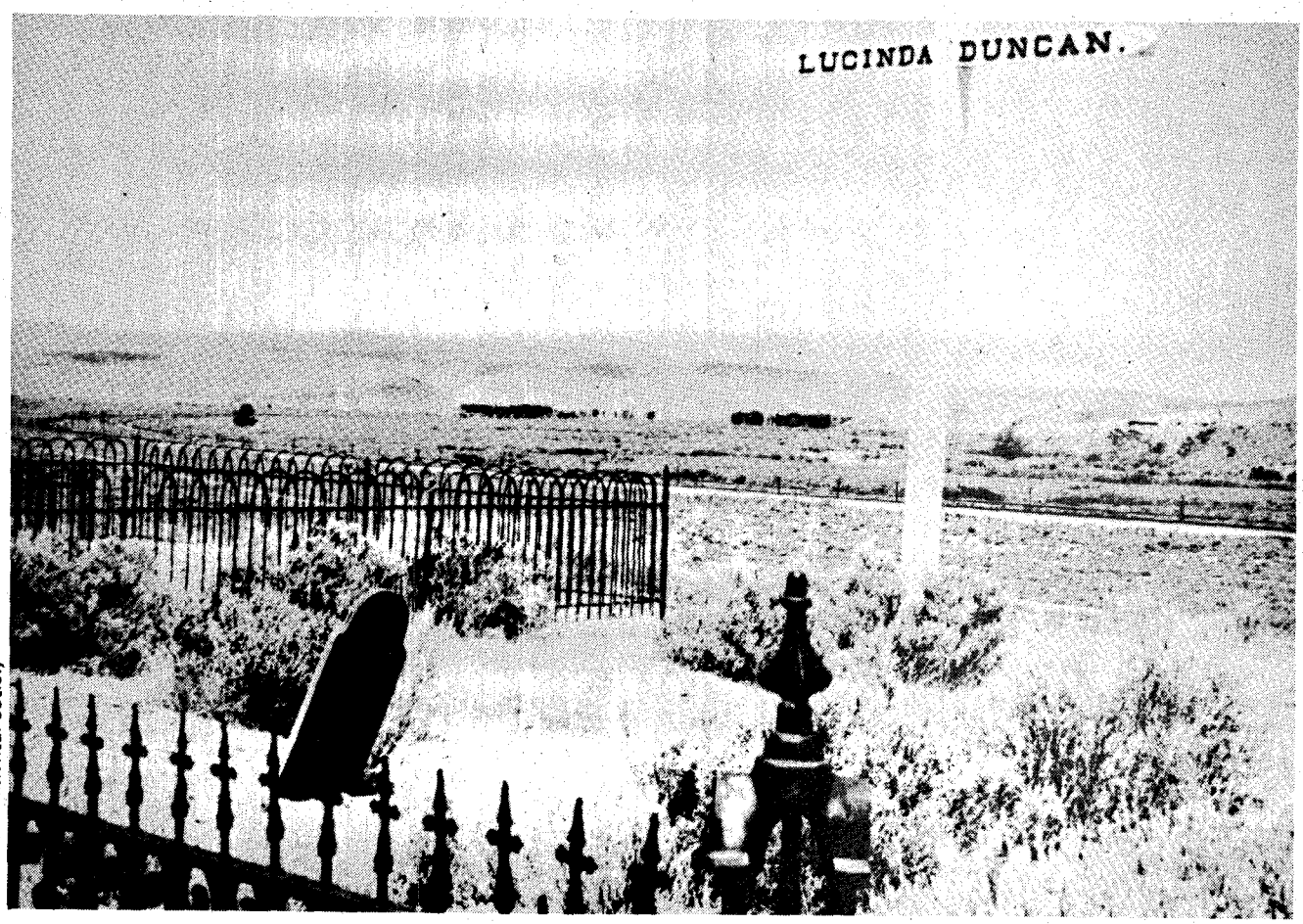
Nevada Historical Society

Lydia Frost, John Duncan and Melinda Thompson were all children when their wagon train stopped at Gravelly Ford in 1863.

and the emigrant cemetery each year just to see the Maiden's Grave.

In recent years the director of the Nevada Historical Society acquired the diary of a Mr. Yager from Carlisle F. Smith of Knoxville Illinois, a grandson of Yager. The diary is a very informative and complete record of a journey across the plains in 1863.

In his journal Yager records that many Indian signs were observed while the emigrant party were traversing Humboldt Canyon. Smoke signals, the remains of campfire, and other significant Indian manifestations were noted. On one occasion the emigrants surprised a party of Indians in a canyon who immediately sprang into some bushes nearby and hid. Later they came out and their chief presented himself. A peace pipe was smoked and some passengers in the train traded old



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Gravesite of Lucinda Duncan, known as the Maiden's grave.

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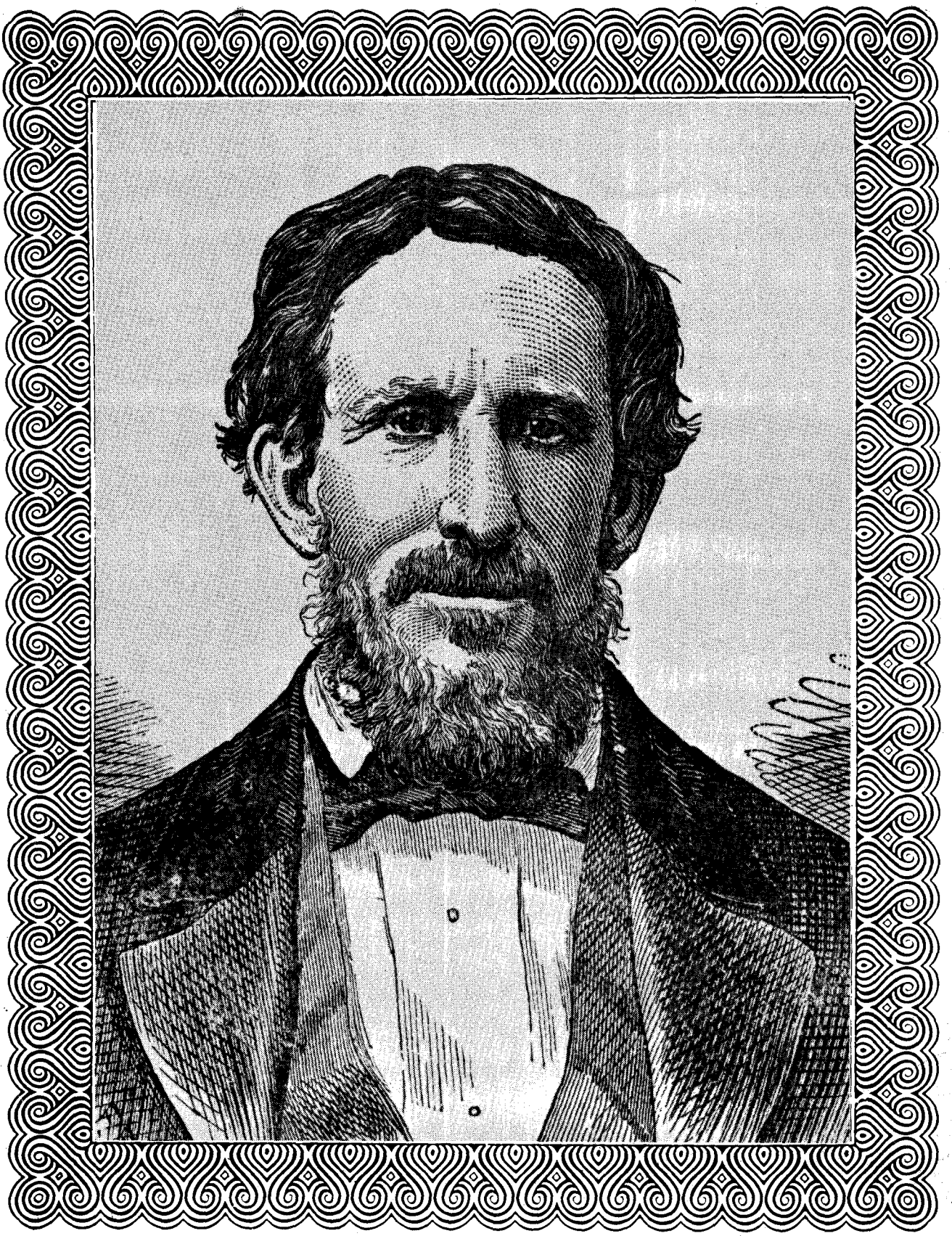

Nevada Historical Society

James Reed was reputed to have murdered John Snyder at Gravelly Ford, but through extensive research it was proved otherwise.

clothes and cold biscuits for antelope skins. At nearly every camp on the Humboldt, Shoshones caught "salmon" trout and traded or swapped the fish for old clothes and various items they fancied. At no time did any Indians molest this wagon train.

Not only have historians refuted some of the circumstances of the

(continued on page 66)

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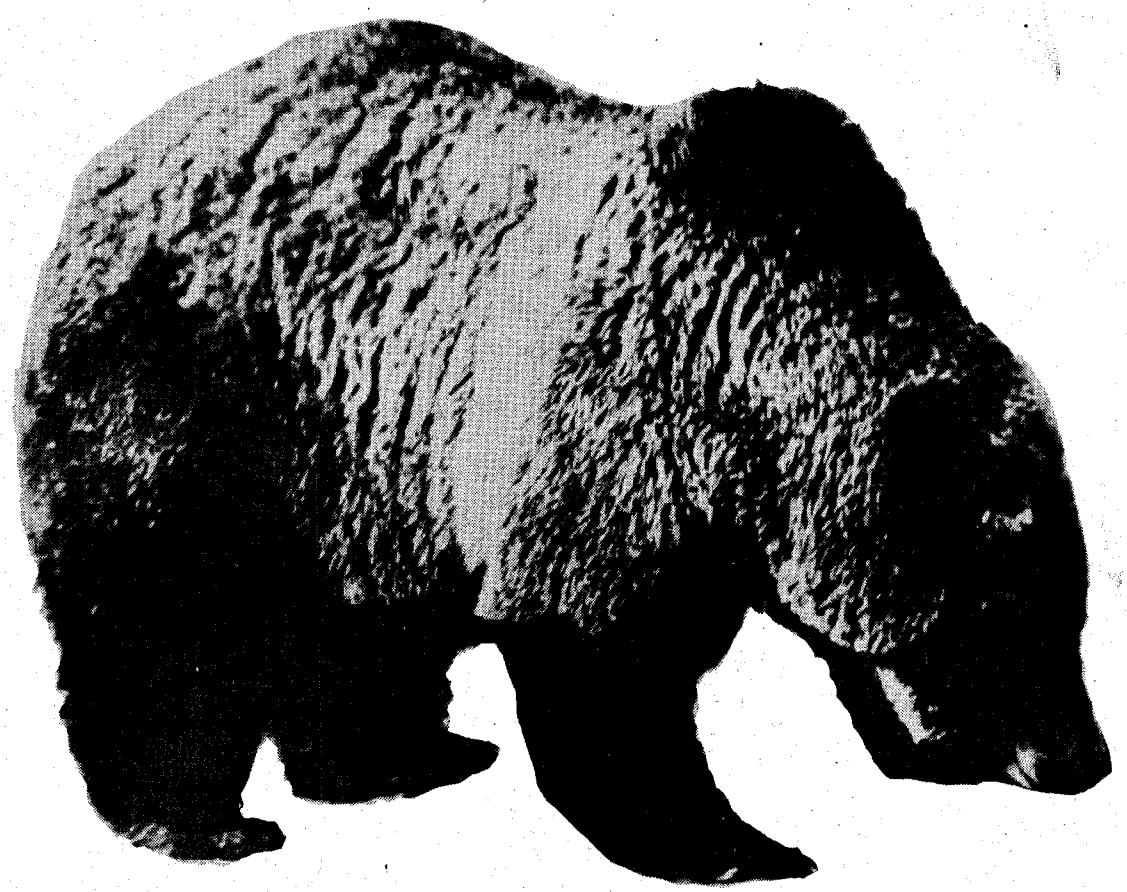
ANIMALS IN THE HISTORY OF THE WEST

"THE GRIZZLIES GOTTA GO"

by William J. Betts



Oregon Historical Society

The grizzly bear. There was no animal in all of the North American continent more dangerous, more fearsome than the grizzly. His last stand in the United States is in Glacier National Park. There are still some in the Canadian Rockies and in Alaska, but it is only a matter of time before the last of his species will breathe his last — unless he can be protected much as the buffalo has been.

Loneliness was the "partner" to the mountain men, those intrepid trappers who blazed the early trails across the frontier West - but this was a loneliness desired and sought. They thrived on the vastness of the wilderness and if danger rode like a succubus on their back they thrived on this too. They never knew, these men of nature, when death would strike them down - an Indian raid, perhaps, but just as likely it came in an unprovoked attack by an enraged grizzly.

There was no other mammal in all of the North American continent more dangerous, more fearsome than *Ursus arcto horribilis*, the grizzly. Stories of hand to hand combat to the death with a maddened grizzly were told and retold around the campfires of the trappers and after them by the pioneer.

Unlike the mythical stories told about the trepiditions of the wolf the tales of attacking grizzlies are all too true. Even today, with the grizzly population at its lowest point since man moved westward, we read of attacks by angered bears. A few years ago several people were mauled to death by grizzlies in Glacier National Park, one of the last strongholds of the giant bear in the United States outside of Alaska. Even though such maulings could have been avoided with a little forethought the hue and cry has been, "the grizzlies gotta go!" Man has turned against the biggest of our carnivores and sworn out his death warrant.

The Golden Bear, for which the state of California

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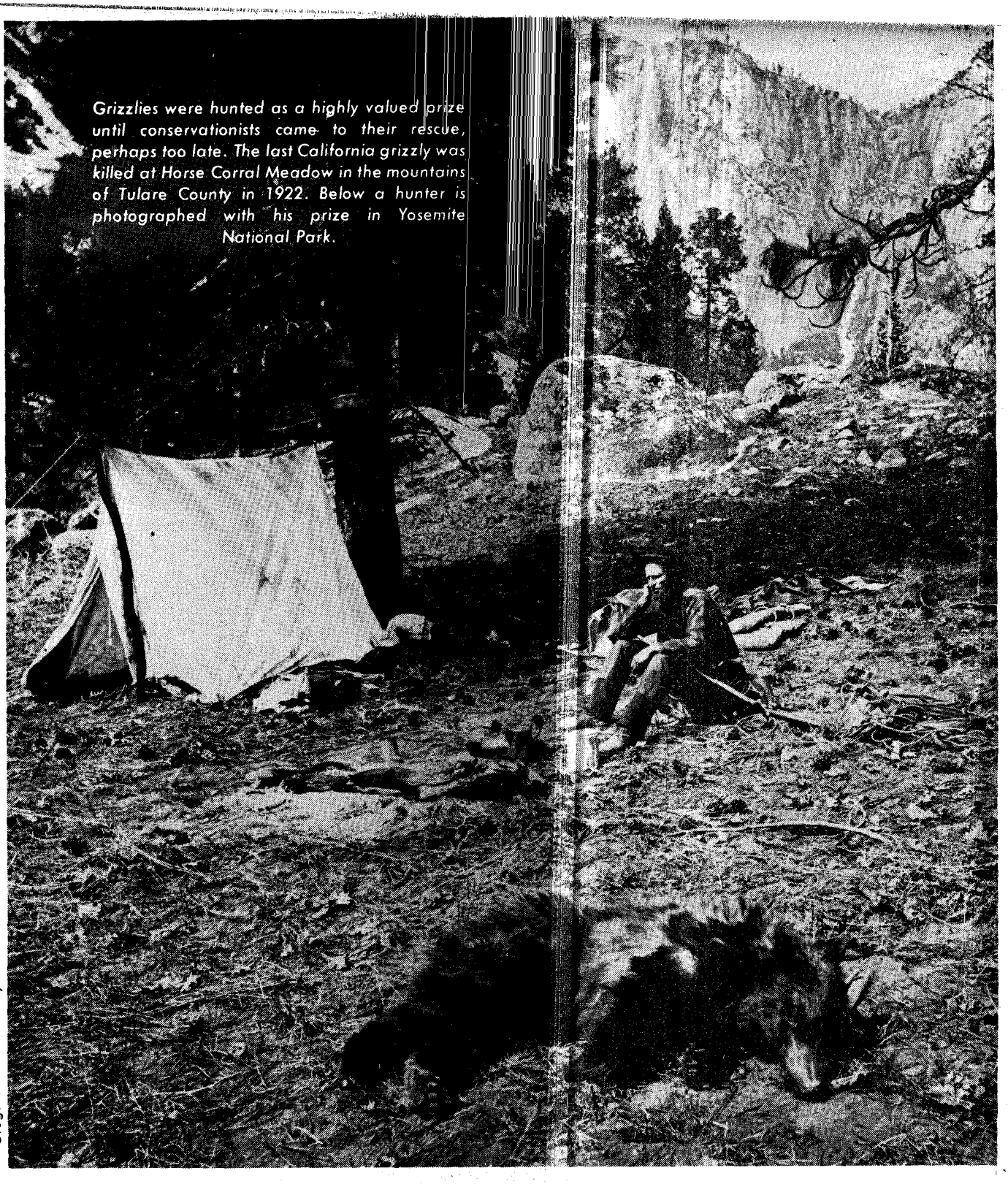

Grizzlies were hunted as a highly valued prize until conservationists came to their rescue, perhaps too late. The last California grizzly was killed at Horse Corral Meadow in the mountains of Tulare County in 1922. Below a hunter is photographed with his prize in Yosemite National Park.

Oregon Historical Society

derives its nickname and which strides forever on her flag, has long since vanished from the face of the earth. The last California grizzly was killed at Horse Corral Meadow in the mountains of Tulare County in 1922.

The story of the grizzly begins millions of years ago. Long before the coming of the first European, long before the Redman made his way from Siberia to the Americas, bears roamed across the continent. Perhaps, like the Indian, he came across the Siberian land bridge to make a new home with the wild horse and American camel.

Science tells us that the European brown bear, *Ursus arctus,* was the forerunner of all the many hundreds of species and sub-species scattered across the northern portion of the continents. This mammal lived some 12,000,000 years ago in the Pliocene era. Later the fearsome cave bear, *Ursus spelaeus,* came to bring fear to the many species of animals swarming over the warm climate of what was then Europe. Bones dug up and reconstructed show an animal of huge proportions, weighing over a ton with a massive head and huge claws that could crush the back of an elephant with a single blow.

Few mammals could face the cave bear and come out the victor. The exception was man. The Neanderthal, the forerunner of our own ancestors in Europe, pitted his puny strength against this mighty monster of the caves. Neanderthal man wanted the cave of the bear for his home, the meat of his carcass for food, the heavy furred skin for makeshift clothing. Kill the bear he did sometimes, perhaps by trapping the giant in deep pits or barricading him in his cave to kill him by fire and repeated blows with stone axes. Fearsome.

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The forerunner of the grizzly that roamed the West was a huge counterpart of the European cave bear, *Arctodus*. Remains of *Arctodus* have been found from Alaska to Texas but the best preserved bones come from the tar pits of Rancho La Brea in Los Angeles County, California.

Arctodus was of awesome strength having a short snubby face that gave it the name of short-faced bear. It had long rangy legs and could run as swift as a horse and armed with fangs like daggers he feared no animal that ranged America. *Arctodus* was the most awesome of the carnivores that lived during the Pliocene era.

The La Brea tar pits caught and held camels, horses, the huge long horned buffalo - now all extinct - in its gluey surface. What a feast for the predators the huge cats, the bears and wolves that roamed the land. And the predators, thus attracted to a free dinner, so to speak, were caught and held in the same substance that doomed their would-be dinner.

The La Brea tar pits are like an open book whereby scientists may read the development of many animal species that roamed the land long before man came to the American continent. From the study of these animal bones scientists have been able to learn much more than otherwise they could have about the bears that once roamed the west.

There were three species of bears found in the tar pits, *Arctodus*, the most fearsome; a short faced little bear that might very well be the ancestor of the black bears that still roam our west; a bear resembling the now extinct Golden Bear, *Ursus chelan*.

So much for the history of the early bear dwellers of the West. Let us now take a closer look at the grizzly that roamed the West during the time of man.

The grizzly roamed from the Pacific eastward to what is now the central states, perhaps not far east of the Mississippi. It was well known to the Indians of the plains and was respected and feared by the tribes claiming this area as their home. The Indian faced the grizzly with nothing more than his primitive weapons. If he confronted the grizzly at all it was because he couldn't avoid him. At such times he would engage in hand to hand combat armed with only a stone knife and the battle usually ended in the Grizzly's favor. Survival was rare indeed. If the warrior killed his adversary and survived the ordeal he would become the greatest of heroes, a mighty warrior who would, perhaps, become chief of his people.

Usually, however, the grizzly was left strictly alone by the Indian. When a marauding grizzly came to an Indian encampment all the inhabitants fled giving the bear a free reign to plunder the foodstores of the people.

Wherever the grizzly and the Indian came in contact we find the bear deeply entrenched in the myths and folklore of the various tribes. Katherine B. Judson, in Myths and Legends of the Pacific Northwest, recounts an interesting myth of the Shasta Indians.

"A long time ago," she writes, "while smoke still curled from the smoke hole of the tepee, a great storm arose. The storm shook the tepee. Wind blew the smoke down the smoke hole. Old Man Above said to Little Daughter: 'Climb up to the smoke hole. Tell Wind to be quiet. Stick your arm out of the smoke hole before you tell him. Little Daughter climbed up the smoke hole and put out her arm. But Little Daughter put out her head also. She wanted to see the world. Little Daughter wanted to see the rivers and trees, and the white foam on Bitter Waters. Wind caught Little Daughter by the hair. Wind pulled her out of the smoke hole and blew her down the mountain. Wind blew Little Daughter over the smooth ice and the great forests, down to the land of the Grizzlies. Wind tangled her hair and then left her cold and shivering near the tepees of the Grizzlies.

"Soon Grizzly came home. In those days Grizzly walked on two feet, and carried a big stick. Grizzly could talk as people do. Grizzly lay down the young elk he had killed and picked up Little Daughter. He took Little Daughter to his tepee. Then Mother Grizzly warmed her by the fire. Mother Grizzly gave her food to eat.

"Soon Little Daughter married the son of Grizzly. Their children were not Grizzlies. They were men. So the Grizzlies built a tepee for Little Daughter and her children. White men call the tepee Little Shasta.

"At last Mother Grizzly sent a song to Old Man Above. Mother Grizzly knew that Little Daughter was the child of Old Man Above, but she was afraid. She said: 'Tell Old Man Above that Little Daughter is alive.'

"Old Man Above climbed out of the smoke hole. He ran down the mountain side to the land of the Grizzlies. Old Man Above ran very swiftly. Wherever he set his foot the snow melted. The snow melted very quickly and made streams of water. Now Grizzlies stood in line to welcome Old Man Above. They stood on two feet and carried clubs. Then Old Man Above saw his daughter and her children. He saw the new race of men. Then Old Man Above became very angry. He said to Grizzlies:

'Never speak again. Be silent. Neither shall you stand upright. You shall use your hands as feet. You shall look downward.'

"Then Old Man Above put out the fire in the tepee. Smoke no longer curls from the smoke hole. He fastened the door of the tepee. The new race of men he drove out. Then Old Man Above took Little Daughter back to his tepee.

"That is why Grizzlies walk on four feet and look downward. Only when fighting they stand on two feet and use their fists like men."

And thus the first Indians were "born" from the daughter of God and the grizzly bear. The Shastas, as did other western tribes, held the Golden Bear of California in awe and superstition. But the Indian of California, like the Golden Bear, were destined for cultural extinction at the hands of the white man who engulfed their territory like the swarming locusts.

The grizzly was afraid of no living creature. He gave no ground. This was no ordinary creature that the white man encountered. Lewis and Clark were to find this out while traveling up the Missouri River. They write in their diary: "Toward evening the men in the hindmost canoe discovered a large brown bear lying on the open ground about three hundred paces from the river. Six of them, all good hunters, immediately went to attack him. Four of the hunters now fired and each lodged a ball in his body, two of them directly through the lungs. The furious animal sprang up and ran open-mouthed upon them.

"Two of the hunters who had reserved their fire, then opened up, retarding the beast only momentarily, and they were obliged to flee for their lives. Before they reached the river the bear had almost overtaken them. Two of them jumped in the canoe, the other four separated, and concealing themselves in the willows fired as fast as they could reload. They struck him several times but instead of weakening the monster, each shot seemed only to direct him toward the hunter; till at last he pursued them so closely that they threw aside their guns and

(continued on page 72)

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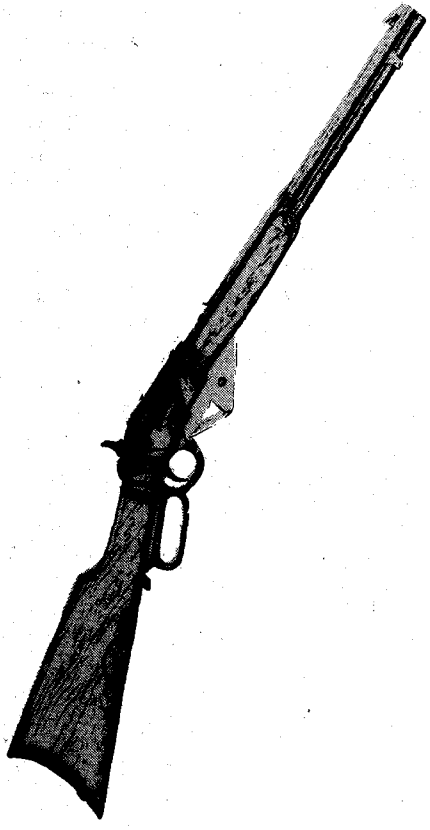
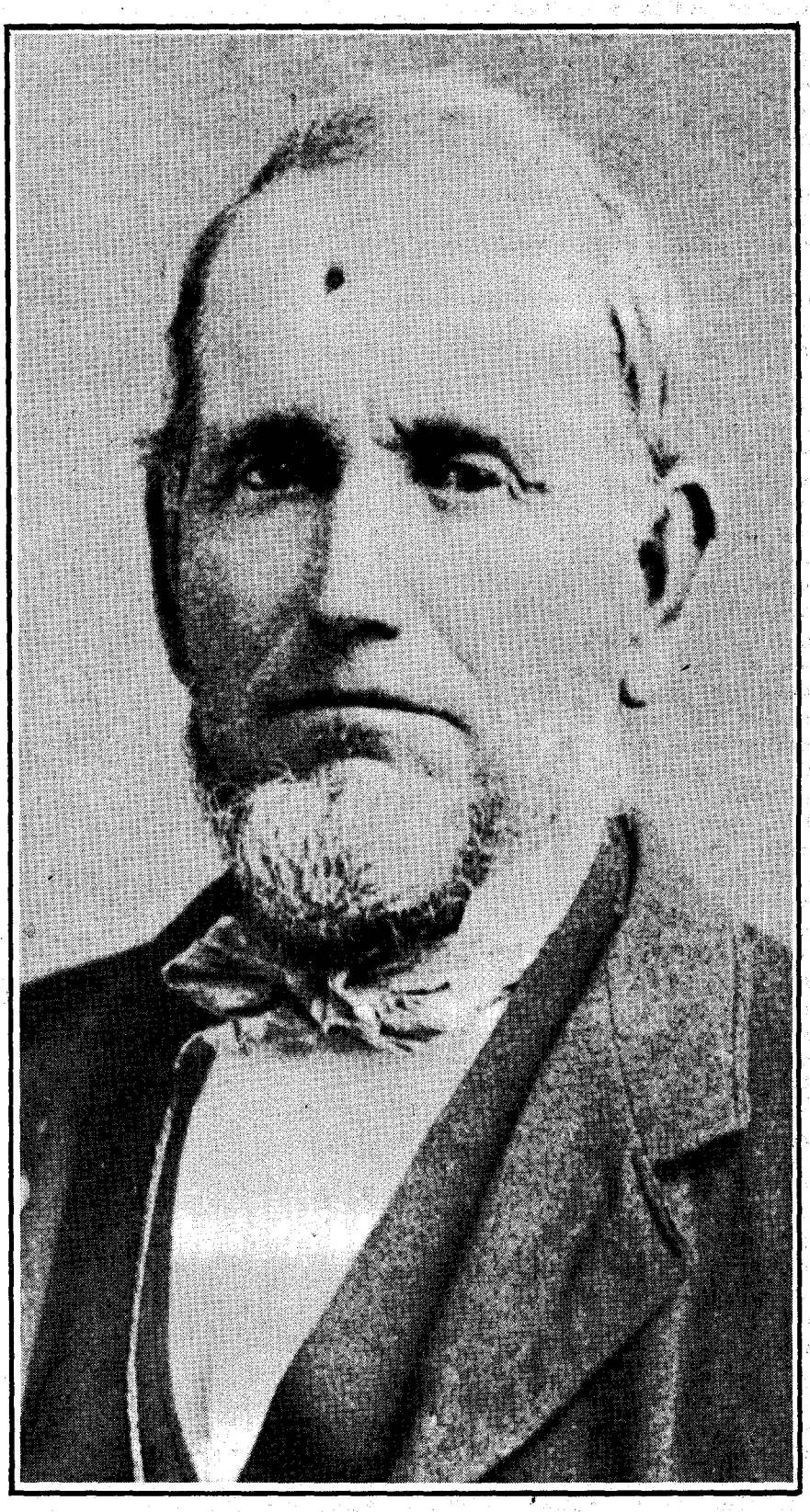
By George Hart

BULLET HOLE ELLIS





Kansas State Historical Society

Abraham "Bullet Hole" Ellis. Ellis, during an attack by the infamous Quantrill, was shot in the forehead. He was one of the few men to be so shot and live to tell about it.

Bullet Hole Ellis! There is a name that conjures up some one similar to the characters written about or created by Ned Buntline. Who was this man with the "penny dreadful" sobriquet? A courageous frontier sheriff in the stamp of Wild Bill Hickok? Or perhaps a man cut from the same cloth as expert buffalo hunter Buffalo Bill Cody? Then again, he could have been made from the same mold that turned out the notorious Civil War guerrilla, Bloody Bill Anderson. Actually, he was none of these, The dime novel writers never came up with any stories on Bullet Hole Ellis to be hawked in the aisles of railroad coaches by butcher boys.

Up until his forty-seventh year Bullet Hole was just plain Abraham Ellis and led a rather prosaic life, that is, considering the era and area in which he lived. In 1857 Ellis and his wife left their farm in Green County, Ohio, and journey to Miami County, Kansas Territory. There he took up farming again until 1860, when he was appointed superintendent of schools for the county. Ellis had taught school when

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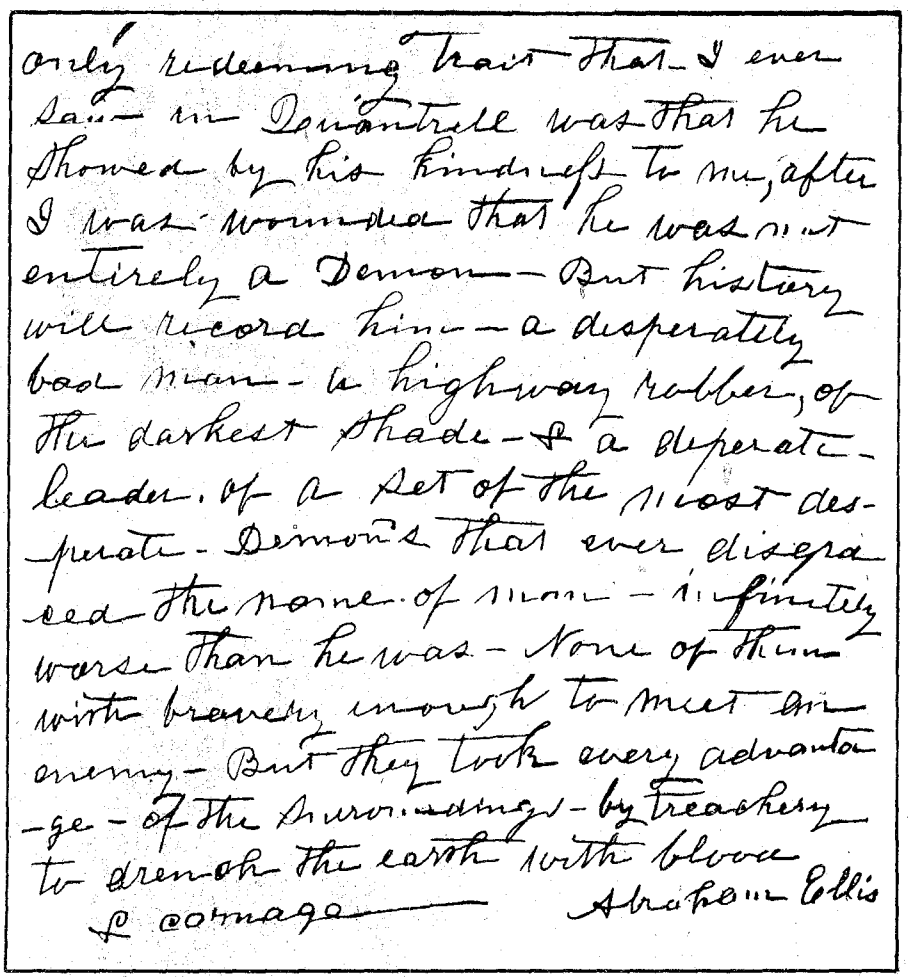
only redeeming trait that I ever saw in Quantrell was that he showed by his kindness to me, after I was wounded that he was not entirely a Demon — But history will record him — a desperately bad man — a highway robber, of the darkest shade — & a desperate leader of a set of the most desperate Demons that ever disgraced the name of man — infinitely worse than he was — None of them with bravery enough to meet an enemy — But they took every advantage of the surroundings — by treachery to drench the earth with blood & carnage —
Abraham Ellis

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Portion of letter written by Ellis in 1879, which gives his opinion of Quantrill and his guerillas. A transcription of the letter is quoted as a closing to Mr. Hart's article.

he wasn't farming, back in Ohio. In addition, he had a scholarly background that qualified him for the job of superintendent.

While inspecting the schoolhouse at Stanton he made the acquaintance of the young teacher there, one William Clarke Quantrill. Ellis estimated the man to be in his early twenties and in fact was much impressed by him. In his own words he found him to be, "an interesting well-educated man." He described him physically as, "a well-built man, light hair, blue eyes, round face, pleasant countenance, with little or no beard and in my opinion he would not weigh more than 140 or 145 pounds."

All in all the two men enjoyed each other's company and looked forward to their next meeting. They did indeed meet again, but their second and last encounter took place over the sights of Quantrill's revolver, for during the Civil War the two men were destined to be on opposite sides.

In March of 1862 Ellis was serving the Union as quarter master under Jim Lane. His duties took him back and forth between the various Kansas forts. Making his way to Fort Leavenworth he stopped over at Aubry, Kansas, on the night of March 6, 1862. At first light on the morning of the seventh Quantrill and his men swooped down on the sleepy town. Several guests of the inn at which Ellis was staying made a break for the adjacent fields. In no time at all they were surrounded by a dozen guerrillas and butchered where they stood.

Back at the tavern Quantrill and the balance of his band kept the rest of the lodgers inside by peppering every opening with pistol balls. Ellis, still only half awake, poked his head out of one of the upstairs windows. The leader of the guerrillas spotted him and sent a bullet smashing into his forehead. Ellis later jocularly remarked that, "I was struck in the center of the forehead where the brains of most men are supposed to be located."

What happened next is described by Ellis in a letter he wrote to a correspondent in the year 1879:

"...in a few moments Quantrell (sic) and two others came upstairs. Each had a revolver in his hand with the hammer raised. They were trembling like criminals and swearing like devils....as soon as they got within about four feet of me they all pointed their revolvers at my head, with their fingers on the trigger. At last one of them balled out, 'If you have any money goddamn you give it to me in a minute or I'll blow you to *hell*.' And as I had no hankering after (that) place, I passed over the checks, or in other words, I handed him $250.00. I then crawled downstairs and was helped into a chair and in a few moments Quantrell came downstairs. He then recognized me and got a cloth and some water and washed my face, and said he did it himself and was damned sorry for it as I was one of the Kansas men he did not want to hurt. I then told him of my team and about $50.00 worth of groceries that were there in the house. H e said he was glad that I told him as he was sorry for what he had already done and said that not one thing more of mine should be touched. If I had then thought of my money it is possible that he might have given it back to me. But I was too far gone to think of money and soon after I fainted away and lay on the frozen ground about four hours, senseless and motionless and to all appearance dead, and all who saw me pronounced me dead."

In due time the federal military authorities arrived on the scene and saw to it that Ellis was transported to his home in New Lancaster, Miami County, Kansas. There he was watched over and nursed constantly by his wife and daughter. He recovered and although not in the best of health he remained in the army until 1865. Although a few times their trails came rather close to crossing, he and Quantrill never came within halloing distance again.

To the day he died on March 14,1885, he carried Quantrill's mark and was known as Bullet Hole. Whenever he was asked his opinion of Quantrill the man, as opposed to Quantrill the teacher. and his guerrillas he would invariably state that, " ... the only redeeming trait that I ever saw in Quantrill was that he showed by his kindness to me, after I was wounded, that he was not entirely a Demon—But history will record him a desperately bad man—a highway robber, of the darkest shade & a desperate leader of a set of the most desperate Demons that ever disgraced the name of man—infinitely worse than he was. None of them with bravery enough to meet an enemy—but they took every advantage of the surroundings—by treachery to drench the earth with blood & carnage."

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Primary reference source.
Author's Collection: Original letters written by Ellis.

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"JOHNNY HEALY- Fort Benton's Town Tamer"

by Robert J. Ege

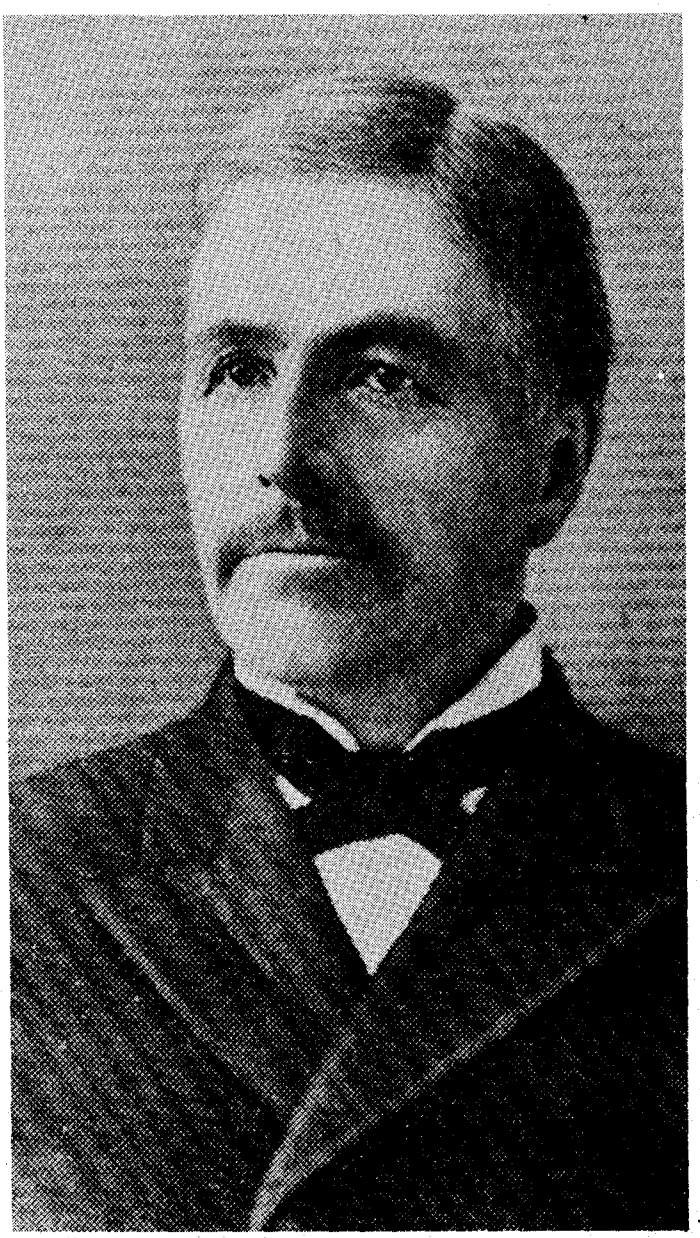
"There was a helluva lot of good and a whole lot of bad in the best of 'em." Young Johnny Healy was an Irish immigrant who made his fame and fortune in the raw, wild Montana Territory a century ago. There was indeed a lot of good and a lot of bad in him . . . he was a lot of man!

"There was a helluva lot of good and a whole lot of bad in the best of 'em."

●●●●●●●●●●●●

The passing of the American frontier witnessed the vanishing of a breed of men who made and lived epics and epochs during their colorful generation, men who built empires and survived the steely frontier to see wilderness transformed into cities linked by railways, highways and telephones. In no other nation, for example, could there be found a man like Captain John J. Healy, in his time Irish immigrant, soldier, gold miner, free trader, scout, whiskey runner, Indian fighter, sheriff, explorer, promoter and capitalist. In addition to his vast accumulation of adventures, Healy was elected to the Montana Territorial Legislation as a representative of Chouteau County in 1866. Healy, "Captain Johnny" to his friends, "The Healy Monster" to his enemies, was indeed, some kind of man.

As a young Irisher of 18 years, Healy enlisted as a private in the Second United States Dragoons and saw service in the Mormon and Indian campaigns prior to the Civil War. His exposure to the great west was contagious, taking immediate effect. Upon honorable discharge from the military Healy sought his fortune in the rough and tumble gold camps of the territories. He was among the fortunate first to discover and produce gold in the miracle basin at Florence, Idaho and he was tough enough to hold onto a goodly fortune when other less hardy miners were being bilked, robbed and murdered by the likes of Boone Helm, Henry Plummer and other equally voracious road agents who flocked to the bonanza fields. Healy's gold served only to help him retire from the pursuit of it. He didn't like mining and much preferred the mercantile or trading business. Fur trading had an apparent appeal and envisioned wealth on the Upper Missouri River directed his course to Montana. Independent as "Hogan's Goat," Healy refused to accept sub-agent's terms as offered by the long established American Fur and Northwest Trading Companies and built his own free trader's post at Sun River Crossing, a few miles west of present day Great Falls.



Montana Historical Society

T. C. Power, pioneer Montana tycoon and close associate of John Healy. Power's name was synonymous with the development of Montana as a Territory after 1867. Tom Power was Montana's first United States Senator in Washington.

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From author's collection

Johnny Healy's store at Dyea, Alaska. The building at the far right was headquarters for his guide and packing service operated with the help of the Chilkoot Indians. Until Healy organized the service transportation into the Yukon gold fields was pretty much of a hit and miss proposition. The tribe was very independent and worked when the spirit moved them or not at all.

Although his robe and pelt buisness was profitable it wasn't without problems. Small bands of Blackfeet and pesky Piegan raiders, horse thieves without peer, posed a constant threat to his isolated post. Like other settlers in the remote area, Healy frequently lost valuable horses and mules to the Indians. Until 1866, and the advent of Camp Cooke with its misplaced battalion of Thirteenth Infantry, Montana was without military protection. Ex-soldier Healy, not to be deterred by any or all of the "whole damn Blackfeet Nation," formed his own strong arm of protection. Purchasing necessary firearms and munitions at Fort Benton he enlisted all of the able-bodied men along the Helena - Fort Benton Road and thus was born The Sun River Rangers. A few vigorous campaigns wherein several Piegan problem children lost life and hair soon discouraged their rampages and thievery. Always the fights were carried directly to the Indians. It was an audacious type of behavior by a white man that was completely foreign to the tribesmen's previous experience. Besdies, rough treatment by the well organized Rangers took all the fun out of horse stealing. When Fort Shaw was built and garrisoned in 1867, a few miles west of Sun River Crossing, the post commander discovered he had inherited a comparatively peaceful region. Captain Johnny's homespun troops had done the job.

Healy sold his business at a neat profit and moved to Fort Benton. The presence of troops at the fort on Sun River squelched John's method of bartering with the tribesmen. Like all successful hide and fur merchants, Healy's mainstay was an evil concoction of raw alcohol and river water laced with a liberal dosage of capsicum and molasses colored with rank tobacco squeezins. It was cheap but ever in demand by thirsty Piegans. It was also unlawful.

In 1869 the Hudson's Bay Company ceded to Canada all of its land holdings north of Montana. Hudson's Bay Company's well-established bulwarks had heretofore prevented American traders from violating the imaginary line. However, competition eliminated, there was no law to prevent venturesome American merchantmen from journeying north of the "medicine line" to swap whiskey and other dangerous "no - no's" for valuable pelts and robes. Indians residing in the Queen's newly acquired real estate were just as thirsty as those south of the border where sumptuary laws frown fearfully upon illicit booze and gun dealings. First to take advantage of this newly created and "ideal" situation was the partnership of Johnny Healy and Alfred B. Hamilton, nephew of pioneer merchant Isaac G. Baker. The dauntless duo, under the smiling auspices of the shrewd Baker, departed Fort Benton with a government permit to travel through the Indian Reserve for the purpose of exploring and prospecting in Canada. What the spurious "permit" failed to encumber was $25,000 in trade goods including a goodly supply of alcohol to be converted into firewater as an added inducement to tribal trade. In the Fall of '69, the pair, aided by equally gutty employees, built the first of the notorious "whiskey forts" at the juncture of the Oldman and St. Mary's Rivers in southern Alberta. They experienced a booming business. Winter dealings resulted in a $50,000 profit to the firm and a myriad of hangovers to the bleary-eyed Piegans and Blackfeet. Their place of business had been aptly christened "Fort "Whoop-Up." When the partners returned to Fort Benton with the winter's haul the Indians burned the bastion to the ground. Next season Fort Whoop-Up was rebuilt by Healy and Hamilton on even a more lavish scale. The new stronghold was 130 feet square of heavy timber— "damn well reinforced."

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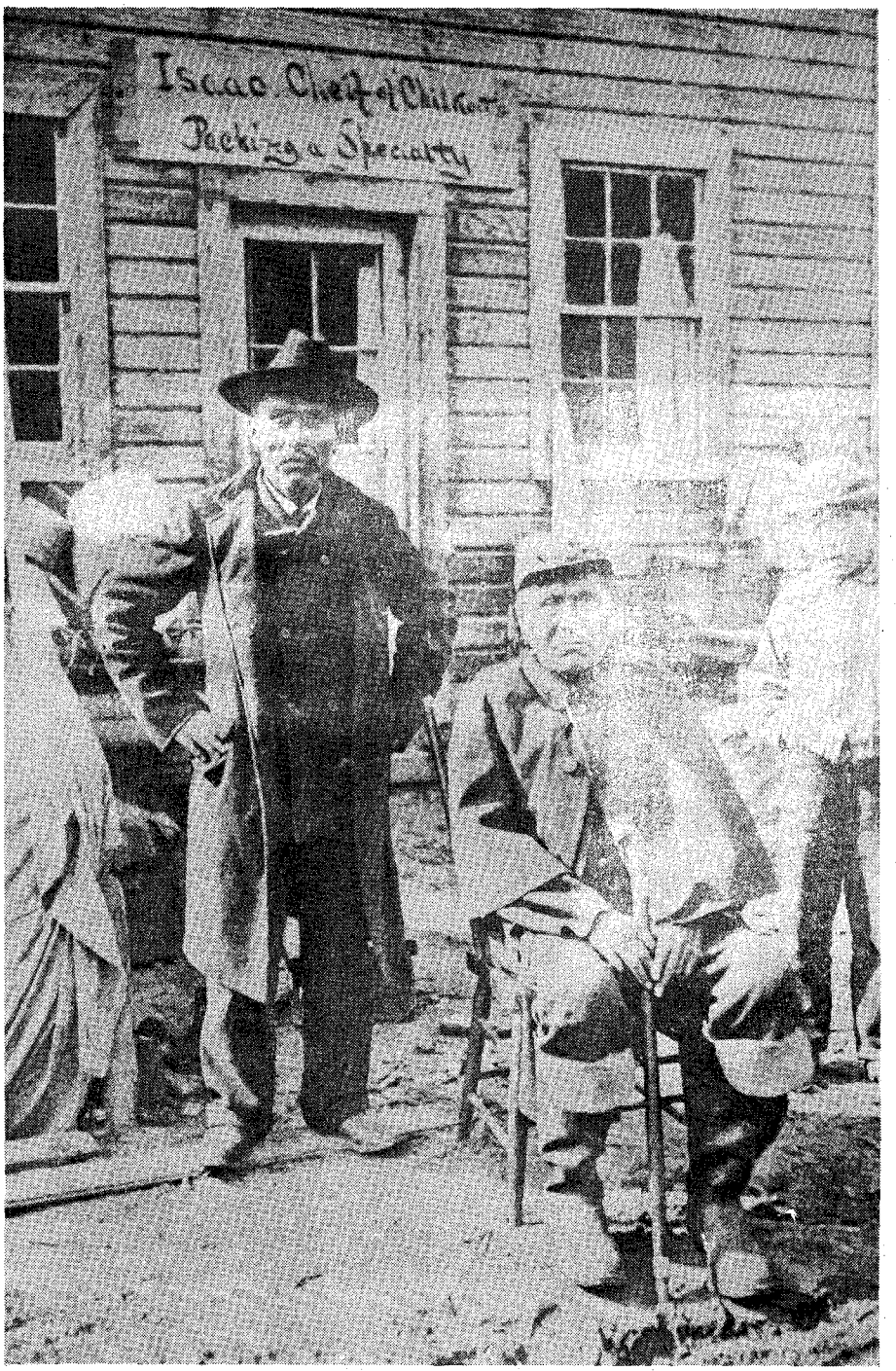
To infer that Johnny Healy's Canadian success was a laudable venture would be twisting history to the breaking point. The Piegan Nation was, at the time, being most cruelly ravaged by small-pox, syphilis and other white man introduced diseases. To their pitiful plight, Healy and Hamilton, among other equally unscrupulous traders, added rot-gut whiskey and repeating rifles. After all, it was a vicious brand of frontier economics. The booze was an inducement and the fast-firing Winchesters produced a greater number of buffalo robes to barter for more whiskey, etc. During the few years of its existence Canadian authorities estimated that more than 150 Indians were killed during drunken orgies outside Whoop-Up's walls. A large portion of the total Indian populace was fatally affected by consuming the poisonous brew dispensed by the Americans.

(AUTHOR'S NOTE . . . Indians, no matter how well known to those inside, were never allowed to enter the fort. Trading, under the close scrutiny of a well-armed and ready guard, was conducted through windows or port holes in the walls provided for that purpose. Even chimneys were heavily barred to prevent outsiders from entering the bastion. Under the "influence" Whoop-Up's best customers were dangerous. A prime head and tail robe bought two pints of trade whiskey. Ten robes would buy a Winchester '66 repeater. A fine horse or a comely squaw brought even more of the fiery liquid. R. J. E.)

In 1874 the Canadian whiskey circle was broken. Coming of Canadian Red Coats put an abrupt quietus on the American's lawless enterprise. The traders, among them Healy, Hamilton, Joe Kipp and Mose Solomon grabbed stakes and headed home. Out of business, but with pockets well lined, all sought other more legal endeavors. Kipp fostered several businesses including a store at Robare, Montana and was to purchase Fort Conrad on the Whoop-Up Trail from I. G. Baker. Al Hamilton, in partnership with I. N. Hazelett, opened up a general store in what was to become Choteau, Montana. He was elected to the Montana legislature in 1879 from Chouteau County and served as deputy sheriff under ex-partner Johnny Healy.

If ever a town needed a fearless and forceful sheriff it was Fort Benton.



From author's collection

Seated, Don-A-Wok, elder chieftain of the Chilkoots Isaac, who actually ran the tribes exclusive guide and packing service into the Klondike stands at the chief's right. Johnny Healy gained the friendship of the Indians and organized their business so that all made a neat profit and prospectors were able to get to the goldfields quicker and with a degree of safety theretofore unknown.

Healy was a good one. The river city was the head of navigation on the Missouri and the jumping off place for those heading for the gold fields or cattle spreads. Many of the transients were riff-raff and eastern toughs on the run from the law in down river settlements and some were Army deserters looking for anonymity in the frontier reaches. Sheriff Johnny Healy welcomed legitimate immigrants and accelerated the movement of others. Cattle rustlers and horse thieves sought greener pastures away from the domain of the tough Irish sheriff. The few road agents foolish enough to ply their trade in Chouteau County found themselves quickly transported to the Territorial Prison. Healy always made his arrests single-handed. He was an excellent shot but made the boast that he had never taken the life of a white man. He also

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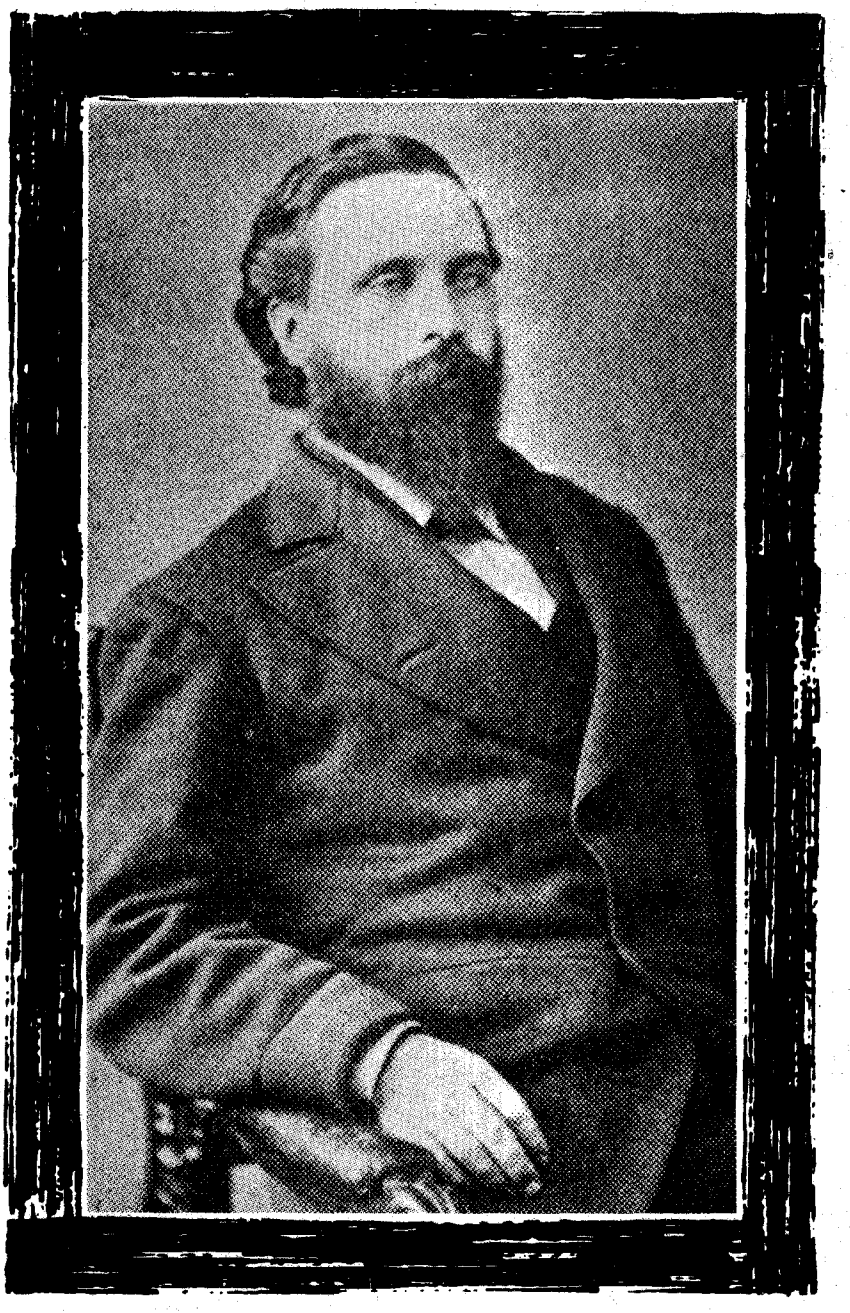

Montana Historical Society

Major Martin Maginnis, a soldier and journalist who served Montana as a Democratic congressman from 1872 until 1885. The major was a close friend of John Healy and the Fort Benton sheriff used his influence in Chouteau County to help Maginnis maintain his powerful position. Political favors were bandied back and forth when lucrative government contracts were in the making.

boasted that he had slowed a few of 'em down with a shot in the leg or speeded a few of 'em up with a butt full of rock salt from a double-barreled shotgun - whichever the case warranted.

Many were the river toughs, or would-be toughs, who nursed creased skulls from Johnny's ironwood night stick. Understanding and sympathetic to their long, tedious weeks of up-river travel, he allowed the boatmen to whoop it up along the waterfront and in the numerous honky-tonks that dotted the area but strongly discouraged their harassment of local citizenery. He was closely associated with early Montana notables, X. Biedler and "Liver Eatin' " Johnson. In early steamboat days both had been "woodhawks" along the Missouri. "Woodhawking" was a lonely, dangerous profession. It consisted of cutting and supplying wood to fire the boilers of the river boats and of dodging Indians. A man had to be as proficient at the latter as he was adept at the former. Also, a fellow so engaged developed a terrific set of muscles, the ability to remain hidden while in plain sight, and since there was no silent or stealthy method of chopping wood, an able trigger finger and one helluva keen eye. The Indians had little to gain by picking off an occasional woodhawk as the men usually traveled poorly and light. However, they were white men and as so, fair game.

Biedler became a Territorial Marshal at Helena and gained fame for his part in ridding the Territory of desperadoes during the Montana Vigilante purge. Johnson, legendary for pretending to eat the liver from a Crow Indian he had killed (factual history indicates it never really happened) was in his later years the two-fisted town marshal of Red Lodge, Montana.

During the middle 1870's, competition among Fort Benton's merchants was at a frenzied pitch. Lucrative governmental contracts, both American and Canadian, were in the making. The pioneer trading firms of I. G. Baker, T. C. Power, and the Conrad Brothers were battling to gain coveted monopolies. Mounted Police outposts, thanks to Healy's questionable Whoop-Up Trail, the Queen's posts to the north and the Army garrisons could be supplied by lumbering ox-drawn freight wagons from the United States much more economically than they could overland through Manitoba. Freight over the Missouri River to the head of navigation and thus by wagon could be laid down in Alberta for about seven cents per lb. whereas the best the Canadians could do was eighteen cents.

Early in the game, perhaps because of his partnership with Al Hamilton, Healy's allegiance, and by then he was quite influential, was directed towards the Baker firm. In the fight for legitimate trade contracts, there were of course, charges and counter-charges of gun and whiskey running, all of the tycoons desiring to present a lily-white countenance of honesty and integrity. The truth is, all of the prominent firms had hands in the illicit dealings. Trade with the Indians sans rifles and booze was no trade at all and all of the companies prospered. In later years for some obscure reason it appears that Healy's devotion was re-directed to Tom Power. He used every political means at his disposal in an attempt to secure a monopoly for the Power enterprise including numerous letters to Major Martin Maginnis, Montana's Democratic Congressman. However, none of the companies gained the desired monopolies and free enterprise prevailed. After the contracts were let

(continued on page 68)

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by Nono Minor

THE AMERICAN INDIAN

Real West facts about the Indian and his way of life. By Nono Minor, Curator of Plains Indians, Kansas City, Museum of History.

THE INDIANS USE OF COPPER

The use of copper was general among the Indians at the time of the discovery of the New World. Copper probably came into use as a result of the Indian finding nuggets, or small masses of the material among the debris which had been deposited from the glacial ice.

By the time the first explorers had reached the new land the Indian was using copper for tools and ornaments. The copper used in New England and eastern Canada seemed to have come from Nova Scotia. The Indians of the New Jersey area could get their copper closer by. The Great Lakes region and the Mississippi Valley had great sources of copper.

Copper was found in lumps or sheets in various rock formations, the latter was called float copper. The copper used by the Indian could be dug from the rocks and was not obtained from ore. On Isle Royal in Lake Superior many shallow diggings show the location and method of Indian copper mining. The deposits range in size from very small particles to large masses which weigh several tons.

This is very pure copper and because of this, is the best way of telling the native Indian copper from the copper imported from Europe. Copper used here, from various chemical analyses shows that the metal is between 99 and 100 per cent pure, while that imported from Europe does not exceed 98 per cent purity, and it is usually much lower. This seems slight, but it does give the test as to whether the items used by the Indian were made of native or imported metal.

The Indian worked the copper into the desired forms by pounding the copper with a stone when cold or after heating. A very common method was annealing. The metal was brought to a high degree of heat then allowed to cool slowly. This removed the brittleness from the metal and made it tough and flexible so it could then be hammered into shape. Some of the copper however showed it was worked while still hot and not during the cooling period.

There is no basis for the theory that the Indians had a method of hardening copper which is lost. Modern scientists, using the tools available to the ancient Indians, have reproduced by these methods the objects used and made by the Indians. Copper can be hardened somewhat by hammering and this was done.

When making objects such as spear points or axes it was done either by heating and hammering or hammering cold. The most celebrated products of the coppersmith are the thin sheets of metal used in making ornaments. These were worked by hammering and annealing followed by grinding and polishing with sand and sandstone. These plates were then cut into sections by making a groove around the area to be cut out, then ground with sandstone through the ridge formed by this groove on the opposite side of the plate. If open work was desired sections were removed by grooving and grinding, and holes were cut by punching and drilling. After cutting, the bent-up edges were then flattened by hammering.

If the object made was massive, like tools or weapons they were generally not decorated. The smaller articles made from the thin sheets were given their pattern by pressing grooves into the surface, this outlined the shapes and details of various living creatures, or abstract forms were made. The tribes of the Northwest coast would apply paint to the copper items.

Upon contact with the white man and his products, the use of copper seemed to have fallen out of existence among the Indian. Copper made in Europe, or brass, superseded the native metal for making ornaments. Copper tools gave way to iron; and silver and brass became the favored metals for making ornaments. Native copper objects were still made in the Great Lakes region as late as 1828, but the practice had died out by the middle of the 18th century. On the Northwestern coast copper-working lasted through 1800 but the metal used was largely imported and not native copper.

The greatest source of copper came from the Lake Superior region, [illegible] here all types of ornaments were made, and the largest number of copper tools and weapons come from this area. In the central and southern Mississippi Valley where float copper was fairly abundant the metal was used more for ornaments than for utility. Copper was not common in the southwest however elaborately decorated plates were made and decorated, but these seemed to be reserved for important persons.

It was found that some 30,000 examples of copper work were known in what is now the state of Wisconsin; and if all specimens known today, from all over the United States were counted, there would be some 100,000. This makes it certain that copper was not a rare occurrence among the Indian, but an important factor in their lives.

The tools made from copper included chisels, axes, adzes, knives, awls, drills and gouges to name a few. These ranged in size from very tiny objects to massive ones weighing over 30 pounds and being over 2 feet in length. Tools made of copper were very common in the central states.

Heads for spears and arrow were made from copper as well as blades almost large enough to be considered swords. Arrow points were made from the sheet metal and bent into cones which slipped over the wooden shafts, others were shaped like the stone arrow heads.

Needles, fish hooks, and harpoons were made from copper, especially in the northern states. Personal ornaments were of a great variety; these included, ear-plugs, beads, bracelets, rings, buttons and pendants. Some of the more elaborate pieces were overlaid, such as a headdress with wooden antlers covered with copper. A few skulls have been found, which after their death the person's nose was covered with copper objects. The northwest coast tribes made a copper neck ring of heavy twisted rods. In the 19th century the Navaho learned metal working from the Mexicans and made copper ornaments to some extent, but

(continued on page 77)

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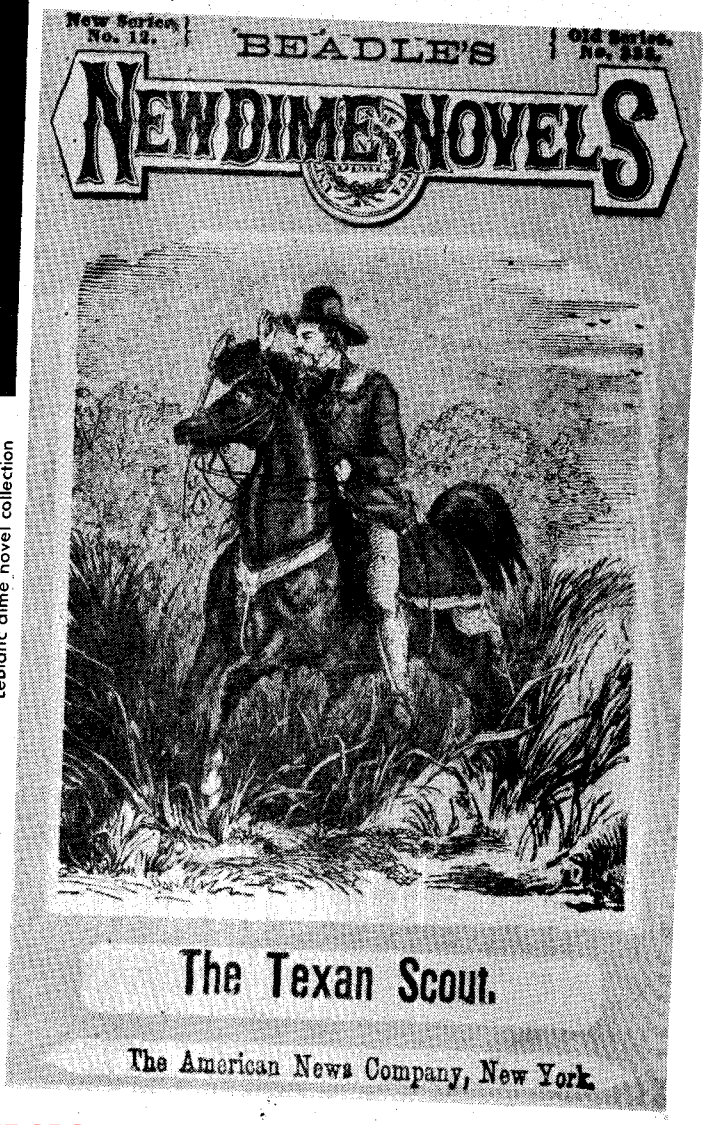
The Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology

REAL WEST INDIAN PORTRAIT GALLERY NO. 45. BACON RIND, Wah-she-hah, Bacon Rind, an Osage was born January 1, 1852 near Claremore (Oklahoma) in Indian Territory. His father was O-ke-pah-sar, and his mother was called Wah-hrah-hum-pah. Bacon Rind married an Osage girl, Wah-kohi-he-kah, and they had four children. He was later married a second time to Meh-kso-jah, a Kaw Indian woman. In 1909-1910 he was Chief of the Osage Tribe and was elected to the Osage Council in 1922-24.



LeBlanc dime novel collection

DIME NOVEL GLORIFYING THE WEST NO. 29. BEADLES NEW DIME NOVELS. The Beadle Company, after publishing 321 DIME NOVELS in their familiar salmon colored wrappers, began reprinting the stories in a slightly new format. The covers were hand stenciled in bright colors and make a handsome volume for collectors to seek. There were 309 of them issued between December 1, 1874 and Oct. 27, 1885. Many of the stories published were about the West and the early frontier.

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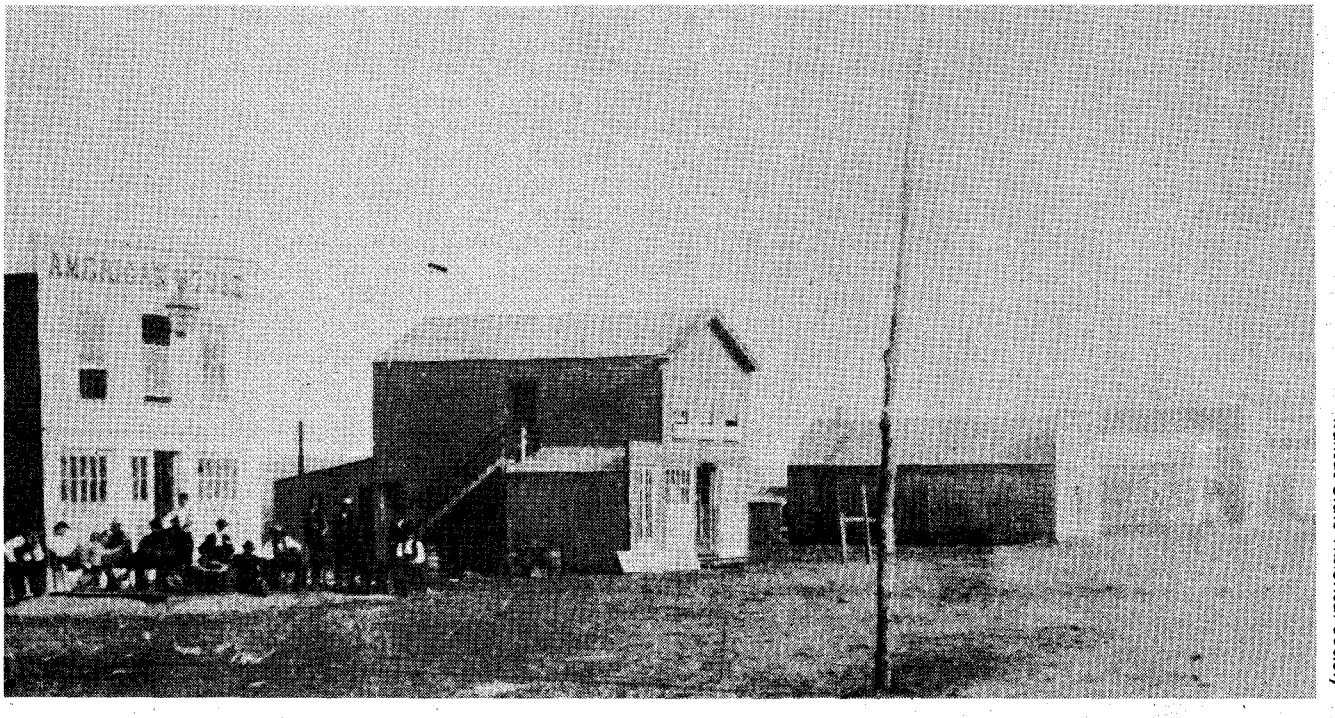
PICTORIAL



Kansas State Historical Society

Two scenes of Ellsworth, Kansas in 1867. The town for a period in the late 1860's became the "end-of-the-trail" for Texas herds and Texas cowboys, and for a time rivaled Wichita and Abilene for lawlessness and rowdyism.

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REAL WEST'S MOVIE HALL OF FAME

CHARLES "BUCK" JONES

By Mario DeMarcolo

The name "Buck Jones" brings back fond memories. This great western star of years ago made colorful and action pictures that only he was capable of producing. Buck was from the old school. He entered films as a bit player and worked his way up to becoming a star. He learned the ropes from the bottom up. He was one of the few cowboy stars to successfully make the jump from the "silent flicks" to "talkies." Many of the other western stars whose voices didn't meet the standards of this new media had to accept lesser roles and many ended up as bit players. The millions of fans, young and old, that Buck had accumulated in his earlier years followed him into the new media of "talking pictures" and they were more than pleased with their star when they first heard him in the early 30's.

Buck's real name was Charley Gebhart. He was born in Vincennes, Indiana on December 4, 1889. When he was still a youngster he was taken to his dad's ranch which was about three thousand acres. Like many of the western youngsters of his time, he learned to ride, rope and shoot. In his early teens, he was as good or better than any of the ranch hands in breaking broncs. He was an active youngster and craved for greater excitement than that of working on the ranch, so he joined the U.S. Army. Being an expert horseman he was put into the cavalry, and after a short time was shipped down to the Mexican border. He was later transferred to the Philippines, where in a skirmish with the enemy, a sniper got him in his sights and shot him in the thigh. He was pretty badly wounded and was laid up in the hospital for many months. He was later given a discharge for the wound. The doctors informed him that he would never be able to ride a horse again. But Buck had an admirable will and being in excellent physical shape proved them wrong. A short time later, he was back atop a horse doing the things that a cowboy should. He joined a Wild West Show spending the next seven or eight years enjoying the excitement and thrills that the show provided. It was during this stint with the Wild West Show that he changed his name to Buck Jones. Other exciting jobs followed like breaking horses for the remount station in Chicago and even flying and becoming a test driver for the racing cars at the Indianapolis Speedway.

While with one of the Wild West Shows he met a pretty young lady who was also with the troupe. Both fell in love and decided they wanted to get married, but couldn't because of the lack of funds. The owners of the show learned of their plight and suggested that if they would get married during one of the acts, they would foot the bill. So as an extra added attraction both Buck and Odille Osborne were married on horseback in front of an actual audience which had come to witness the thrills of the show and were treated to something extra. It was quite an unusual sight to see the bride and groom, best man and bridesmaids and even the minister on horseback. It was a great wedding and as Buck later remarked "it took."

Both he and his new bride traveled with the show for awhile until Odille one day informed Buck that he would be a father soon. Figuring that this was no way for his expecting wife to live, they packed up their belongings and headed for Los Angeles. At this time, Buck had no intentions of acting, in fact, he "bumped" into it by accident. One day he was visiting a friend on stage at one of the sets. He was approached by one of the casting directors who was looking for extras and asked if he'd like a job. Buck accepted and this was the beginning. As one of the hundreds of extras he worked himself up doing bit parts and later was picked as a double for such western greats of the time as Tom Mix, William S. Hart and William Farnum.

Realizing that he had great potentials as a western actor, William Fox Studios signed him up. His ability as an actor provided thrills for the movie audiences and brought swift advancement. He became a star! He made many thrilling movies in the years that followed and the studios profited by this rugged and good-looking cowboy.

When the "talkies" made their scene in the early 30's, it was the westerns that felt the effect first. They were discontinued because it was impossible to provide sound needed for these outdoor movies. Buck was without a job, but not for long. He talked it over with his wife and both agreed that Buck would form his own Wild West Show. He traveled about the country with the show, meeting the thousands of fans who thronged to see their screen hero. He later disbanded the show and returned to Hollywood. By this time new sound equipment and techniques had been perfected and the westerns were back in production. Buck picked up where he had left off and worked himself to becoming the number one cowboy. He even began a new trend in his pictures-emphasizing fair play, clean wholesome family pictures, showing kindness to the elderly and to dumb animals. Like his predecessor, Tom Mix, Buck, never shot to kill, unless he was forced to. These acts paid off because the "Buck Jones Rangers" a fan club of his was organized in his honor which numbered over two million members.

Near the end of his career, Buck had been signed up with two other great western stars, Tim McCoy and Raymond Hatter to make a series of top westerns as the "Rough Riders" for Monogram Pictures. The war broke out a short time later in 1941 and Buck spent much time in personal appearances and war bond selling drives. In November of 1942, Buck was on one of these bond selling tours which brought him to Boston, Massachusetts and while dining with friends at the Cocoanut Grove, fire broke out. Many people perished, among them was Buck Jones. The newspapers had stated that Buck had re-entered the burning building to try to rescue some of the trapped victims, but was overcome by the dense smoke which took his life.

It is truly amazing to note that Buck's life history was almost parallel with that of the great Tom Mix, and each died a tragic and untimely death.

In his great career Buck Jones starred in over 200 films, his fans numbered in the millions and with his great white stallion "Silver" he will always be remembered fighting evil and corruption.

Buck Jones, cowboy, soldier, movie actor and hero. ●RW

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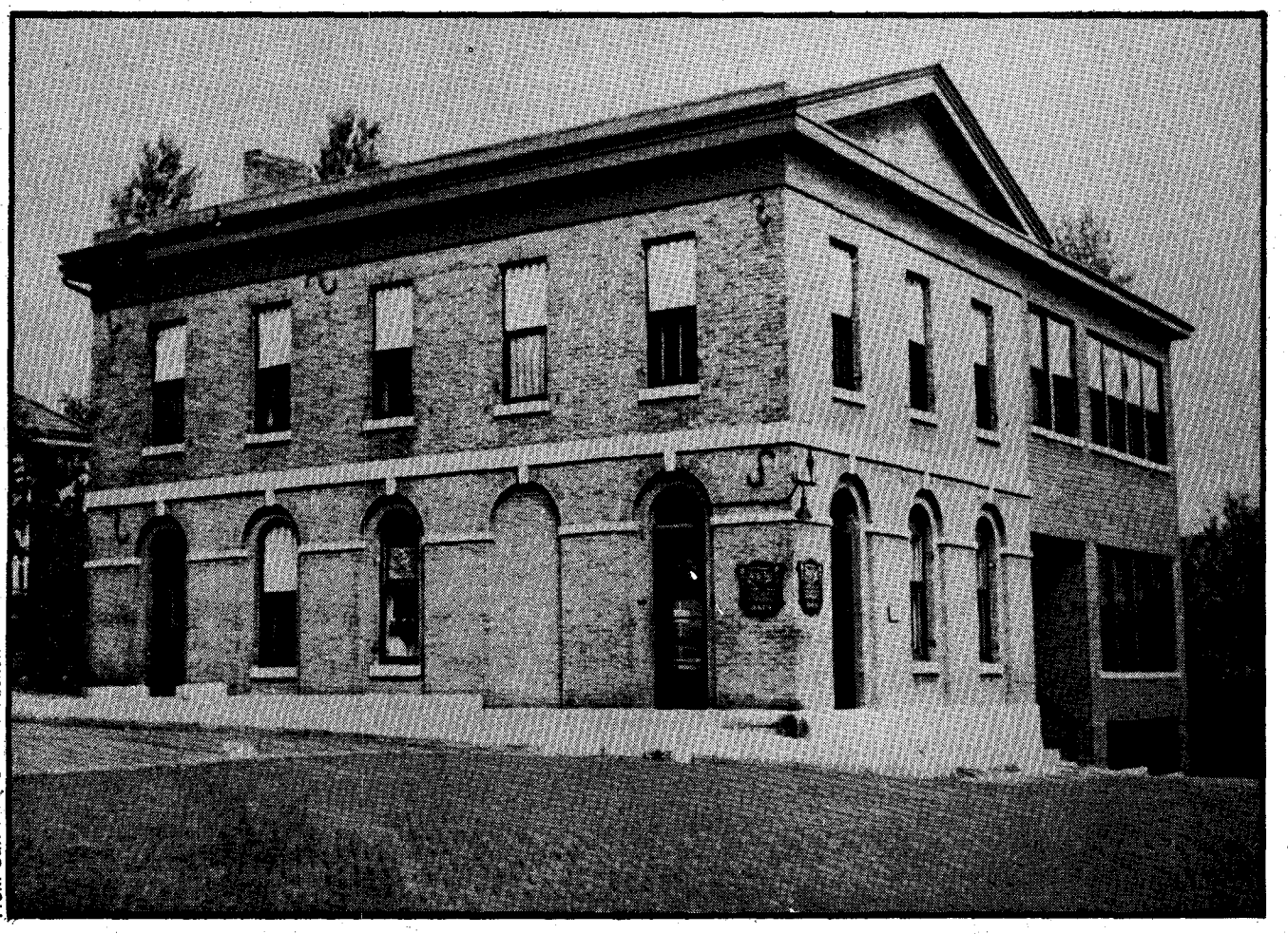
By Carl W. Breihan

JESSE JAMES And

On February 13, 1866, the first bank hold-up by armed outlaws was carried out. Whether or not



From Carl W. Breihan collection

The Liberty, Missouri bank as it appears today. On February 13, 1866 it was robbed by Jesse and Frank James, the first such robbery by an organized gang. Even today tourists may go into the bank and view the vault from which the bandits stole $58,000.

It has often been debated as to whether Jesse and Frank James engineered the daring first bank holdup, which occurred on Friday, February 13, 1866. This was not actually the first bank robbery in the country; during the Civil War, a band of Confederates, escaping from a northern prison, robbed a bank in Maryland enroute home. However, this actually was the first robbery committed by a band of organized outlaws.

Curious circumstances preceded the actual raid. On January 20, 1866, the sheriff of Harrison County attempted to execute a warrant for the arrest of William Reynolds, at Pleasant Hill, Missouri. William was under indictment for crimes allegedly committed during the late war. However, the sheriff was unable to arrest Reynolds, as two ex-guerrillas, N.P. Hayes and George Maddox, prevented his doing so. The sheriff swore in a posse of citizens and a quick fight resulted; Reynolds and Hayes were killed, and Maddox captured.

Numerous threats were received that guerrilla bands were going to attack the town in an effort to liberate Maddox. These rumors persisted, and excitement reigned supreme in Pleasant Hill until the news of the daring bank robbery at Liberty, Missouri, broke upon the town. The armed citizens then realized that the threats had been a diversion, a "red herring" to keep attention from the neighboring towns.

On that eventful day, a band of armed men rode into Liberty from several directions, meeting in the square, where the leader deployed his men at strategic points. It was quite early in the morning, and no one paid any attention to the two men who entered the Clay County Savings Association. They confronted the cashier, Mr. Greenup Bird, who was alone in the bank, except for the company of his small son. Under threat of instant death to himself and his son, Mr. Bird was forced to open the vault, and the robbers stuffed two saddlebags with $58,000. (Even today, tourists may go into the bank vault from which this money was taken.) The robbery had been

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The LIBERTY BANK Robbery

Jesse James led the gang that killed one lad and escaped with $58,000 is still open to question.

executed with such precision and speed that no one knew of it until it was over.

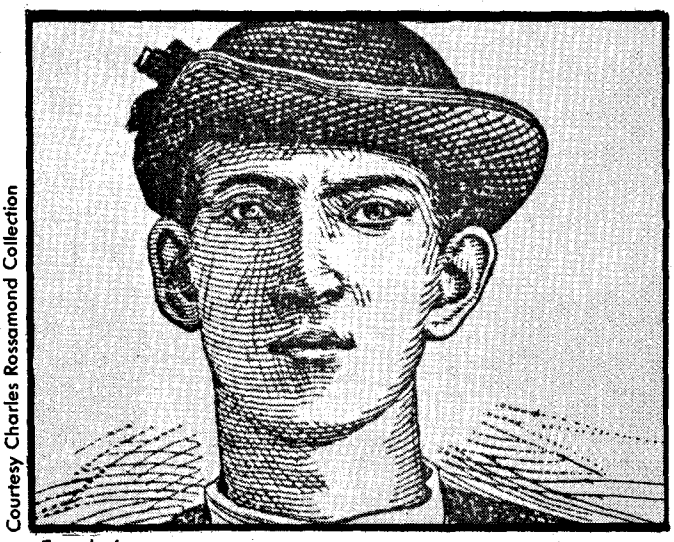
One of the tragedies of the holdup was the death of a young lad named George Wymore, who was walking to William Jewell College accompanied by Henry W. Haynes, a close friend of E. T. Estes of Kansas City, (Rev. Robert S. James, father of the James boys, was one of the original trustees of this college.) Mr. Bird thrust his head out of a window as the outlaws prepared for flight and called to Wymore, telling him of the robbery and to raise an alarm. The lad raised the cry of "Robbers! Robbers!" ... as he did so the bands were firing and yelling with savage fury. Mr. Haynes quickly jumped behind a huge tree, but young Wymore was not so fortunate. He was struck by four bullets and killed. It was not known if Wymore was killed intentionally to intimidate the citizens, or if it was accidental. At any rate, several days after the robbery, the Wymore family received the following note:

We regret the death of your son and hope you will believe it was an accident as we had no cause to kill him and never really meant to do so. You have our deepest sympathy.

Jesse and Frank James

Now this note could have been sent by anyone to point suspicion in the direction of the Jameses, and does not prove that they committed the robbery. On the other hand, one David Duncan, who owned a store at Cedarville, three miles from the James home, stated that he met them after the Liberty bank had been robbed. At first, he said that Frank and Jesse James were in the gang. Later, he decided he thought best to say that he did not know for sure ... which, of course, was safer for him.

A posse followed the trail of the outlaws as far as the Mt. Gilead Church, where it was seen by the tracks that the party had divided into small groups or singles, so the pursuit ended.



Courtesy Charles Rossamond Collection

Frank James.

Courtesy Charles Rossamond Collection

Jesse James.

The majority of the Clay County residents firmly believed that Jesse and Frank James were at Liberty during the robbery, or at least that they had instigated the affair. Friends of the Jameses stated that Jesse could not have been present, as he was still suffering from the lung wound he had received at the close of the war. Records indicate that Jesse lay for nearly a year after receiving the wound, seen and attended only by Dr. Lankford, of Kansas City, who nursed him back to health. Jesse was wounded in May of 1865; the robbery was in February of the following year. It is possible that he could have been there, but it would have been dangerous and foolish for him to ride a horse at that time.

We state these facts not in defense of Jesse, but only to bring all the incidents and material before the reader, so he may draw his own conclusion, whichever it may be. The robbery of the Russellville, Kentucky bank in March of 1868 was actually the first to be publicly attributed to the James gang.

Jim White and J. F. Edmunson were arrested in St. Joseph, shortly after the Liberty robbery, on suspicion of being implicated, but were released for lack of evidence. Many believed that these two, together with Bill Chiles, Ol Shepherd, Red Monkers, and Bud Pence, positively were among the band. Others believed that Arch Clements, Dick Burns, and Andy Maguire also were in the group. It is a known fact that Maguire spent money freely, soon after, and ran away to St. Louis with the daughter of Mr. Deering of Independence, Missouri. Maguire was captured at the old Seventh Street Depot in St. Louis and returned to Liberty, where he was promptly lodged in jail. In the same jail were several others suspected of being implicated in the robbery. Shortly after Maguire was returned to Liberty, he and those suspected were taken from the jail by an irate mob and hanged.

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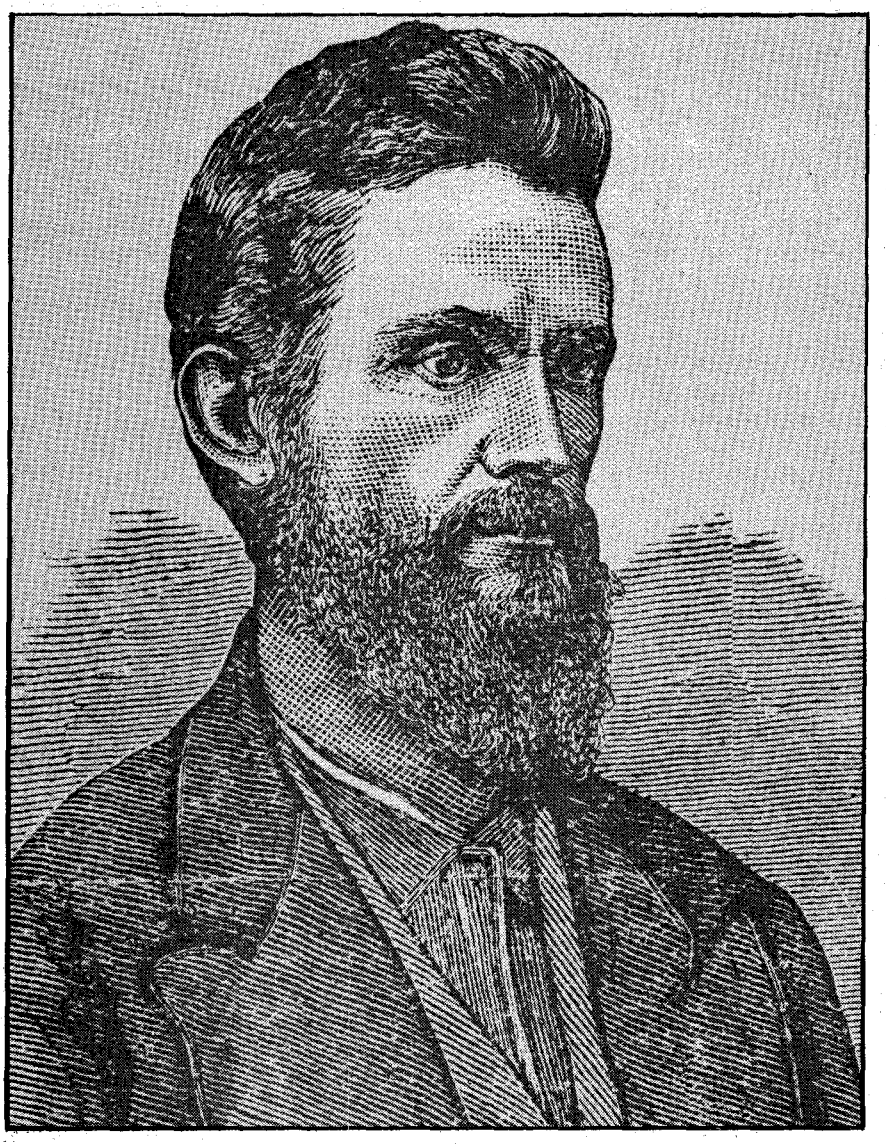

From Carl W. Breihan collection

Allen Parmer, brother-in-law of Jesse James, was suspected of being involved in the Richmond robbery but was in Kansas City at the time working for J. E. Shawhan & Company.

Bud Pence had a brother named Don, who also had been a guerrilla under Quantrill. One day he learned that Stephen Major, a neighbor of the Jameses, had sold some cattle for a large sum, and conveyed the news to Jesse. This was shortly after the Liberty affair, and Jesse and Frank James, with Don Pence, went one night to the Major home with intent to rob him. Mrs. Major knew who they were, and was afraid that if she went upstairs to tell her husband, they would come in and kill him. So her sister detained them, while Mr. Major jumped out of an upstairs window and ran in his stocking feet to the home of Mr. Benton a neighbor, and saved his money . . . perhaps his life.

Another aftermath of the Liberty robbery was the arrest of an ex-guerrilla named Joab Perry, who was lodged in the jail at Independence. He was arrested on June 10, 1866; and on the 14th, a group of well-armed men galloped into town at midnight. They immediately rode to the jail and demanded the release of Perry. Jailer Bugler refused to give up the prisoner and a number of shots were fired into his home. Bugler was instantly killed; his young son was seriously wounded, but recovered, to be later (of all things) accused of complicity in the train robbery at Glendale.

If anyone knew the identity of the raiders who failed in their purpose to release Perry, they said nothing. Everyone knew the desperate character of the Jameses and Youngers, and to have mentioned their suspicions might have brought about terrible reprisals.

Soon another robbery occurred; the citizens of Missouri were beginning to wonder at the security of the country banks. On October 30, 1866, between noon and one o'clock, the banking house of Alexander Mitchell & Company, in Lexington, Missouri, was robbed of cash to the amount of $2,011.50. The robbers were four in number, and chose the dinner hour to carry out their bold plans, when no one was in the bank except J. L. Thomas, the clerk. A few minutes before their entry, Thomas was standing in the doorway of the bank, when he noticed a couple of strange men approaching, in earnest conversation. Thinking they were coming into the bank, he stepped back, took his place at a desk, and was writing a letter when they entered. One of the men placed a $50 7-30 bond on the counter and asked what the "discount" was on it. Mr. Thomas did not like the laughing manner in which the request was made, and replied that the bank was not buying that kind of funds. While talking, the two other robbers came in. In an instant Mr. Thomas was covered by four deadly revolvers. They warned him that he would die instantly if he did not obey orders to the letter. In the cash drawer, which was easily reached, they found $2,000 as well as $11.50 in silver. They then told Thomas that there was $100,000 in the bank, and that if he valued his life he should disclose its hiding place at once. Thomas denied there was this much money in the bank. The bandits searched him for the vault key, but on being unable to find it they left. Quickly the bandits reached their horses, which had been tied in a nearby alley, and were soon out of sight.

As they left the bank, the bandits admonished Mr. Thomas about giving an immediate alarm, under pain of death. However, soon twelve well-armed citizens started after the bandits and spent two days in a fruitless search for the bold robbers. With the posse rode Jesse Hamlet, David and John Poole, James Cather, and Hedge Reynolds. The trail led down to the road to Wellington, but how far they followed this road was never learned. Dave and John Poole came upon them after a sharp ride of several miles and fired. The Poole boys reported the party as being five men when they saw them, but they were unable to get close enough to identify any of them due to the fleetness of the outlaws' horses.

It was a bold robbery and one which stirred the countryside. Thomas had reported the men were dressed as travelers would be, and that he had failed to recognize any of them. There was some talk that the band was comprised of Kansas "Redlegs"

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leftovers from the war. Thomas described the men as all young and well under thirty years of age. Some of Thomas' descriptions would easily fit both Frank and Jesse James.

The Younger brothers were loud in their assertions that they had nothing to do with these robberies. Nevertheless, they were friends of the Jameses, or supposed to be, and their names were linked with those of Frank and Jesse as accomplices in these robberies as well as in many to follow. Suffice it to say, large amounts of reward money were offered for the capture of any of the Youngers dead or alive.

The robbers struck their next blow in Savannah, Missouri, the seat of Andrew County, at the private banking concern of Judge William McLain. On March 2, 1867, six outlaws invaded the little banking office of Judge McLain. Some folks said only five robbers participated in the attempted holdup and declared they were: J. F. Edmunson, Jim White, Bill Chiles, Bud McDaniels, and a man named Pope. It was nearly high noon, and no one was in the bank except Judge McLain and his son. The bandits rode up and four of them dismounted, leaving their horses in charge of the other two. As the four men entered the bank with drawn pistols, the Judge looked earnestly over his spectacles, and at once sized them up, drew a heavy revolver from a desk drawer and began firing at the men. His shots proved ineffective, however, and one of the bandits shot him down. Young McLain ran into the street and gave the alarm, which brought many citizens to the rescue. The outlaws saw their position was becoming critical, so they all leaped upon their mounts and darted from town, empty-handed. A posse of twenty-five citizens went in pursuit of the bandits, and trailed them for a great distance. In the extreme northwest part of Missouri, the citizen squad actually located Chiles and White, but they were too timid to capture them for it was apparent there were many friends of these two around. It also occurred to the posse that they were not in company with the sheriff or even a deputy, and they had located the two suspects far out of Andrew County. Pope and McDaniels were arrested near St. Joseph, Missouri, but they were armed with alibi witnesses to such an extent that they were released on March 19, after being held only one day.

Courtesy Charles Rossamond Collection

Thomas Little an ex-guerilla under Quantrill was lynched by a posse after the Richmond bank robbery.

Judge McLain's wound did not prove fatal, although it did necessitate the amputation of his arm. He lived to carry on his duties and to die a natural death.

The Hughes & Mason Bank at Richmond, Missouri, was open for business as usual on May 23, 1867, when a band of armed men led by Peyton (Payne) Jones entered. They robbed the cashier of $4,000 in gold coin. Mayor Shaw, a brave and efficient officer, tried to intercept the raiders. He seized a revolver and ran across the street, at the same time trying to gather a concentration of citizens to stem the attack. However, the moment he was discovered, three of the bandits rode swiftly upon him, and though the brave mayor fired with what aim he could command, it was too imperfect for execution, and he fell fighting in the street with four bullets in his body.

After robbing the Mason Bank, the

(continued on page 70)

Courtesy Charles Rossamond Collection

George Shepherd, another ex-guerilla, also participated in many daring raids made by the James-Younger gang on banking establishments.

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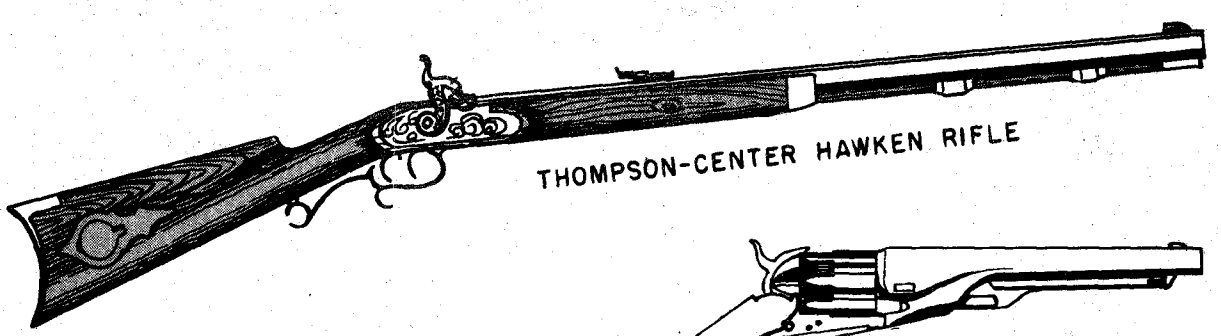
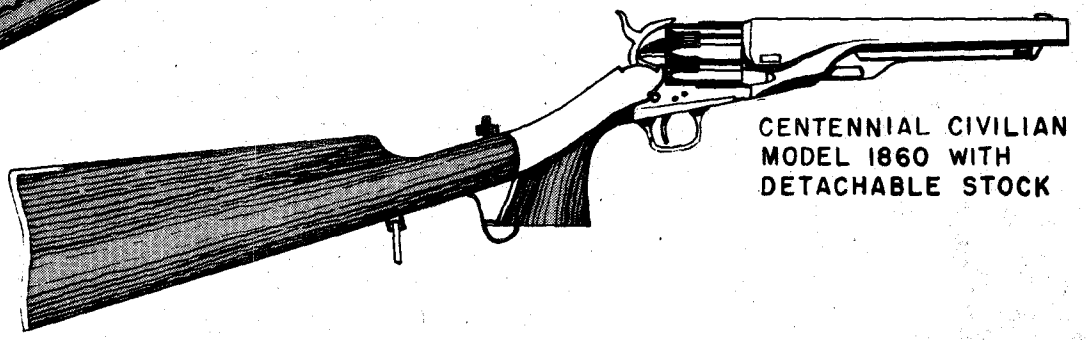
GUNSMOKE GALLERY

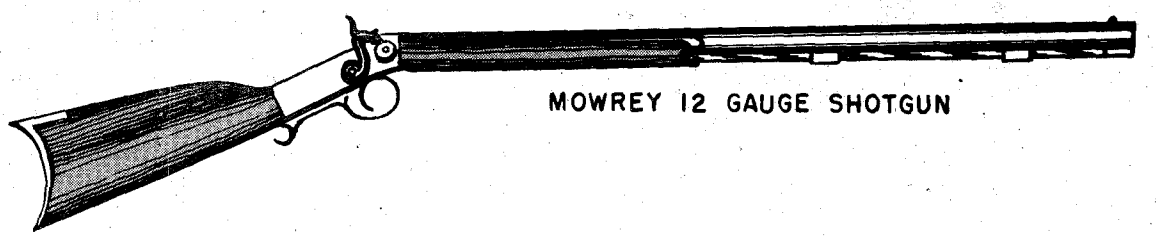
by Major R. O. Ackerman



THOMPSON-CENTER HAWKEN RIFLE



CENTENNIAL CIVILIAN MODEL 1860 WITH DETACHABLE STOCK



MOWREY 12 GAUGE SHOTGUN

I am pleased at the interest shown by readers in several recent articles, in which I told about the modern revival of the muzzle loading sports, and their close connection with our study of early western lore. I mentioned the national associations, and explained the technique of loading and using each major type of muzzle loader, just as it was done originally on the early frontier.

Now I believe the only big questions which have not been answered for interested readers are "Where do I find a muzzle loader and ammunition? How much will it cost me? What are the legal requirements for its purchase?"

To start with, I will point out that at the time this is written, the legal aspect of this sport is still favorable. In fact, muzzle loaders are the only general class of firearm which may be shipped directly to the customer, instead of having to be delivered through his local dealer, and signed for. This applies to muzzle loaders of modern manufacture as well as to original antiques, and is a tremendous factor in their rapidly growing popularity.

The best way to answer the other questions is to describe guns representative of each major type, and from various price levels. These are some of the latest and best on the market today, and are guns I have personally tested for other publications. I will confine this discussion to modern-made "replicas". Shootable originals are increasingly hard to find, much more expensive, and usually should be fired only with lighter loads, if at all.

At the top of the list are beautifully hand-crafted "custom-made" guns - chiefly rifles. My own custom rifle was made by Lee Paul (see address list at close of article). These cost several hundred dollars, but workmanship, design and individual fit are absolutely superlative. Lee specializes in big-bore hunting arms styled after the famous western Hawken rifles of over a century ago. If you wish more information on Lee's rifles, send him a large self-addressed envelope with sixteen cents postage on it, or see his ads in the monthly publication of the N.M.L.R.A.

* * * * * * *

Next to a custom rifle, one of the finest factory-produced ones is made by Thompson-Center Arms Company, an American manufacturer who also makes modern arms. This also is patterned after a Hawken half-stock percussion rifle, in either .45 or .50 caliber. It features a heavy octagonal barrel, hooked breech for easy take-down without tools, double set triggers, top grade American walnut stock, coil springs and fully adjustable sights. All the trim is solid investment casting of brass, contrasting with the blued barrel and the engraved lock in case hardened colors. The dull gleam of the special stock finish is unusually attractive. Powerful, accurate and extremely well-made, the rifle sells for $175. For $193.50, they include a bullet mould, instruction book, and full kit of every essential loading accessory. You won't need another thing except powder, caps and scrap lead.

An entirely different style of rifle is the .45 made by Esopus Gun Works. This is unusual in being a double-barrel, or what we call a swivel-breech. Fire a shot . . . twist the barrels in either direction with the left hand. . . and fire another shot within just seconds. You can imagine what an advantage this is to muzzle loading deer hunter! Barrels are 28 inches, black walnut stock, two ramrods, and trim of 7030 ordnance brass which is corrosion-resistant. A fine, rugged rifle for $139.50.

If you prefer a slender, traditional flintlock, my favorite is sold by Navy Arms Company Their color catalog shows this in either rifle or carbine length-a graceful .44 for $129.95.

There are other good rifles, but space forbids my listing them all.

Turning to percussion shotguns, I previously described a 12 gauge double barrel which is made in India and sold here.

Since that time, another 12 gauge double has been received for testing from Replica Arms, Inc. For the absolute tops in quality, finish and handling in a percussion shotgun, this heads the replica field at this time. The 30 inch barrels are beautifully browned rather than blued, and are choked full and modified.. The hard chromed bores are an unusual feature in a muzzle loader. Hand-checkered stock is of fine French walnut. Standard model has color case-hardened locks. Deluxe model has special steel locks, left in the white for a handsome contrast. These and many other parts are excellently hand-engraved in the European manner. Little touches like every screw slot aligned "fore and aft" denote old world pride in craftsmanship. Matted rib gives a glare-proof sighting plane. My favorite feature is the

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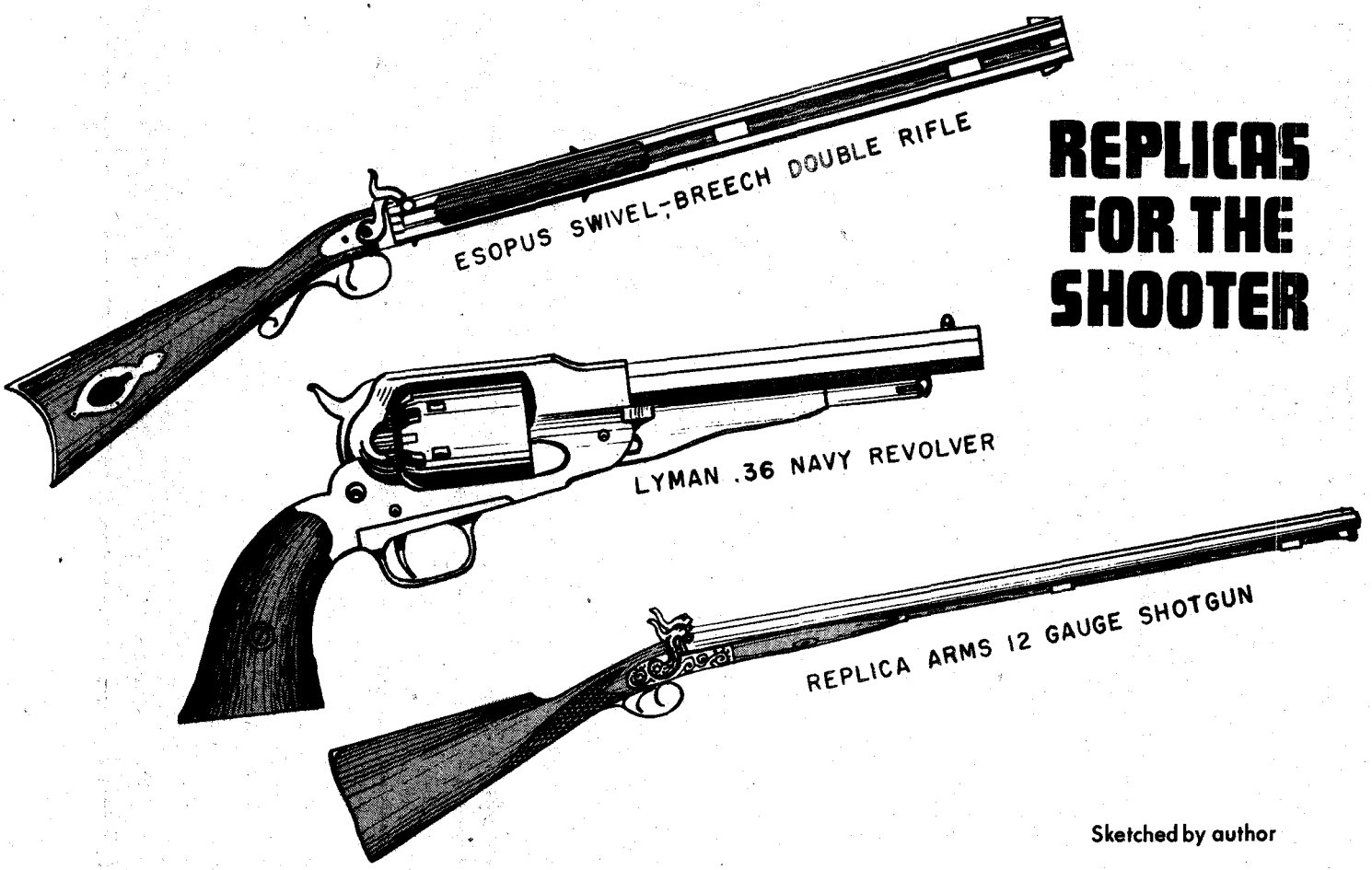
REPLICAS FOR THE SHOOTER



Sketched by author

weight of only 5½ pounds! This makes it fantastically fast on either clays or upland game. Standard model is $134.95 and engraved version is $169.95. Worth every penny.

For those who like a single barrel shotgun, I've been using a 12 gauge percussion made by Mowrey Gun Works. Rugged strength is the key word for Mowrey's arms. This single 12 has a unique lock with the fewest possible parts, and the sturdy barrel has extra metal at the breech. A goose hunter, using extra heavy charges, will appreciate this one. I also recommend a single barrel for a beginner, so it is good for the entire family. With maple stock and brass furniture, it is $139.50, or for a little over $90 get a semi-finished kit which the home craftsman can assemble himself.

Several new percussion revolvers have been announced recently - all of them good. There should be one to suit every taste in this list.

Replica Arms has a brand new .36 copy of the 1862 Colt Police Model. With fluted cylinder and just five shots, this is a lighter gun than a navy model in that caliber. Three barrel lengths are offered at $89.95.

The long-established Lyman Gun Sight Corporation has inaugurated a new line of black powder products, with authentic copies of two famous Remington percussion revolvers. These are the Army Model .44 and Navy Model .36. Both have the solid frame and top strap which made the Remington design so popular. Excellent handguns at $96.95 and $94.95 respectively.

Two other leading manufacturers have just entered the black powder field. After 98 years, Colt has resumed manufacture of their 1851 Navy .36 revolver! This should prove that muzzle loading is here to stay. Just as great as it was before, the famous belt gun will be sold cased with all accessories. The price has not been firmed up.

Ruger is bringing out a .44 percussion revolver as an addition to their Blackhawk series, available this year, price not known. This will not copy any original model, but will be a completely modernized version of a cap-and-ball revolver.

I am pleased to see that Centennial Arms has resumed the interrupted manufacture of one of their best replicas - their copy of the Colt .44 M1860 Civilion Model, with fluted cylinder and detachable shoulder stock. This is a very versatile combination, for either hunting or target, at $139.50.

The arms mentioned here are the cream of the current crop. However, if less expensive utility grade muzzle loaders are desired, check the ads of Century Arms in any gun magazine.

Finally, the firm which offers the largest variety of replicas in a wide range of prices is Dixie Gun Works. They sell many of the guns listed here, plus others of their own brand. Especially important to our readers is the fact that Dixie carries thousands of spare parts, and everything necessary in muzzle loading accessories and ammunition. Their huge catalog will provide many hours of informative reading upon our sport, as it includes technical articles, loading instructions, safety tips and other data.

Muzzle loading is the fastest growing of all shooting sports today. I have honestly attempted to answer every question I could anticipate concerning it. If you still have a question, I'll try to help.

ADDRESSES

Lee Paul, 309 Knapp St. Eureka, Calif. 96097
(SASE for price list)
Thompson-Center Arms Co., Rochester, New Hampshire 03867
(SASE for brochure)
Esopus Gun Works, Division of Port Ewen Products, Inc., Port Ewen, N.Y. 12466
(SASE for literature)
Navy Arms Co., 689 Bergen Blvd., Ridgefield, N. J. 07657
(50¢ for color catalog)
Replica Arms, P. O. Box 640, Marietta, Ohio 45750
(SASE for new products brochure)
Mowrey Gun Works, Box 711, Olney, Texas 76374
(SASE for brochure)
Lyman Gun Sight Corp., Middlefield, Conn. 06455
Colt Industries, Small Arms Division, Hartford Conn. 06102
Sturm, Ruger & Co., Southport, Conn. 06490
Centennial Arms Corp., 3318 W. Devon Ave., Lincolnwood, Ill. 60645 Century Arms, Inc., 3-5 Federal St., St. Albans, Vermont 05478
Dixie Gun Works, Inc., Union City, Tenn. 38261
(Large catalog $2.00)

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COLEMAN of the Vigilantes

By Stephanie C. Shulsinger

William T. Coleman brought honor to the term 'Vigilante' when the time came for honest men to arm themselves and go to the streets to fight evil. This was truly one of the giants who built the west!

It was on a rainy night in January of 1848 that James Marshall first showed Captain John Sutter some flakes of gold he had found in the tailrace of Sutter's mill. From that time on, to many a young man, California was the golden land, a place where dreams come true and fortunes could be made.

One of the dreamers was William Tell Coleman, a sturdy young man from Kentucky, orphaned and impoverished, but ready to catch the world by the tail and set it spinning. To begin with he had only his dreams, but ambition, confidence, talent and hard work were destined to carry Coleman to world fame as a giant of American industry, who helped to write some interesting chapters in San Francisco's stormy history.

Coleman's great success story began on a leap year, as he was born on February 29, 1824, in Cynthiana, Kentucky. The family had a fondness for naming children after famous people; so it was that William Tell Coleman's father's name was Napoleon Bonaparte Coleman, and his younger brother was DeWitt Clinton Coleman.

Both of Coleman's parents came from well-established old families, his mother's family even claiming kinship to George Washington. Napoleon Coleman was an attorney who had inherited some property, but apparently he was more interested in politics than in his practice. Some of his political ambition was gratified, when he was nominated to Congress, but it was a hollow victory. Soon afterward, in 1833, Napoleon Coleman died, leaving a tangled estate that was nearly worthless. His wife passed away soon afterward, and William, DeWitt, and two young sisters were suddenly alone and destitute.

But luck hadn't completely deserted the Coleman children. They were brought to their grandfather's farm to live, and there they found a comfortable home. It actually worked out very well for young William, who learned how to do all the hard work needed to keep a farm going. He was an active, strong, attractive lad, with auburn hair and gray eyes, and a powerful frame. He was naturally keen in handling horses, and learned to break the outlaws and train the colts. He was also an excellent, daring rider and fox hunter.

But the boy had a wild streak in him. At the age of 7, he lost his temper and smashed the only plate-glass window in town, and he was often involved in fights with other boys. His activities kept him and his grandfather busy with trips to the wood shed.

However, William's grandfather and an aunt managed to turn all this restless energy into mostly positive channels. In school, he was a good student, especially in math, science, and public speaking. He organized a drill team and captained it, and was a great reader. Strong, vigorous and fearless, and with boundless confidence, he grew up to be a likely lad, indeed.

So it wasn't surprising that when he was still in his teens, young William Coleman was offered a railroad job by an uncle in Illinois. He was quick to accept, and left the farm with great excitement for his first job.

After about a year, there was no more work on the railroad, and William traveled on to St. Louis, where he worked at various jobs for a time. He saved what he could, and put himself through a four-year college course in only two years. But the strain of intensified study so exhausted the young man that when he completed his studies he had to spend a year or so recovering his health.

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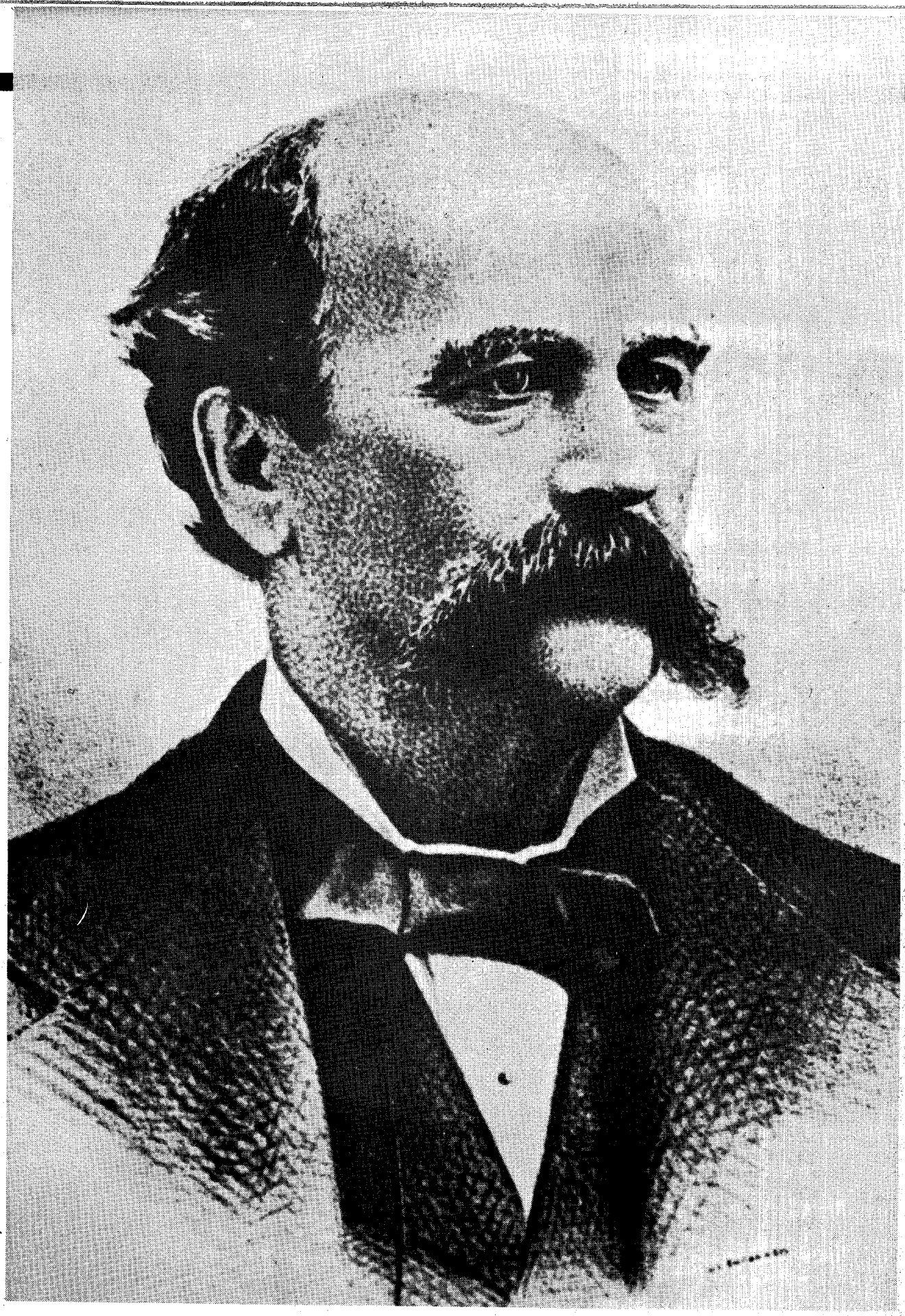

Courtesy U. S. Borax Co.

William Tell Coleman was born at Cynthiana, Kentucky Feb. 24, 1824. He came West with the gold rush and became leader of the San Francisco vigilantes during the 1850's. He went on to become one of California's leading financiers.

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Courtesy U. S. Borax Co.

A twenty mule team hauling borax in Death Valley.

When he was back in shape, young Coleman went to work in the lumber business, in the forests of Wisconsin, cutting and delivering timber. He left that job in 1847, and returned to St. Louis, with the idea of eventually starting his own business.

But William Coleman's young blood was stirred by the endless stories that were circulating about the golden West. He devoured reports of emigrants who had traveled overland to the coast, and such books as TWO YEARS BEFORE THE MAST and ASTORIA, which described the exciting scenes being played out in the far country. The time was right for him to make his move when his frail inheritance was finally freed from legal tangles. William used the proceeds to outfit himself and his brother for a western adventure, and soon they were on their way.

William Coleman, as young as he was, found himself in charge of an emigrant party consisting of several wagons on this trip west. Everything went pretty smoothly until they reached Salt Lake City, where Coleman came down with a fever. At this point the party broke up, and only the Coleman brothers remained in the Mormon city. While they were there, they were treated with kindness by the inhabitants, whose poverty was distressingly apparent. Many of the Mormons were still living in the broken-down wagons that had carried them across the plains. The Colemans gave away their extra supplies to indigent families, and even threw a dinner party for Brigham Young. Then, as soon as they could, the two young men left Salt Lake City on horseback, with

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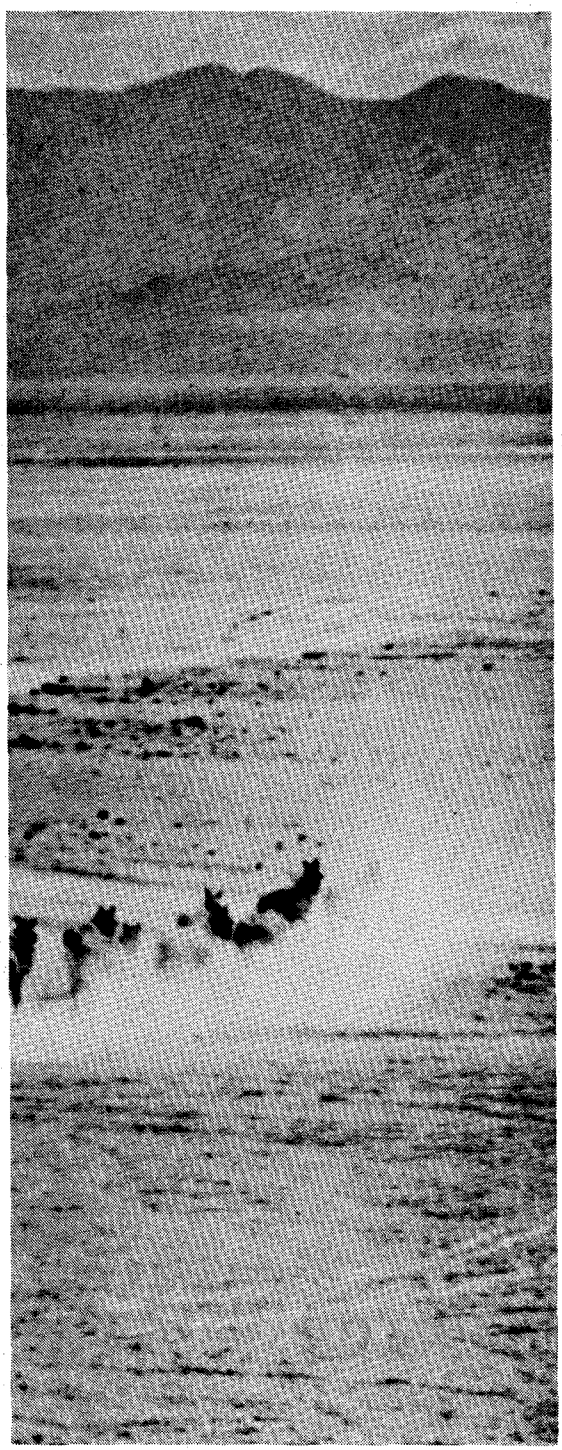

pack animals but no wagons, on the last leg of the journey to California. Three weeks later, in mid-August, they descended the western foothills of the Sierras into the broad Sacramento Valley.

Coleman asked the first man they met:

"Is this California?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"How about gold, are the mines a success?"

The man, who was a miner, smiled and drew out a poke full of gold dust and nuggets, telling the Colemans, "This I dug two miles from here." Naturally the young brothers were excited and impressed.

William Coleman later recalled their first glimpse of Sacramento:

"After a day's rest, on August 14, I visited Sacramento. I found it like an old-fashioned methodist camp meeting on a grand scale; there were long ranges of tents, with a number of indifferent buildings, and a few of more dignified appearance. The town was laid out regularly, and lots had been sold. I met a number of acquaintances from St. Louis, and before night was crammed with information regarding the condition of the country, particularly the mines. I had come to California to dig gold; had no other idea; but being now pretty well informed of one vicissitude of that labor, and especially of the sickness pervading most parts of the mining country, and seeing, as I thought, prospects of a greater certainty in Sacramento, I determined to abandon for the moment my idea of mining, and try my fortunes there. I had come to stay in California, if there was anything to stay for."

To a man of imagination and industry, there was plenty of promise in California, with or without a mining claim, and Coleman was quick to discover the possibilities. He set up a business right away on a lot at the corner of K and Seventh Streets, employing some carpenters from St. Louis, and advertising himself as a building contractor. His first contract was for a small house, to be built at a cost of $100. After two days of concentrated work, the house was completed to the satisfaction of the buyer, and word got around town fast. Soon Coleman had all the building work he could handle.

But William Coleman didn't care to stay at contracting indefinitely. After a time, he grew restless again: "I determined to close up the business, although offers were being made to me for large undertakings, buildings and other work. It was rather a traffic in talk, in which I could no doubt do well enough, but I did not care to engage in it permanently."

His chance to break into something more to his liking was provided, oddly enough, by a bottle of Osgood's India cholagogue, a popular fever and ague remedy at the time. Coleman saw a bottle for sale for $8 at a store in Sacramento, and the proprietor told him that he would buy as many bottles as he could get for $5. apiece. Coleman remembered seeing the same stuff for sale at $3 a bottle in another store, so he bought two gross at $3 each and sold them for $5 each, showing a profit of $576 for one hour's work. It was the turning point in William Coleman's life, and he never forgot it:

"This was the first mercantile transaction of my life. It set me to thinking in a new direction - to weighing cholagogue against carpenter work, and I concluded that the mercantile business was more in my line than house-building."

Coleman had found his natural line of work, and soon became a skilled trader, buying and selling everything from oxen to real estate. But it seemed to him that Sacramento already had too many established businesses, especially Sam Brannan's big mercantile outfit. So the Coleman brothers headed to Placerville, then called "Hangtown" in honor of some recent lynchings, to set up shop.

They started with a tent store and then moved into a log building which they put up themselves. Although food was scarce and expensive - "poor Hawaiian potatoes" cost them $60 a bushel, and a half-barrel of pickles cost $90 - they found a ready market for almost everything, supplying the needs of the miners. Young William found that a skill he had learned back on the farm was one of his best sellers. He knew how to make apple pies, and when he could get apples, all he could bake sold immediately - for $10 apiece!

But although they did very well there, the Colemans only stayed on at Placerville for a few months. DeWitt decided to head north to Oregon, and William's restless ambition was driving him on to San Francisco, where he longed to set up a store. The beginning of 1850 found him in the growing metropolis by the bay, where he opened his first store on Sansome Street, near the waterfront. By the time California was admitted to the Union, on September 9, 1850, William T. Coleman & Co. was on its way.

A waterfront location, such as Coleman had selected, was very important. When incoming ships arrived, buyers swarmed aboard them to have the first crack at their goods, and it was usually a case of first come, first served. Merchants anxiously watched for signals on Telegraph Hill, indicating the approach of a vessel, and the competition was vigorous, to say the least.

But a huge influx of people and an incredible amount of gold traveling through the city had already made San Francisco a wild place. Australian convicts and other international riff-raff were finding it the

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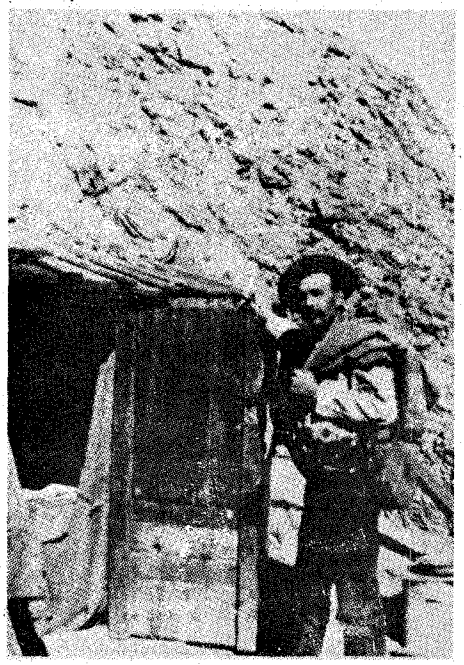
Courtesy U. S. Borax Co.



A borax miner at the entrance to his hillside dugout.

perfect place to carry on all sorts of crime. California was still a remote, far country, and had no real law, despite statehood. As a result of all these circumstances, organized crime developed rapidly, and all sorts of hoodlums ran in gangs through the streets, dealing in extortion, robbery, and murder, with no law strong enough to stop them.

A drama was now developing that would engulf the young man from Kentucky. Nothing could have been further from his thoughts, however, as he moved his store to a more favorable location on Montgomery Street, and continued to build up a large mercantile house. He was one of the up - and - coming young men about town, although still not very well known, when crime and violence came to a boil in San Francisco, on the night of February 19, 1851. That night, a store near Coleman's was robbed, and the proprietor was savagely beaten by two assailants. Two men were taken into custody by a mob of angry citizens, and suddenly, San Francisco was seething.

Mayor Geary pleaded from a rooftop, urging the mob to disperse, and promising that action would be taken against the criminals. But too many outrageous crimes had gone unpunished, and the people were not inclined to pay any attention to Geary, who represented the ineffective city government. Egged on by memory of a series of recent editorials urging vigilante action, the crowd grew noisier, and the situation looked desperate.

Suddenly, a strong, unknown voice spoke to the crowd. It was Coleman, who had climbed up next to the mayor to urge the people to take reasonable action.

"We don't want a mob!" he stated, firmly. "Let us organize, as becomes men."

The mob gradually quieted, and soon an orderly line of people began to form near the courthouse. A committee was formed from this group, and twelve jurors and a judge were chosen, Coleman being named prosecutor. He immediately went to see the leading citizens in town:

"I wanted the cooperation of the oldest, best known and most valued citizens. I was very young, partly unknown, and did not want to make a misstep nor a mistake . . ."

The trial was held on February 23, but the outcome was disastrous. The evidence against the two defendants was inconclusive, and no action was taken. The immediate result was that the criminal element in town became bolder than ever, and decent people grew more desperate. At last, the solid citizens of San Francisco decided to do something about it. At a meeting on June 10, they formed an official Committee of Vigilance, under formal articles. Coleman was a member:

" . . . the avowed objects of the Committee being to vigilantly watch and pursue the outlaws and criminals who were infesting the city, and bring them to justice, through the regularly constituted course, if that could be, through more summary and direct process, if must be."

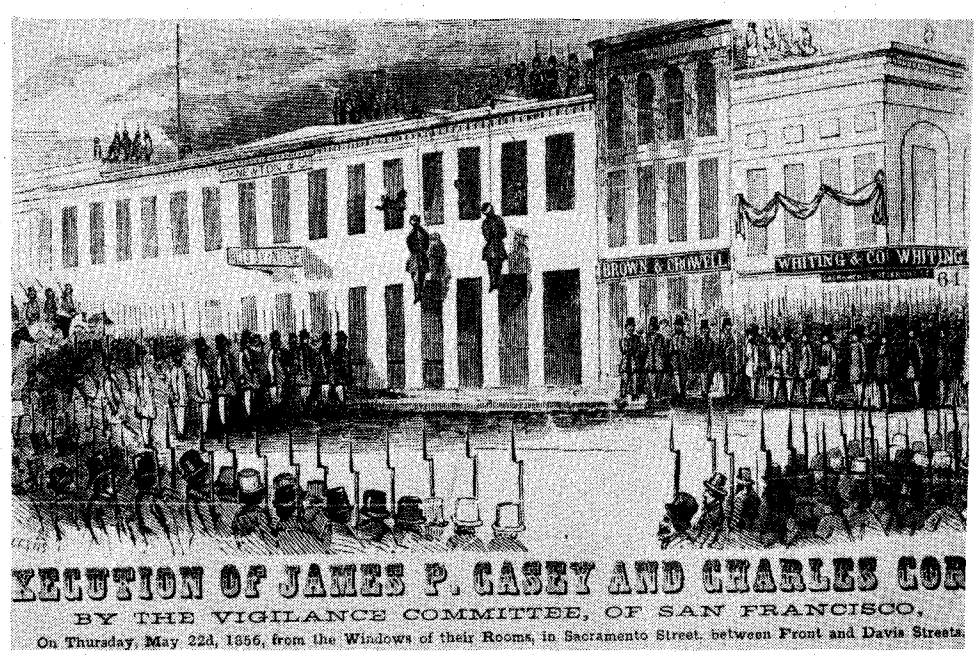
The Committee set up a series of signals, and had no trouble enrolling a large number of "the most respectable, substantial and well-known citizens of the place . . ."

Violence in San Francisco had reached terrifying heights. People were attacked, beaten, robbed, and killed, with hardly any official action taken to protect them or to punish the criminals. The streets were unsafe by day or night, and even a man's home was no castle, as far as security was concerned.

The Committee of Vigilance went grimly to work. Less than an hour after its organization, a notorious Sydney convict named Jenkins was brought in and tried, and was hanged that very night, from a high beam of the Old Adobe. Coleman was one of a subcommittee of three appointed to prepare things for the execution. The prisoner was marched through a huge, unruly mob, partly consisting of his friends, who were trying to rescue him, but the hanging went off without interference.

Local officials were not slow to react. Two days later, a coroner's jury ruled that Jenkins had been lynched by a self-styled committee of executioners, and named nine of them. The Committee then published its complete membership list, 180 of the "first citizens of San Francisco."

Coleman served on the executive committee, and his old competitor in Sacramento, Sam Brannan, was its president. The group went earnestly


BROWN & CORDWELL
WHITING & CO. WHITING
61
EXECUTION OF JAMES P. CASEY AND CHARLES COR
BY THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE, OF SAN FRANCISCO.
On Thursday, May 22d, 1856, from the Windows of their Rooms, in Sacramento Street, between Front and Davis Streets

Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of California

James P. Casey and Charles Cora were hanged from the hotel windows on Sacramento Street on May 22, 1856.

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to work, and several other hardened criminals, mostly notorious Sydney ducks, were tried and hanged. Others were deported, and still others were met on incoming ships and turned away.

The criminal element answered with a campaign of terror. Houses and stores were burned, and a newspaper critical of the weak city government was burned out. But it was getting too hot to operate in San Francisco, and by November of 1851, the problem had considerably diminished. The Vigilance Committee faded away into memory, and the city sighed with relief.

William Coleman was not the least relieved. In 1852, he headed east to claim his bride, Carrie Page, whom he had met in St. Louis. Coleman's business was growing, and he wanted to bring his wife out West to live. They were married in Boston on August 11, 1852, but young Mrs. Coleman apparently hesitated about moving to San Francisco. She persuaded Coleman to sail alone the following winter, while she remained behind in New York.

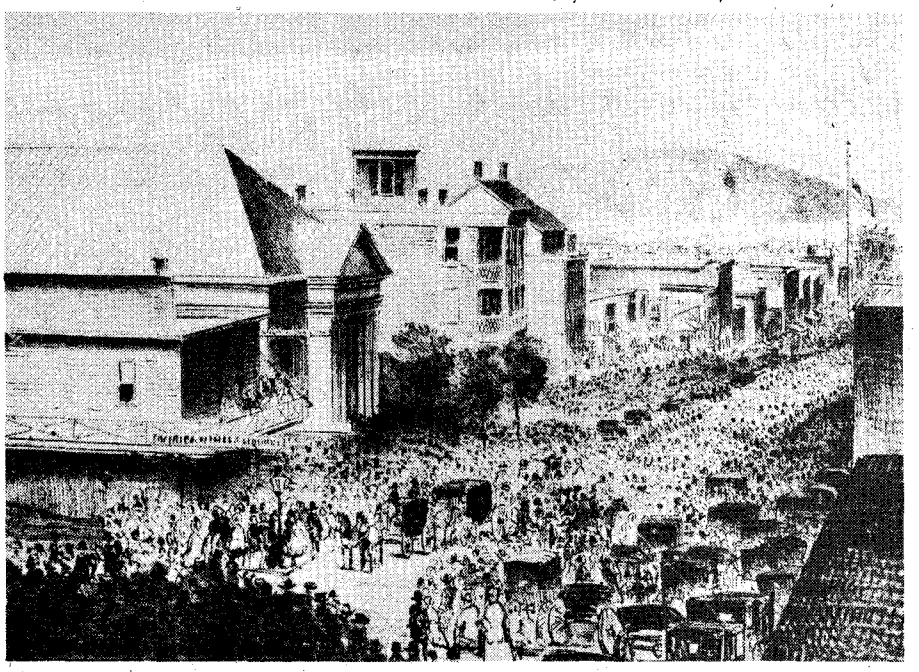
As it turned out, it was probably just as well that Mrs. Coleman stayed at home. On the TENNESSEE out of Panama, an epidemic of yellow fever broke out, and most of the crew and passengers were stricken.

But William Coleman was always a good man in an emergency. Along with a pharmacist on board, he took charge of the sick and organized dietary and sanitary necessities. He had bought Panama's entire ice supply, and put it to use cooling down fevers. With everything under control, the panic subsided, and the stricken ship made it safely to San Francisco.

As soon as business allowed, Coleman returned east again to his wife, and to establish a permanent New York office of William T. Coleman & Co. His business interests were expanding rapidly, and now included shipping lines and many products. Coleman was the first to present samples of California wheat at the New York grain exchange. His vision could see beyond the current mining excitements to California's possible future output of farm products. Coleman had been a farm boy, and he knew good land when he saw it. Once, in the Sierra foothills, he had remarked to a friend, "Wheat will grow here."

The friend took it as a joke. He asked, "How do you expect grain to grow where there is no rain in the summer?"

Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of California



James King, a crusading newspaperman, after writing editorials denouncing the criminal element in San Francisco was shot and killed by James P. Casey. On the day of his funeral Casey was hanged by vigilantes.

"Where wild oats grow six feet high, and ripen," said Coleman, "you may be sure wheat will grow."

Coleman began to have visions of shipping California products all over the world, and he had a lot to do with making it happen. Although at first, the ships leaving San Francisco were loaded with ores, soon they were carrying wheat as well, until golden grain from California became the main export from that port.

But much of this was still off in the future when Coleman once more arrived in San Francisco in 1856. Much to his surprise and dismay, he found the city in a deteriorating situation regarding crime, which had gone on the offensive again. This time it was an unholy coalition of gambling interests, prostitutes, and crooked politicians that threatened the welfare of the young city. Once again, outrageous crimes were being committed by known criminals who were getting away - literally - with murder.

A crusading newspaperman named James King had been trying to awaken the conscience of the city with flaming editorials. When the infamous murder trial of a man named Cora ended in a hung jury, King blazed out in righteous anger:

"Rejoice, ye gamblers and harlots."

Then, on May 14, 1856, King wrote a scathing editorial, attacking James P. Casey, a prominent politician, who was a former inmate of Sing Sing. Casey stormed into King's office, threatening the editor, who threw him out. But the enraged Casey waited for King to leave his office, and shot him down in the street. He then ran to police headquarters for protection.

Suddenly the city was alive with furious and horrified citizens. The jail, which now contained both Casey and Cora, was surrounded by thousands of screaming people, led by King's brother, who demanded a lynching.

King had been gravely injured, but he was still alive, and his doctors had hopes that he would recover. The mob hung around the streets, moodily waiting for news of his condition, and the old vigilante leaders went looking for Coleman.

By this time, William T. Coleman was a man of consequence in San Francisco. Although he was only 32 years old, and spent as much time in the east as he did in the bay city, he was greatly respected and seemed the only man to head a new group of vigilantes. But Coleman hesitated:

"I insisted that I had been absent from the city for two years, was not familiar with many things here, expected to return in a short time to New York to my family, and had a great deal of business in private matters that would engage every hour of my time, and that I could not afford to give it up for public matters, nor was I desirous at all of having any leadership; that I would fall in as a common soldier, as a common

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worker."

But as conditions grew worse, it became more frighteningly apparent that, without orderly procedure and firm leadership, there would be mob rule in San Francisco, with all its terrors. Coleman reluctantly agreed to head a second Committee of Vigilance, if he could choose the executive committee himself. This was readily agreed to, and Coleman put this notice in the papers:

"THE VIGILANCE COMMITTEE. The members of the Vigilance Committee in good standing will please meet at 105½ Sacramento Street this day, Thursday, 15th inst. at nine o'clock A.M. By Order of THE COMMITTEE OF THIR - TEEN."

Coleman addressed the huge crowd that turned out in response:

"In view of the miscarriage of justice in the courts, it has been thought expedient to revive the Vigilance Committee." There were rousing cheers, and before many hours went by, Coleman had organized 2500 volunteers into companies of about 100 each. Every man had a number, and was to be known by that instead of his name. Coleman's number was 1.

But this committee of vigilance was to run into more complications than the first one. By merest chance, Major-General William Tecumseh Sherman, later the famous Civil War General, had been appointed to head the California militia just one day before King was shot. Governor Neely Johnson decided to move the militia against the vigilantes, and it looked as though a really serious situation might develop.

General Sherman was a good soldier, but he didn't relish the position he was in, as he wrote in a letter home:

"I believe Casey and Cora to be doomed; if the sheriff resists and blood is shed no man can foresee the result. All the elements of the Paris committee of safety are here, and once put in motion they cannot be stopped. I regret having been placed in this position, but I am bound in honor to serve the Governor of the State to the best of my means and ability."

General Sherman was appalled by the scene:

"San Francisco is now governed by an irresponsible organization claiming to be armed with absolute power by the people. The government is powerless and at an end . . . Coleman told me he thought they could control the movement; I doubt it."

Governor Johnson, awed by the size of vigilante forces and with many militiamen refusing to fight them, asked for federal help. However, President Franklin Pierce refused to get involved, and General Sherman resigned. On June 3 the determined governor issued a proclamation declaring that San Francisco County was "in a state of insurrection," but he was forced to revoke it in November, when the excitement was over and his own party, in convention, refused to denounce the vigilantes.

Actually, it had taken a lot of good luck and all of Coleman's organizational skill and reputation to keep the vigilantes of 1856 from going completely amok and tearing up San Francisco. King died of his wounds, and Casey and Cora were both seized and hanged, on the day of his funeral. As in 1851, there were four hangings in all, and numerous undesirables were sent packing. Then the excitement died away, and everyone went home.

The years that followed were exciting ones for Coleman. His line of clipper ships carried dried fruits, canned salmon, wheat and ores from the West Coast to the East. His steamship line ran around Cape Horn, and branches of his great enterprises spread all over the country and abroad. In California, Coleman pioneered in the raisin business in Fresno, real estate in San Rafael, citrus fruit, and other

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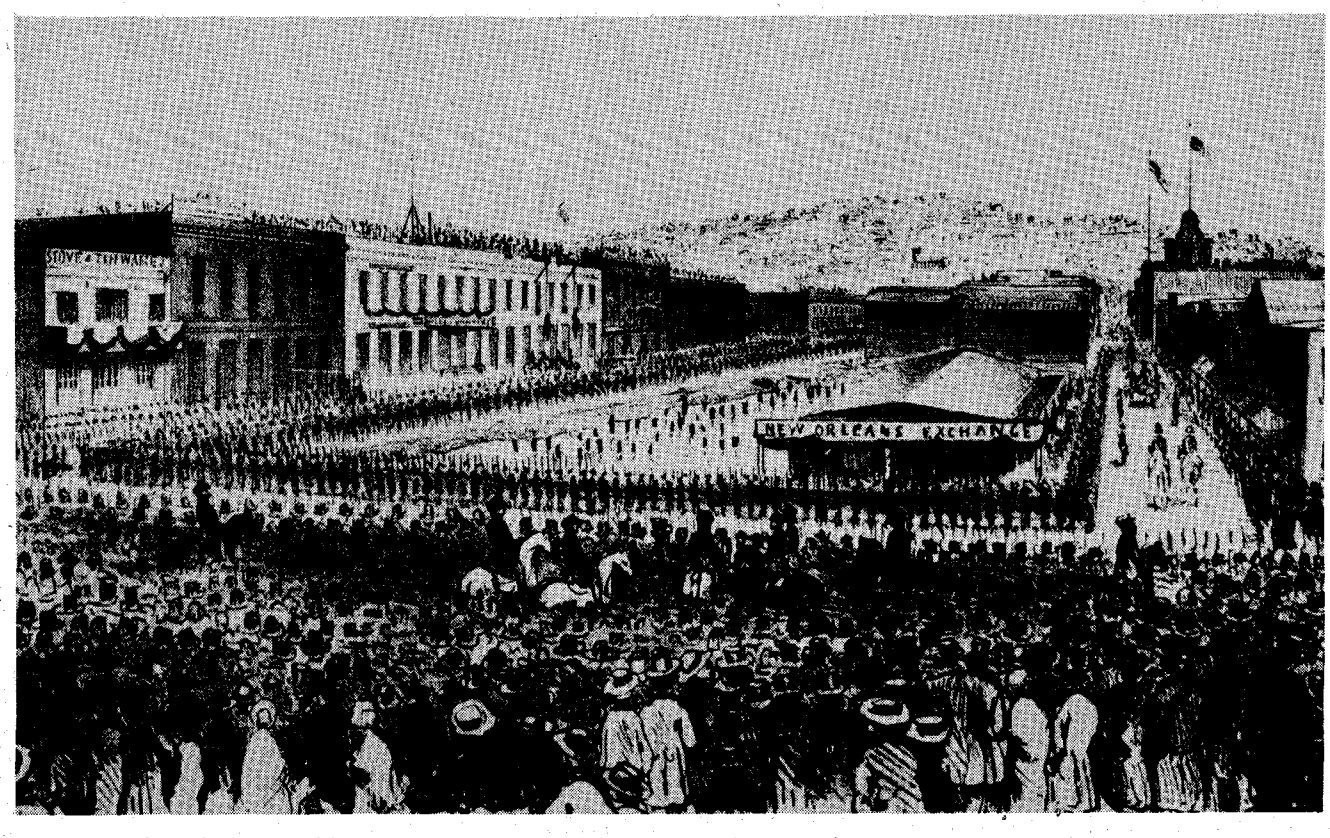

Courtesy Bancroft Library, Univ. of California

Crowds crammed Sacramento Street in San Francisco as Casey and Cora were hanged by vigilantes.

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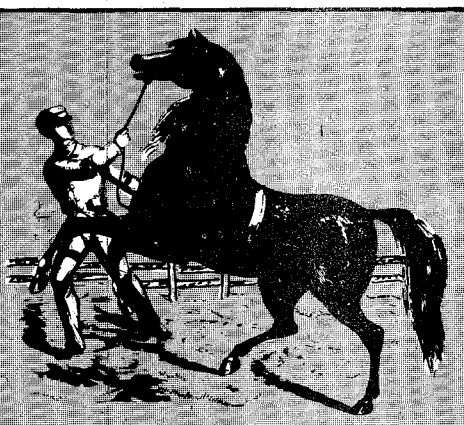
THE EDITOR'S CORRAL



I SEE BY YESTERDAY'S NEWSPAPERS

DEPOSITS OF SULPHUR FOUND IN UTAH

Extensive deposits of crystallized sulphur have been discovered in the Beaver Mountains, 300 miles from Salt Lake City.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 4, 1872

NOT DOING WHAT THEY PREACH

The people of Iowa pass their time in signing petitions for the abolition of capital punishment and in lynching horse thieves.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 11, 1872

SANTANTA MAKES A PEACE PROPOSAL

Santanta, the notable Indian chief, now in the penitentiary with Big Tree, sentenced for life for the murder of Texan citizens, has made a proposition to Governor Davis to leave Big Tree as a hostage for his fidelity, and let the Governor send men with him, and he promises to go to all the tribes, return all the captives in their hands without ransom, and gather in all his wild tribes on any reservation which may be selected by the Government, and that they shall keep the peace hereafter.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 11, 1872

INNOCENT HORSE THIEF

A Minnesota horse-thief, having proved himself innocent, has been voted $1600 by the Legislature to retrieve his reputation. Innocent horse-thieves should make a note of this.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 25, 1872

WOMAN'S LIB, WESTERN STYLE

A female Joe Smith has arisen in the West. She preaches the doctrine of a plurality of husbands, and shows stones carved with hieroglyphics, which she swears came direct from heaven and which entitles a woman to an indefinite number of lords. As yet the number of these Latest-Day Saints is small, and their prophetess' only habitation is an old army tent.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, May 25, 1872

INDIANS SUBSISTING ON NUTS AND BERRIES IN NORTHERN ARIZONA

It is not generally known that there exists in the northern part of Arizona 1,000 Indians who subsist entirely upon what they can pick up in the way of acorns, berries, nuts, grass-seed, and a little wild game. Still, such is the case. The Wallapai Indians, including a small band of some 150 Ava-Su-Pais, if anything, exceed 1,000 in number, and for several years have lived without aid from the Government, preferring to suffer almost anything, even starvation, rather than give up their country in the north and go on the reservation at San Carlos.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, September 13, 1879

WILD BILL REBURIED

"Wild Bill", the frontiersman, who was killed about three years ago, and reminiscences of whose adventures filled a large space in Western newspapers, was buried at Deadwood, Dakota Territory. His body was disinterred the other day, and it was found to be entirely changed into a stony substance very much like marble.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, September 13, 1879

ASKS FOR VOLUNTEERS TO SUPPRESS INDIANS

Governor Wallace of New Mexico has asked for authority to raise volunteers to suppress Indian disorders, but the Government is reluctant to grant to authority.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 4, 1879

INDIAN FIGHT AT SIERRA BLANCO CANYON

The troops sent in pursuit of the hostile Navajo Indians had an engagement with them at Sierra Blanco Canyon, New Mexico, September 18th and were compelled to retire with a loss of five killed and one wounded.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 11, 1879

FIRE AT DEADWOOD

Almost the entire business portion of the town of Deadwood, Dakota Territory, was destroyed by fire September 26. Two thousand persons were rendered homeless. The total loss is estimated at from $2,500,000 to $3,000,000.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 11, 1879

DIVIDING DAKOTA INTO TWO OR THREE TERRITORIES BEING CONSIDERED

The question of dividing Dakota into two or three territories is being agitated with a degree of vim and persistency that promises success. Several plans of division are suggested. Dakota at present contains an area as large as three times that of the State of Iowa, and no region of the country is filling up or developing more rapidly.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 11, 1879

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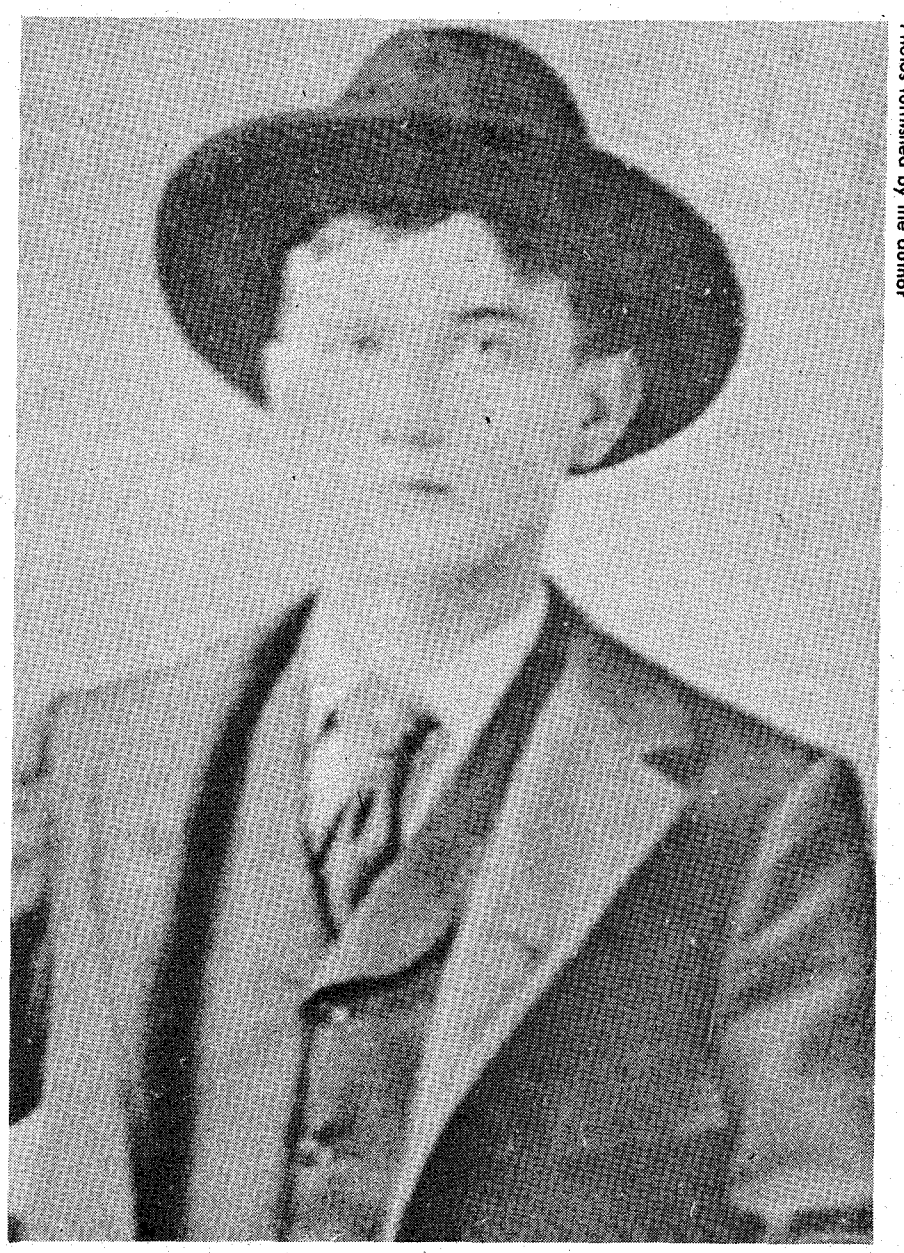
WHISKEY JIM GREATHOUSE

By Maurice Kildare



Photos furnished by the author

James "Whiskey Jim" Greathouse lived only to the age of 27 but in his short life he managed to leave a trail of lawlessness, punctuated by numerous killings that rivaled many better known Western bad men.

Whiskey Jim was a notorious bootlegger of illegal whiskey to Indians, working out of Fort Griffin, Texas, trading his way through the Texas Panhandle. In 1874, Col. R. S. Mackenzie ordered his 4th Cavalry patrols to nail him dead or alive. Whiskey Jim subsequently became a horse thief in other parts of Texas.

In 1874 Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie ordered his 4th Cavalry patrols to get James Greathouse, alias Whiskey Jim, dead or alive, preferably dead.

Whiskey Jim was a notorious peddler of contraband alcohol to Indians, working out of Fort Griffin, Texas. He packed it north into the panhandle and bartered it for ten times its original value.

Because he furnished them firewater in enormous quantities it caused many of the erstwhile peaceful tribes

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to go on the murdering warpath. Small wonder the old Indian fighter Mackenzie wanted him put out of business permanently and suddenly. But that was easier desired than done for Whiskey Jim was wily and a very shrewd operator.

Nothing much is known of him except that he was born and reared somewhere in Texas. He appeared at Fort Griffin when he was twenty years old, already experienced in the whiskey trade.

When Mackenzie sent his cavalry troops out they soon became so numerous north to the Canadian River that Whiskey Jim was forced to desist. He heard of the order and wisely did not return to Fort Griffin. Instead he went to a trading post at Rath on Double Mountain Fork of the Brazos River.

Out of the lucrative whiskey trade he formed a ruthless gang of livestock thieves. This bunch of outlaws, varying from ten to thirty in number as circumstances dictated, raided north into the Indian Territory and west into New Mexico.

His gang was no respector of livestock ownership or circumstances. They stole the horses and mules of buffalo hunters, which left them afoot and too often at the mercy of raiding Indians.

After losing their riding and wagon stock one group of buffalo hunters walked into Rath. Whiskey Jim was present, listening to the angry men tell their story. He then offered to take a bunch of riders, naturally his own gang, track down the thieves and recover their stock for so much per head.

Immediately commissioned, he went out for a few days and returned with all the buffalo hunters' animals. His gang had stolen them in the first place.

After several such shady deals the speed of his recoveries drew dire suspicion down on his head. He was subsequently accused of stealing the animals and returning them for a pay-off.

Cursing the hunters who confronted him about the matter he said they could thereafter stew in their own juice. The Comanches raided during the next few days and thereafter often, stealing all the livestock they could find. Whiskey Jim's former "clients" were never sure whether or not they had actually been swindled.

During this period of running off and recovering buffalo hunters' stock in 1875, two members of the gang, Larapie Dan and Little Red Randolph stole a fine thoroughbred bay mare from a tough Rath gambler. The two culprits recovered it for a big fee. A couple of weeks later they rustled the mare again and made another recovery.

They pulled the deal twice more. His suspicions long aroused, the gambler accosted Whiskey Jim when he appeared in Rath.

"I am going to kill you, Larapie Dan and Little Red the next time my fancy mare disappears from the stable where she is kept," he threatened.

"Now, it's sure news to me you been losing her," Whiskey Jim replied casually. "But this killing talk, I'd just as soon beef you any time you want to claw your shootin' iron."

The tough gambler hesitated. Whiskey Jim was already noted for having killed a number of men in desperate gunfights.

"Well, I'm telling you, that is what is going to happen if I have to buy back my mare once more!"

The gambler did not run Whiskey Jim out. Rath was already too hot for him. He took Larapie Dan and Little Red north to the trading post of Henry Hamburg. Leaving them there he went on towards Red River scouting around to learn what they could steal, and make

Photos furnished by the author

Colonel Ranald S. Mackenzie, later a general, gave his patrols orders to bring in Whiskey Jim dead or alive.

connections for Indian whiskey selling again.

Some freighters came in to rest over at the trading post. Two nights later Larapie Dan and Little Red were caught stealing horses from the rope corral. The hardened teamsters promptly hanged them to lifted wagon tongues.

Hearing this news on his return ride before reaching the trading post Whiskey Jim swerved west. He showed up next with a large party of buffalo hide hunters in the panhandle. Most of them were to become famous and infamous in New Mexico a few short years later. Among them were Jimmy Carlyle, Billy Wilson, Beaver Smith, Pat Garrett, Jimmy Dolan, Hank Campbell and Bill Kuck.

They were hunting out of Bill Devin's camp in February 1877 when a band of 150 Comanche warriors struck them. Deciding then and there that he had had enough Garrett pulled out for New Mexico with no more than a Sharps rifle and a frying pan tied on his saddle.

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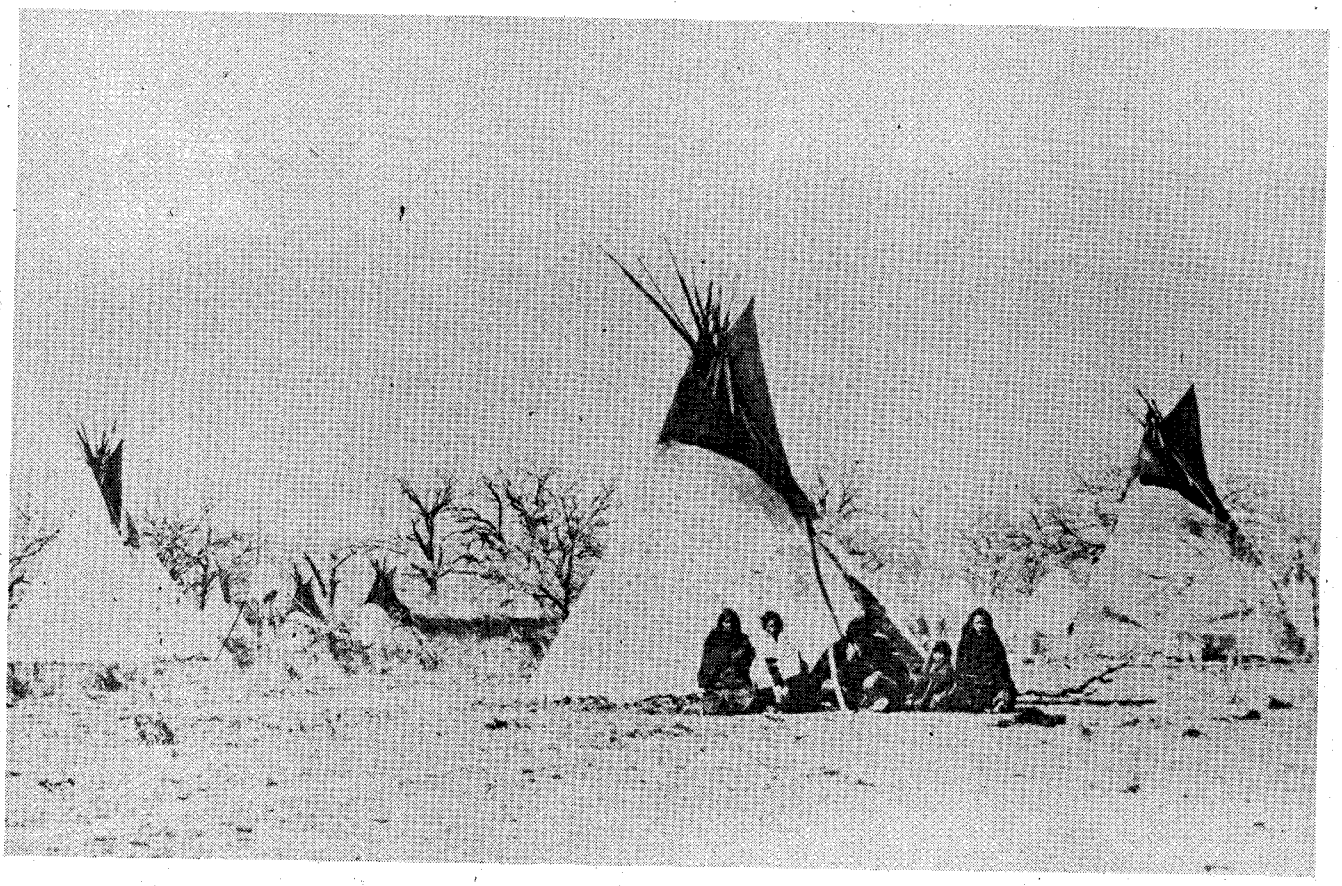

Photos furnished by the author

Comanche Indian camp. Whiskey Jim sold Comanches and other Indians of the southwest whiskey and guns. Later he stole their ponies and finally fought them.

Led by Whiskey Jim and Campbell the others fought off the Comanche raiders but had their wagons and supplies burned. They then pursued when the Indians fled.

The hunters soon lost the marauders' trail but they came onto Comanchero Jose Tafoya. His wagons were loaded for contraband trade with renegade Indians.

Asked where he was to rendezvous with them, Tafoya refused to talk. They strung him up a few times with a rope around his neck before he confessed that his wagons and carts were enroute to meet some Comanches in Yellow House Canyon.

The hunters took what they wanted from the wagons, shot Tafoya full of holes, ran off his men and burned his entire outfit. In the opinion of buffalo hunters, cowmen and all others on the frontier a Comanchero (a trader doing business with that tribe and usually selling them arms and ammunition) was lower than a rattlesnake's belly.

The hunters proceeded to Yellow House Canyon where on March 18 they began a several days battle with a contingent of Comanches and a small group of Apaches who had joined them.

Reinforcements came to the Indians and on the fifth day the hunters were in a bad way against forty times their numbers. Several were killed and almost all the others wounded. They could not withdraw and flee because the Indians finally surrounded them completely.

In this desperate situation Whiskey Jim, himself wounded, led four others through the besieging lines to fire dry grass behind the Indians. This scheme succeeded, forcing them to retreat on one side.

The hunters then escaped south to Rath where they headquartered at the Reynolds and Company trading post. Despite his previous skullduggery there Whiskey Jim succeeded in getting himself elected captain of a larger force of hunters.

He led them back north in pursuit of the Indians but failed to make contact. While returning to Rath from the upper panhandle they found a dozen Comancheros with their contraband loaded wagons on the Las Lagunas. Most were looted and the rest burned.

By this time Whiskey Jim had enough of Indian fighting and went on west into New Mexico. For awhile he loafed in Las Vegas just looking around and sizing up the chances for making some easy money.

The Sante Fe trail town was filled with many badmen carousing in the dives that never closed day or night. Engaging in gambling for awhile, he started making it a business. In an argument over a poker hand on which he lost heavily, Whiskey Jim killed two tinhorn gamblers.

After another fatal shooting the local law, controlled by Mexicans, began taking a dim view of his too-ready gun. When he killed his fourth man, that was it.

Leaving Las Vegas hurriedly he established a ranch in the lush grass country on the Pecos River at Oche de Mil Egre which was not far from Anton Chico. This was during the summer of 1879.

Able to buy only a few cattle he partnered with a Mexican cattle thief. The rustlers were split, Whiskey Jim keeping as his share those animals he was certain the rebrands would pass inspection. The Mexican took his away and sold them.

This was a slow way to get rich so he was happy when the mild mannered, easy going ex-buffalo hunter Kuck showed up. He had considerable money so the two became partners in the cattle business.

Going down the Las Vegas-Lincoln

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road they established a larger ranch, store and roadhouse at the foot of the Jicarilla Mountains north of White Oaks.

Both ranches became stopovers for wanted men on the dodge. Kuck was more of a silent partner than an active one. The aggressive Whiskey Jim went out to scheme and make deals that enriched them both fast.

He did not deal with minor outlaws, the poor ones with no money in their possibles sack. They were sent on their way for the small timers were liable to bring lawmen in a hurry. Only the big operators were succored and hidden out.

His contempt for the amateur outlaw was great. This was displayed when John H. Mink and one of his Mexican vaqueros tracked twelve stolen mules to the Pecos River.

When told, Whiskey Jim laughed indulgently, saying, "Show me them mules tracks and you'll soon have them back."

Being an expert tracker, Whiskey Jim experienced no difficulty overhauling the thieves. The two with the mules were shot dead in a sudden foray and the mules recovered.

Despite being a shrewd judge of the outlaws he let hide out with him, Whiskey Jim made one mistake. Or maybe he was just careless. A man calling himself West Brown drove in fourteen head of Texas horses with a kid named Ike Snow.

W. H. Smith was foreman of the Stevens and Worsham ranch from which outfit the fine horses had been taken. Following the thieves trail into New Mexico accompanied by John Farrington, Charles Goodnight's range boss, they quit it to ride into Las Vegas one April day in 1880.

Smith informed the county sheriff that he believed the stolen horses were on the Greathouse ranch at Oche de Mil Egre. The sheriff being unable to go along with them, Las Vegas police chief Lloyd Jarrett and Charley Taylor accompanied them there.

The four men sneaked in through the brush near the ranchhouse where they found Whiskey Jim and Snow digging a well. They got the gun drop but while disarming them Brown opened fire from hiding.

Brown was the alias of Sam Stockton, the brother of Ike and Porter Stockton who were wanted in Texas for killing a ranger.

Farrington fell to one side as bullets whined around them. Two chunks of lead from his gun felled Stockton wounded. Jarrett shoved a gun muzzle into the unarmed Whiskey Jim's back. While cursing the officer in a blue streak, he was used as a shield moving in to get Stockton's dropped gun.

Only twelve of the horses were recovered. The wounded Stockton and Snow were lodged in the Las Vegas juzgado. Taken back to Texas, Stockton escaped jail in that state. He fled to Colorado where vigilantes later hanged him for a murder committed during a robbery. Young Snow drew a short penitentiary sentence.

Very angry because Jarrett came to his ranch Whiskey Jim decided to kill him. One dark night he laid for him on *Sodomia La Calle de la Amargura* (the road of suffering and bitterness) fronted by most of the saloons, dancehalls, gambling dens and bordellos in the town.

Jarrett came walking along with two other officers whereupon Whiskey Jim opened fire from hiding. Missing the intended victim, he killed a policeman beside Jarrett.

Fleeing Las Vegas that night he left the northern ranch in charge of a Mexican family and went south to the larger one. He was never more than suspected of killing the policeman, there being no evidence to tie him in with the night bushwhack.

That fall he bought a small band of horses and mules from Billy the Kid (William H. Bonney), selling them to freighters on the road. The Kid's gang, fleeing lawmen from one part of the territory to another, always stopped with Whiskey Jim.

This led to a surround by a posse the cold morning of November 27, 1880. The gang, after carousing the previous day in White Oaks and shooting up the town, was pursued there by Constable T. B. Longworth.

The posse had occupied surrounding positions when the first man out of the house was freighter Joe Steck. Having stopped there overnight he set forth to feed his teams. Taken into custody, he told Longworth that the three outlaws wanted for shooting up White Oaks were inside the stone house with Greatness and several other men.

He was sent back into the house with a note demanding the gangs' immediate surrender. Whiskey Jim

Photos furnished by the author

Socorro where Whiskey Jim's killer was hanged by a mob.

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came back with him bearing the reply.

The Kid told the officers they could go enjoy themselves in Hades. Whiskey Jim told Longworth that Billy Wilson, not wanted for a serious crime, desired to give himself up.

If he tried it Wilson would be killed, so the Kid threatened. He must remain there with the rest and help shoot the posse to pieces. After discussing the situation with his men Longworth decided that Jimmy Carlyle, a member of the posse and well known to the Kid and Wilson, could get the latter out of the house.

Disarming himself, Carlyle walked across the open ground and was admitted to the house. He first informed the Kid that this friend Whiskey Jim was being held a hostage for himself. Then he began trying to persuade them all to surrender and if not, to let Wilson go.

Photos furnished by the author

Billy the Kid was a friend of Whiskey Jim and often stopped at his ranch.

The gang had opened a couple of bottles of whiskey and while friendly and joking with Carlyle, they were in no mood to be persuaded into anything. When Carlyle admitted that Longworth carried no arrest warrant for any of them, the Kid became incensed, playfully threatening to shoot him.

Carlyle had been inside the house some time when a member of the posse carelessly and by accident, discharged a rifle. The crash of the shot convinced the Kid that Whiskey Jim had been killed.

Carlyle, the buffalo hunter from the Great Plains, believed so too. The Kid's gang would surely fill him full of bullet holes so he took a running jump towards an open window. He made it but the gang rushing to the wall fired through the opening and brought him to the ground dead. Afterwards the Kid, Wilson and Dave Rudabaugh declared that they shot to one side but that the unfortunate Carlyle was zigzagging and one bullet struck him by mere chance.

The bunch then went through the same back window, dodged hot lead when they came into the clear and reached the barns. They saddled and mounted their horses while the inept posse was held off, and escaped into the surrounding hills.

Kuck, who had been in the house with two freight train hostlers now emerged and told the posse what happened. Wilson had gone along with the gang sure that he would be shot by the posse on sight.

After cooking a belated meal with Whiskey Jim's generosity furnishing food the posse departed for Jerry Hocradle's ranch.

Whiskey Jim and Kuck rode north to their other ranch and Las Vegas. The next day Deputy Sheriff John Hurley led a posse to the Jicarilla ranch from Lincoln and burned down all the wooden buildings (plank and logs) and the interior of the stone house and store.

On hearing about this deed Whiskey Jim told a reporter for the Las Vegas *Gazette* that the loss was about $5,500. He also said that outlaws, unknown to him, often appeared at his roadhouse on the freight road in the guise of regular, honest travelers. Billy the Kid he admitted knowing intimately, but as so many other New Mexicans he played a diplomatic course of keeping his mouth shut concerning the badly wanted young outlaw's activities and movements. To do less meant almost immediate death from bushwhack.

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From that day on Whiskey Jim seems to have faded into oblivion, because of the general excitement a[illegible]rsuit of the Kid all over New Mexico Territory, amid the rumors that he had gone to Mexico.

Remaining at the ranch on the Pecos River, Whiskey Jim was often seen in Las Vegas. He gambled and drank very little, seeming to be biding his time until something else developed.

Pat Garrett, the former buffalo hunter whom he had known in the Texas panhandle, who moved on when the going with Indians became tough, had been elected sheriff of Lincoln County for the sole purpose of removing the Kid from circulation.

The spring of 1881 Whiskey Jim wrote a brief letter to the Kid that was left at a Fort Sumner drop, warning him to leave the country. Somehow this letter fell into Garrett's hands. It was a lead to the fact that the Kid came into Fort Sumner periodically to visit friends, attend the balles and have a general good time. Garrett laid his plans accordingly to wind up the infamous career of the Kid.

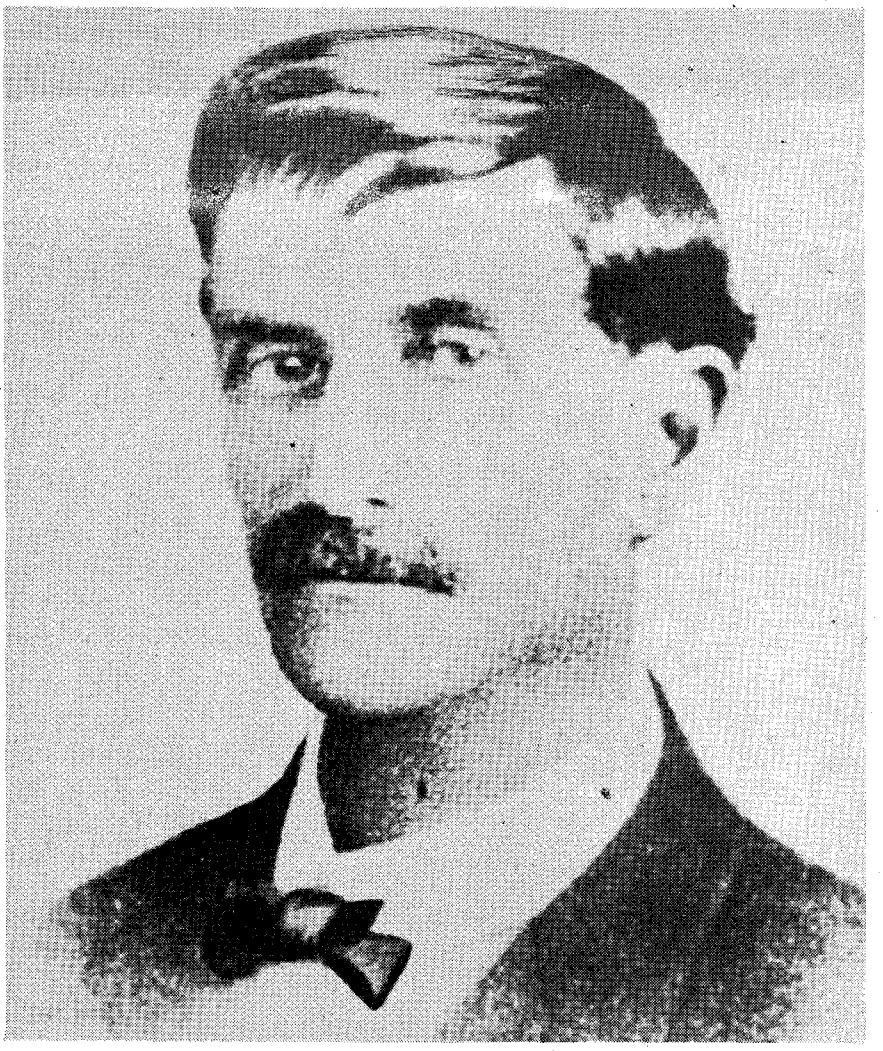
Although he had plenty of money, Whiskey Jim went to work for cattlemen Stapp and Nelson as a blind. Just why has never been explained, except that the two cowmen were close friends and trying to protect him from onerous charges to the south.

On March 1 in Anton Chico, Barney Mason, Garrett's brother-in-law, arrested him on the charges of being an accessory to the murder of Carlyle. Taken to White Oaks for a hearing before a Justice of the Peace he was quickly released on a cash bond of $3,000 which he put up himself. The wolves were after him, and this may have had much to do with his later actions of going farther afield.

It was hoped that he would leave New Mexico, but Whiskey Jim was quite aware that the preposterous charge would be thrown out of district court when it came up.

Buying a large number of wagons and teams he entered the then very lucrative freighting business. He hauled from Las Vegas to White Oaks, to Socorro and to mines in the Black Range. He was now in a completely honest business and thrived.

It was reported in the Las Vegas *Gazette*, May 19, 1881. "Greathouse is regarded as an honest man and any who have freight to be taken to White Oaks and elsewhere should make terms with him."



Photos furnished by the author

Pat Garrett had his full of fighting Indians with the buffalo hunters and pulled out for New Mexico.

The business gained him considerable standing in the public eye. Yet he was still far from being reformed from the outlaw, frontier years that had vanished. Once his business was established on a remunerative basis, he turned it over to the management of a capable man. Then, unable to quit stealing cattle, he went back to doing so.

His carefully selected expert thieves were posted all over the country. They rustled a few head at a time, pushing them quickly to secret holding places. Whiskey Jim with another bunch of clandestine riders then removed them for sale in Las Vegas, White Oaks, Fort Stanton, Socorro and in the mountain mining camps.

As thefts and sales increased in volume he turned that end of his business over to trusted men. That winter his next moves were to sell wagon loads of beef in the towns instead of to slaughter houses on the hoof.

Seldom did an officer bother to ask him about brands on the hides. If one did his stock reply was, "Ride out to the ranch and look at them." By then Greathouse was a large cattle owner, running several brands.

Only once did other outlaws try to cut in on his business, which he controlled with an iron hand. One October day three rode into his night camp on the Pecos intending to give him warning that they were about to start selling beef to the mining camps. This was a most profitable trade. Hardly had they started telling him to keep out of certain towns he came up with a lead and smoke spouting sixshooter.

One fell dead, a second was wounded and the third threw his palsied hands into the air. He was allowed to ride out with his mortally wounded companion who was undoubtedly buried in a sandhill.

One of Whiskey Jim's butcher shop customers in White Oaks, buying exclusively from him at a cheap price, undercut all his competitors.

(continued on page 78)

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LOST TREASURES

THE LOST SPRINGER LODE

When Old Man Springer came into Deer Lodge, Montana, and paid for supplies with pure, raw gold, the gold-hungry citizens of that community began watching the old miner day and night . . . but his secret died with him the day before he had promised to show others his mine!

1. NAME OF TREASURE: The Lost Springer Lode.
2. LOCATION: East of Deer Lodge, Montana.
3. DESCRIPTION: Free-milling gold in friable reddish-brown quartz.
4. AUTHENTICATION: Persistent Legend.
5. TIME: 1872.
6. VALUE: Unknown but rich.

After Old Man Springer's funeral, many of his erstwhile "friends" claimed that he had out-and-out lied about the source of his fabulously rich gold ore. Scoffing loudly at every suggestion that Springer really had found a vein from which he had taken the ore, they told all who would listen that he had in truth found nothing more valuable than some pieces of rich float!

Another story spread by latter-day scoffers tells that the ore was high grade rock which he had stolen from the Jib or Cable mines. I doubt this, as it is questionable that these mines had been discovered (or were operating) at that time. There is, of course, always the chance that one of these mines could have been located later, on the vein Springer discovered.

It seems to me that the scoffing must have been far more a matter of very sour grapes than anything else. This is why I believe as I do:

In the first place: Gold-rich float doesn't just happen, it comes from a vein! Even if, as the scoffers claimed, Springer really had found it as float lying about loose in some creek bed, the vein it came from would have been somewhere close by...and Springer was prospector enough to have known it. It is true that there are exceptions to this rule, but Springer's quartz ore was friable, easily broken, with sharp edges; it had none of the indications normal to rock that has traveled long distances in a river system, such as shown by the well-worn quartz cobbles found in California's Sierra Nevada placers.

In the second place; The most persistent and loudest-mouthed of the original scoffers were for the most part the very same men who had for more than two years tried by every possible means to trick Springer into revealing the source of his rich ore. And these same characters hadn't talked "float" once during the many times they had tried to track the old man back to his mine, each time he came to town for supplies!

The tall, heavy-set and aging prospector is said to have come to the west from Sycamore, Illinois, but he must have spent lots of time in a great many gold fields before he arrived in Deer Lodge, sometime during the late 1860's. In spite of diligent prospecting, privations and hard work, however, he had during all that time known only mediocre success until he stumbled onto that gold-rich vein of quartz, somewhere high in the Rocky Mountains east of Deer Lodge...the vein now known as the Lost Springer Lode (or Lead), and, the Deadman's Lode.

It is also said that Springer acquired a small cabin near the edge of town, shortly after he arrived in the area. From the stories, it doesn't appear that he spent much time in it, especially during the months when the nearby mountains were free enough of snow to permit prospecting. During those times, he wandered the wilderness always alone, always aloof and always secretive seeking with restless, driving urgency the golden wealth that seemed ever somehow to elude him.

He was so typical of the "loner" prospectors of that time and place that few paid him the slightest attention until that day in 1869 or 1870 when he came into town and began buying his supplies...paying for them with bright, beautiful bits, pieces and chunks of gold; not placer gold, but gold freshly pounded out of quartz rock in an iron mortar and then washed clean. From that moment on, he was a marked man who never dared let his guard down for a single minute. From then until the day he died, he was constantly tormented by questioners and trackers trying to find the source of his gold.

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For many years afterwards, long after he was dead, the old-timers of the area delighted in telling all who would listen to them about the events which occurred after Springer made his strike and showed his gold in town— especially when the listeners were willing to lubricate the hinges of the story-teller's tongue with free drinks! If they were not entirely true, at least the stories had the saving grace of remaining interesting and fairly consistent, with few irreconcilable variations of major points.

One of their favorite stories concerns the special attention lavished upon Springer, beginning immediately after the townspeople saw his gold. It seems that men who had never seen him more than a time or two, and some who had never spoken to him at all, suddenly became his bosom buddies —or tried to. They feted him with booze, flattery and sly questions, but not one was rewarded with so much as a hint about the location or size of his gold-rich strike. The old man wasn't that dumb!

When the town's get-rich-quick hopefuls awoke one morning, a few days later, to find Springer and his supplies gone without a trace, they quickly began to spread the rumor that the whole affair was no more than a clever con-game staged by Springer in order to cadge free drinks. But later, when he once again appeared in their midst, suddenly and mysteriously as he had gone, and once again began paying for supplies from a well-filled poke of freshly-mortared gold, the only concern each felt was how best to find the source of that beautiful gold, for himself!

It is said that during this stay in town, Springer was watched around the clock by groups of men determined to learn the whereabouts of his mine, if not to murder him outright and mine it for themselves, then at least to locate claims of their own, nearby. Late one frosty night, guards stationed near Springer's cabin heard the old man moving about inside, long after he should have been asleep. Shortly, a shadow was seen to emerge from the even darker doorway and detach itself from the cabin, to stand silently watchful for a few moments, and then quietly to move away eastward, toward the distant Rockies.

His watchers first allowed him to gain a bit of distance, then they began stealthily to track after him, slipping from shadow to shadow, always keeping Springer in view as he plodded steadily along the trail up Cottonwood Creek. After traveling for several miles, he stopped to rest. The trackers following him also came to a halt, keeping themselves carefully hidden, or so they thought. Passing clouds suddenly darkened the moon for a few minutes, and when they had passed on by, the cagey old prospector was nowhere in sight. It was as though the very earth itself had opened up and swallowed him whole. His mystified followers had no recourse but to admit defeat and return to Deer Lodge, to their waiting, and to future attempts at tracking him all the way.

Sometime after the second year of this unending cat-and-mouse game, Springer apparently grew tired of it, and he grew tired of the constant threat to his safety the many greedy, would-be "friends" posed. He certainly did have good reasons:

In the first place: He had never legally posted his discovery site and filed a mining claim on it, as required by law. Anyone stumbling onto it— even by accident— could easily gain legal possession of his find.

In the second place: He felt that he was getting too old and too tired to continue the strain of having to outwit his opponents. After all, they were trying by every means possible— fair or foul— to learn the location of his strike, and, without doubt, some of them were hard, dangerous men who might at any moment lose their patience and use force to gain their way with him.

In the third place: He had by that time already had several minor heart attacks; there was a definite limit to what he could continue to cope with. Yes, it was high time for him to slow down, to relax a bit and to take better care of himself!

That must have been about the time he decided to take in a partner or two. The advantages were obvious: He would have greater personal security while working at the mine. He would have the companionship of friends, and it would be feasible to post the discovery site and register the claim.

He chose as partners John Stearns, John Hildreth and/or (according to the version you accept) Sam Scott. It is possible that these men were among the few in town that hadn't at one time or another tried to trick or track him.

One of the more definite details given in most versions of this story is the date that Springer and his new partners left Deer Lodge to go to his mine: August 25, 1872. It seems that on that day, they left town openly, heading up the Cottonwood Creek trail in the broad daylight of early morning. Obviously, it didn't occur to those who saw the men leaving town that morning that a precedent was about to be broken, that the old man was about to reveal the secret of his mine's location. Had they even suspected the truth, there would have been a wild scramble for horses the like of which Deer Lodge had never seen!

Later, when telling about what happened, Stearns and Hildreth said that they stopped for lunch after having gone up the trail some ten to fifteen miles from town. As they were getting ready to move on, about three that afternoon, Springer handed them the reins of his horse and announced that he wanted to walk for a while. He told them that he would try to shoot some grouse for supper that night, and, after suggesting a place on up ahead where they would meet and camp, he started to walk away. They told that just before Springer left them, he suddenly stopped, thought a moment, and said, "*About this time tomorrow, we ought to be at the mine.*" He then turned and walked briskly away into the brush, where he was soon lost to their sight.

His new partners rode on up the trail and arrived without incident at the campsite suggested by Springer. They made camp, tethered the horses nearby, prepared the fixings for supper, and awaited the old prospector's arrival. It soon began to grow late; the shadows deepened and a chill came into the air. They watched anxiously for some sign of Springer, fearful lest some mishap had befallen him.

When it was full dark and the old man hadn't arrived, they piled wood on the fire until the leaping flames could be seen for miles away; they fired their guns and shouted until they were hoarse, but the distant echoes of their gunshot and shouts were their only answers.

The next morning, as soon as it became light enough for them to see, they saddled up the horses and began to search for their partner. When they had been unable to find any trace of him by evening, they headed for Deer Lodge and help. The next day, a dozen or more men mounted horses and rode out on the search. A criss-crossing of the entire area lying between the point where they had last seen Springer and their campsite failed to produce any sign of him at all. By nightfall, it was generally conceded that either Springer had changed his mind about having

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partners and had slipped away to his mine alone, or he was dead. The only way to know for sure was to find his body or some trace of tracks higher in the mountains.

The following morning, more than thirty men were in the search party. Slowly, with painstaking care, they literally combed the area covered the day before inch by inch. They found him shortly before noon that day, partially concealed in a clump of trees high on a ridge. *Thomas O. Springer would have no more need of his rich mine or his secrecy; he was dead.*

A found gold mine becomes worked out, a dead thing itself; a lost mine lives on forever, refreshed by each succeeding generation that hears its legends. Because of this, Old Man Springer would become far more famous in death than in life, permanently enshrined in the adventuresome, romantic stories of America's lost mines and buried treasure.

As the men of the search party slowly assembled around his still body, they felt strangely subdued; even his partners seemed to realize that the location of Springer's rich vein of gold-filled quartz was now lost to them, that they would never know the satisfaction of owning, even for a little while, its bright and beautiful treasure.

C. E. Irvine, justice of the peace and acting coroner, was sent for, and when he arrived, he held the inquest right where the body had been found. His verdict was: *"The deceased came to his death suddenly while hunting, by over-exertion and some organic disease believed by the jury to be disease of the heart."* Funeral services were held in Deep Lodge by the Odd Fellows, of which organization Springer is said to have been a member.

The *Helena Daily Record* carried an item on Springer's death, saying simply that he had died of a heart attack while on his way to his mine with friends. It was this paper that listed his name as Spring, rather than Springer. The Deer Lodge newspaper, the *New Northwest,* is said to have published this account of the death: *"Everything went to show that he had no warning of death, as he was holding the gun to his shoulder, his right hand encircling the barrel which lay on his shoulder. He had fallen a little to the right, his head touching the ground, as though he had died as easily as falling asleep."*

What do I believe about this story? The available evidence and the consistency of the various, major versions of the story are reasons enough for me to accept as plausible and probable the following:

1) The man known in Deer Lodge as Thomas O. Springer existed. 2) He came to the area during the late 1860's. 3) He did prospect the upper slopes of the Rocky Mountains, to the east, from Deer Lodge. 4) He did find a gold-rich vein of friable, reddish-brown quartz somewhere in that rugged expanse of wilderness, either in 1869 or 1870. 5) Even though the amount of ore extracted was undoubtedly small, it was rich enough to provide amply for all his needs for two years or longer. 6) The gold that he sold to the Deer Lodge merchants was sharp and angular, freshly-mortared from quartz and washed; it definitely was not placer gold. 7) The amount of gold sold by Springer during that time was far too great for it to have come from a few pieces of float, no matter how rich that float might have been. 8) The ore samples which were for years publicly displayed in the window of the Clark & Larabie Bank in Deer Lodge came from Springer's vein. 9) He died before he revealed the precise location of his golden strike to anyone.

Since this is such a poorly documented story, let's now examine the major negative aspects to see what, if anything, can be done to minimize them:

1) *Springer had never filed a mining claim on his lode. Therefore, there is no legal proof that it ever existed:* Why did Springer fail to do this simple thing? In my opinion, the answer lies in the probability that he felt safer with no one knowing where he was mining. Many of the old "blanket prospectors" of that time often refused to file legal claims to their discoveries, especially when the finds were in isolated locations, and were small but rich veins or placers. It is a fact that many solitary prospectors simply vanished without a trace during those years, when greedy, conscienceless men coveted what they had. A man working a known mine alone, far from friends or neighbors, was easy to murder, easy to dispose of, and, usually, who was to know or care?

2) *Springer never revealed to anyone precise details about his mine or its location:* It is apparent, from the stories, that until the day he decided to take in partners, the wary old prospector had trusted no one enough to reveal that exact nature or location of his strike. The reasons for secrecy cited above are also valid here. Even today, under the same circumstances, it is far wiser to keep one's mouth shut and the location of a rich vein or placer as secret as possible.

3) *A great many of the story's main details are hearsay:* Yes, they are but rememberings and retellings of things remembered and told earlier by others, but, if all lost mine and buried treasure stories were cast out because of hearsay details, there would be mighty few left! While documentation and authentication are desirable, they are the exceptions, not the rule, and such lack doesn't automatically exclude all possibilities of a story's essential truth of factualness.

As far as I am concerned, and in spite of the negative aspects, this story is both plausible and probable, This is what I believe about the location of Springer's Lost Lode:

1) It ties within twenty air-miles of Deer Lodge, eastward, in the Rocky Mountains, near and probably somewhat west of the Continental Divide, 2) It lies north of Thunderbolt Mountain and south of Negro Mountain (see AMS Map NL 12-4; Butte, Montana). 3) It is within five miles of the Kading Ranger Station. 4) It lies either in the headwaters of Baggs Creek, the north tributary of Cottonwood Creek, or in the upper reaches of Little Blackfoot River. (A lesser probability is the headwaters area of Thunderbolt Creek, south of Thunderbolt Peak Lookout, on the east side of the Continental Divide.) 5) The vein probably lies on or near stream bedrock, as a small but very rich stringer vein, probably less than four inches wide . . . and it is apt to be covered over with sand, gravel and debris. 6) It can best be located by a careful search for suitable float. Such float will be downstream from the vein.

Would I hunt for Springer's Lost Lode, given the right opportunity and equipment?

Yes, you better believe it! This is the kind of vein that an observant, careful prospector has a reasonable chance to find, if Lady Luck is also on his side! In addition, it is the kind of a vein that a small operator can mine at a profit, once he finds it. But, most important of all, the search area is right in the middle of the most fabulous old mining sites yet left in America. The whole area is a veritable treasure house for those

(continued on page 75)

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ASK YOUR QUESTIONS

Conducted by Charles Dunne

Q. What was the unusual epitaph on the grave of "Lame Johnny"? L. Coe, Bismarck, N. D.
A. "Lame Johnny" was a bad man possessed of an unusually large mouth. His grave stone read: "Lame Johnny. Stranger, pass gently o'er this sod. If he opens his mouth, you're gone, by God."

Q. Of what tribe was the Indian chief Tecumseh, and is it true that he held an Army commission? V. Blacklock, Hutchinson, Kansas.
A. Tecumseh was a Shawnee. In the War of 1812 he allied himself with the British and was made by them a brigadier general.

Q. Is there any place I can get Indian food recipes? A. Magowan, Eau Claire, Wisc.
A. The only book we know of is THE ART OF AMERICAN INDIAN COOKING, by Yeffe Kimball and Jean Anderson. It is published by Avon Books, New York, 221 pages, and sells for 95 cents. Your book dealer can get it if he doesn't already have it.

Q. What was the gunfighter, Doc Holliday's, last words? B. Silvia, Jefferson City, Mo.
A. Doc Holliday was a comsumptive and always figured that the disease would never get him because long before then he would have died by a bullet. When ultimately he lay dying of consumption, he said, "This is funny."

Q. Did you ever hear of a drink called "buffalo cider"? L. Dalio, El Dorado, Ark.
A. "Buffalo cider" was the liquid in the stomach of a buffalo which the thirsty hunter drank if he was far from water and there was nothing else available.

Q. How many wild horses are there, and are they native to this country? C. Spero, Sedalis, Mo.
A. The last census of which I have a record is that of 1967. At that time there were approximately 17,000 wild horses. The early horse, ancestor of today's horse, was native to this continent, but died out hundreds of thousands of years ago. The present horse is descended from the horses brought over by the Spanish explorers, with, of course, minor additions from later sources. The present population is being steadily depleted by hunters employed by canners of dog and cat food, there being little or no protection by the states in which they now exist, or by the Federal Government.

Q. A recent book mentioned the "deplorable record" of the United States in its treaties with the Indians. Actually, how many treaties did we make and break? V. Deacon, Hutchinson, Kansas.
A. It is difficult, if not impossible, to give the total number of treaties starting from our advent on this continent, but a good example could be our record in the 1800's. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, our government entered into 363 treaties with over 200 Indian tribes. Most were violated or broken, by us.

Q. When was barbed wire introduced into the West? K. Kerins, Hot Springs, Ark.
A. Barbed wire was introduced in 1873.

Q. When did Kit Carson die, and what was the cause of his death? L. Hudson, Albuquerque, N. M.
A. Kit Carson died on the 23rd of May, 1867. On a hunting trip he was dragged by his horse and suffered severe internal injuries. The ultimate cause of death was an aneurism which ruptured in his trachea, as a result of his injuries. As a matter of interest, his last meal, taken minutes before he died, was buffalo steak and a bowl of coffee, followed by his pipe.

Q. A very old man I knew scorned modern doctors and boasted about the remedies he used when on the frontier. Tell us some. J. Novick, Carson City, Nevada.
A. Home remedies is what he no doubt referred to, most not even approved by the early frontier doctors, and I doubt if you would dare use most of them today. For example: to preserve teeth and eliminate mouth odor, rinse your mouth with your own urine every morning. A rabbit's tooth hung around the neck prevented toothache. If that one doesn't appeal to you, try suspending three dead mice around your neck for the same results. To get rid of birthmarks, rub them with the hand of a corpse, or the head of a live eel for three mornings in a row. In cases of persistent bed-wetting, the remedy was to feed the child the hind legs of a rat, fried crisp. Some of their remedies were actually efficacious, for instance, applying mold scraped from cheese to open wounds—an early use of penicillin, although they didn't know that, and putting wet tea leaves on a burn; the tannic acid therin did the trick, and tannic acid is still used today for burns.

Q. What is the derivation of the word "cayuse"? O. Belnick, Enid, Okla.
A. It is from the Cayuse Indians who, at their peak, occupied West Oregon and West Washington State. The word started from a small horse bred by them, and later applied to all Indians ponies.

Q. Where did the Hereford cattle come from? P. Littman, Minot, N.D.
A. From Herefordshire, England, introduced into this country around 1817.

Q. What did Doc Holliday look like? V. Reagan, Mankato, Minn.
A. According to men who knew him, Holliday was ash-blonde, about five feet eleven, weighing about 130 pounds (remember, he was tubercular), with the "coldest grey eyes", haggard pock-marked face, a well shaped nose, heavy eyebrows and a neatly trimmed mustache.

Q. Did the Indians use incense in their religious ceremonies? H. Carey, Grand Rapids, Mich.
A. Not the kind that we use. The Sioux, for example, during their Sun Dance, used to burn sweet grass on a fire of buffalo chips.

Q. Are the Aleuts an Indian tribe? M. DeSantis, El Dorado, Ark.
A. No. They are of the same stock as the Eskimo, although they resemble the North American Indian more than they do the Eskimo.

Q. Is the old gold town of Shasta, California still alive? L. Mello, Memphis, Tenn.
A. Old Shasta, which used to boast of "the longest row of brick buildings in California" now has only a handful of residents. It is situated six miles west of Redding. It was once the biggest settlement between Sacramento and the Oregon border.

●RW

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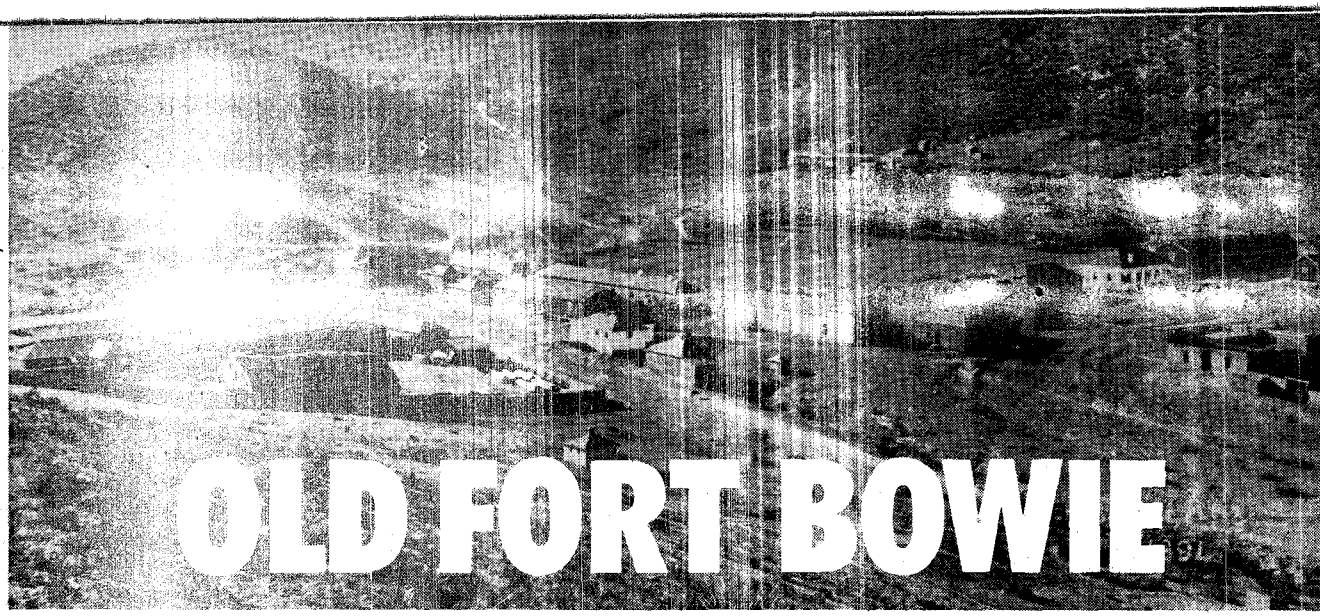

OLD FORT BOWIE

Fort Bowie as it appeared in 1894. The fort came into existence after the battle of Apache Pass in 1862 and served well during the Apache war years. It was officially abandoned on October 17, 1894.

Fort Bowie was built in 1862 to guard the dreaded Apache Pass in Arizona Territory after Cochise led his fearsome Apaches in a bloody battle against a company of California Volunteers. It was an active military post until 1894 and did much to pacify the frontier.

By Louise Cheney

Of the many military garrisons built in Arizona Territory to stand as bulwarks against the hostile Indian in the nineteenth century, Fort Bowie was in all probability the most vital; vital because it stood guard over the dread Apache Pass, the most perfect spot for a red ambush in all of the territory. It was in that dangerous pass that many a white traveler met red, barbaric death. The establishment of the post in 1862 did much indeed to unfurl the banners of civilization in the wilderness and to prevent wanton slaughter of white emigrants.

Fort Bowie owed its birth to the historical battle of Apache Pass which took place during the Civil War in 1862. It was at that time that the California Column of Volunteers under the command of General James H. Carleton, enroute to New Mexico Territory, detached a company to protect Puerto de Dadao, the life giving spring of water in Apache Pass in the Chiricahua Mountains. At the time the Apache Chizxtain, Cochise, was again on the war path after five years of peace. The cause of the hostility between the red men and the whites was the fact that he had been betrayed by Lieutenant Bascom of the United States Army.

The troopers dispatched to guard Puerto deDadao in that year of 1862 rode to the dangerous Apache Pass and seeing that no hostiles were in sight, assumed that it was safe to pass through to the spring. The cavalry rode forward, led by Captain Roberts. Behind the troops came two mule drawn howitzers, the supply wagons and the infantrymen. Just ahead lay the precious water of the spring badly needed by both men and animals.

Suddenly a hail of arrows fell upon the men from above. The Apaches had laid an ambush for Captain Roberts and his men. Instantly the soldiers and cavalrymen fired back at the hostiles but their bullets had no effect upon the Indians who were easily able to keep out of reach of the lethal bullets. Captain Roberts then gave orders to man the heavy artillery. The howitzers were hastily set up and then came the order to fire. The heavy charges blasted against the rock walls of the pass and the Indians fell like so many flies before a spray of poison against the charges of the big guns. It was the first time that heavy artillery had ever been used against Cochise and on that day his warriors suffered utter defeat and humiliation at the hands of the hated blue coats.

After the bloody battle of Apache Pass, General Carleton realized that a military post was needed to guard the dangerous pass as most westward bound emigrants used it. The War Department gave the California column the task of building the fortification to stand as guardian of Apache Pass. So on a bluff above the road which passed between the rock walls of the great mountains, the north end of Dos Cabezas and the south end of the Chiricahuas, the post was located. When completed it afforded a view of the surrounding country from every side.

The new post was occupied by the California Column and was officially established July 28, 1862. General Carleton suggested that the new garrison be called Camp Bowie after his friend, Colonel George Washington Bowie of the California Volunteers.

In command of the post was Major Theodore A. Coult. Manning the garrison were 100 men of the 5th Infantry of the California Volunteers and thirteen men of Company "A" First Cavalry of the California Volunteers.

At first the camp consisted of tents surrounded by an adobe wall overlooking the all important spring in the pass. The walls provided breastworks from which the troopers could fire on any hostile approaching the spring. In August of 1862 a soldier walked out a short distance from the camp and was quickly shot down and killed by the Indians.

The next year Lieutenant Colonel Joseph R. West notified Major David Fergusson that Major Coult was mismanaging Bowie and that he deserved to be arrested. Coult was indeed arrested in the middle of the month and Captain Tidball was given command of Camp Bowie. Along with citizens from Tucson he led a

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company into Arivaipa Canyon and killed a number of Apaches. On April 22, Captain James H. Whitlock of the 5th Infantry of the California Volunteers was given the command of Fort Bowie. In that same month the troops engaged in a battle with Apaches near the post after the Indians attacked the herd there. Indians came in sight of Camp Bowie quite frequently but the troopers maintained a sharp watch for them.

In 1864 Captain Tidball with 32 men went out on an expedition to the southeast through the Chiricahua Mountains. While thus engaged the troopers fought a battle with the Indians and "Old Plume" was slain. In July also an expedition set out for the Gila River. They met Apaches at Cottonwood Creek and in Calvary Canyon and fought them. They then marched west through Apache Pass in the direction of the Dos Cabezas Mountains and destroyed an Indian rancheria near Fort Goodwin. There they found a McClellan saddle, a bridle and supplies stolen by the Indians from Fort Buford.

Camp Bowie was a trim and smart looking post in the wilderness. It was in the form of a 400 foot square, with a guard house, corrals, red wood cottages for the soldiers who had their families with them, bakery, mess hall, quartermaster storehouse, barracks, adjutant's office, a hospital, laundry and blacksmith shop.

Also situated at Camp Bowie was a sutlers store. The post had its own post office on the grounds. The floors of all buildings were of tamped earth and the roofs were thatched. Two years after the end of the Civil War improvements were made at the garrison and the company garden was enlarged and more vegetables were grown.

In 1867 Captain Rueben F. Benard assumed command of Camp Bowie. Into the post overlooking the dread Apache Pass more troops were brought in. In July of that year General Crook marched out of Tucson headed for Camp Bowie to go against Cochise, chief of the Chiricahuas but about that time Vincent Colyer came with his peace party and that halted Crook's plans.

A short time later the Apaches attacked the herd at the post and two soldiers were killed by the red hostiles and thirty eight head of beef were stolen. During the time of the attack troopers enroute to Camp Bowie engaged 400 Indians in a battle near San Pedro, killing thirteen Apaches. Four troopers were slain in the fight.

New cavalry corrals were erected in 1870. Captain Benard continued his expeditions from Cap Bowie against the hostiles. Captain G. Russell also organized parties to pursue the red marauders. The military searched for stolen property and for white captives. In 1871 Captain Benard led his command into the Pinal Mountains and encountered Indians, killing nine and wounding a great number. He also captured a mule herd.

In that same year Captain Benard left Fort Bowie and was replaced by Captain Russell. Nine days later Russell was replaced by Major A. W. Evans. Russell was then in charge of operations and took his company into the Pontecilla Mountains, engaging in conflict with the Indians from time to time. He then marched his men along the Tucson Road in search of the mail wagon which was missing. He found the remains of it in Dragoon Pass with the body of the mail carrier who had been slain by the Indians. The wagon had been burned. On April 16 Captain Russell's command was attacked by hostiles and while the battle lasted for several hours there were no major casualties to the men of the command.

Then in 1872 General O. O. Howard known as the "Christian General" under orders from Washington, D. C. came to make a bid for peace with Cochise, chief of the Chiricahuas. With the help of Tom Jeffords who was a friend of the Apache chieftain Howard met Cochise and held a parley with him. The mission was successful as Cochise agreed to peace terms which he kept from then on out. In January 1873 Surgeon Samuel L. Orr met with Cochise at Sulphur Springs, talked with the chieftain and attended sick members of his tribe. In March of that same year Cochise spent a day at Fort Bowie with twenty of his warriors, women and children. With him was his white friend Tom Jeffords, at that time special Indian agent for the Chiricahua Indian Reservation. That was the first visit of Cochise to the white man's fort since his trouble with Lieutenant Bascom back in 1861.

In November 1873 Major Eugene W. Crittenden took command of Fort Bowie. From 1867 to 1886 the officers at Bowie had many problems pertaining to the renegade Indians, Geronimo, Victorio, Nachez, Nana, Loco and Juh. In 1875 it was reported that 200 Coyoteros after being removed from Fort Apache, were near Fort Bowie.

On April 5, 1879, the name of the garrison that stood as guardian over the dread Apache Pass was changed from Camp Bowie to Fort Bowie. In the years 1879-80 Lieutenant T. A. Tovey commanded the garrison. During that time expeditions were made by the troopers to the Burros Mountains, Las Animas Mountains, Pyramid Mountains and over eastern Arizona into southwestern New Mexico.

In June 1885 General Crook went to Fort Bowie to search for and capture Indians who had left Fort Apache and fled into Mexico. In November of that year an expedition arrived from Fort Apache enroute to Mexico to attempt the capture of Geronimo. When they reached Fort Bowie they were inspected by Lieutenant General Sheridan and General Crook.

As the years trod the path toward the twentieth century the Indian trouble in Arizona gradually lessened. The Indian was at long last convinced that the white man was there to stay. Also by then he knew that white medicine was stronger than red medicine.

In 1886 General Crook met and talked with the renegade, Geronimo. Lieutenant Maus brought in sixty three Indian prisoners, among them Chihuahua and fourteen of his warriors. Nachez had run back to the Sierra Madre with a large group of Indians. The prisoners were sent to Fort Marion, Florida. On April 12 General Miles took over the Bowie station and set up a heliograph station on Bowie Peak.

It was September 4th that old Geronimo finally surrendered in Skelton Canyon. General Miles marched the old renegade and Nachez to Fort Bowie. The other renegades came in three days after Geronimo.

With the fierce hostile Indians of Arizona Territory throttled for all time to come, Fort Bowie was no longer needed. It was officially abandoned October 17, 1894 even though 1886 had been its last busy year. On June 20, 1911 the old post was sold by public auction at Phoenix.

And so for 77 years the old guardian post has stood, desolate, lonely and silent. The once proud Indian fighting garrison is now in ruins due to the consuming efforts of time and the elements. The hot suns of the summers beat upon it and the winter snows enfold it in a mantle of white.

(continued on page 75)

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276A

GRAVELLY FORD

(continued from page 25)

Reed-Snyder tragedy but from Mr. Yager's journal, it is evident that Lucinda Duncan was definitely not a maiden. In his diary Yager reports the death of one of the members of the party – Lucinda Duncan – an elderly lady, mother and grandmother of a large part of the train, who had been ailing for several days. She finally became so ill, the wagon train was compelled to lay over a day near Gravelly Ford. All of her children and grandchildren were present when she died, except a grandson who was serving in the Confederate Army.

Yager recorded that she was buried in a wild and lonely spot, and a headboard made with her name on it. Boulders were laid over the grave to keep wolves from scratching it.

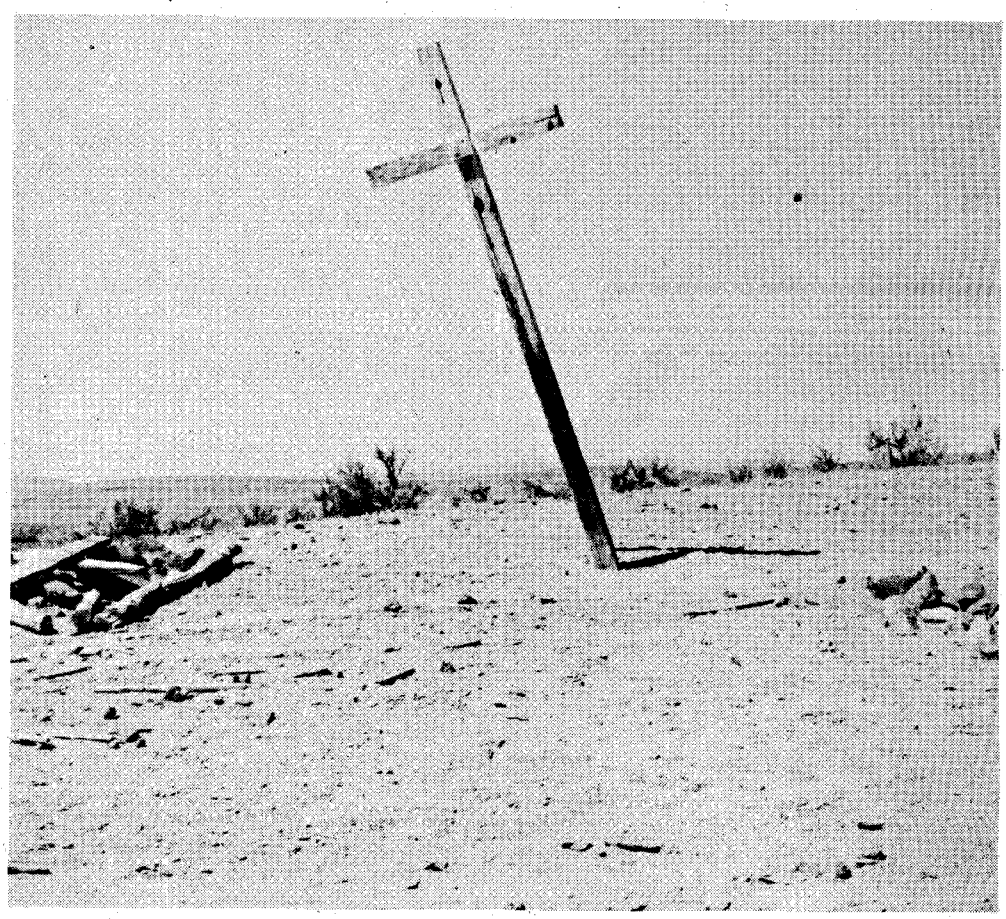
At the present time, Mrs. Iva Rader, who lives in Oakland, California, is Lucinda Duncan's granddaughter, and she has corroborated the journal in a letter to the Society.

And so it seems one more ghost has been laid to rest. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

The California Trail, by G. R. Stewart; History of Nevada, by Thompson & West; Nevada's Northeast Frontier, by Patterson, Ulph and Goodwin; Reno Evening Gazette, Aug. 28, 1968; Nevada Historical Society Quarterly, Winter 1970; Carson City Appeal, May 1966.

A Stan Paher photo



The Gravelly Ford area contains many gravesites, mostly marked by piles of stones. They provide a grim record of the hazards of the trail West.

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LEGEND OF THE SHOSHONE SAVIOR

By Richard F. Taylor

It will never be known how many of the interesting Indian legends were lost forever because of the forked-tongued white man's mistreatment of his red-skinned brothers. However, the interesting legend of the Shoshone Savior has somehow miraculously survived, and, according to an aged Shoshone Indian medicine man, it goes something like this:

Many moons ago a mountain in that part of Shoshone territory known as the Goose Creek Range began to tremble as a progressively louder rumble issued from within. It terrified the tribesmen who were gathering pine nuts at the base of the mountains. The men and women huddled together, quaking with fear, while their small children cried softly, not understanding what was the matter.

The loud rumbling continued for several days, as the sky grew darker and day became almost as night. Then suddenly one pitch-black night a brilliant shaft of light shot straight up into the sky from the top of the mountain. Instantaneously, the sky was lit up with a rosy glow.

Spellbound, the amazed Shoshones watched as a gigantic figure slowly emerged from the interior of the mountain. He was clad in beaded buckskin. His nose and ears were decorated with red, blue and green rings and he was wearing an elegant eagle pinion headdress.

After gazing thoughtfully at the astonished Indians for a time, the giant turned, placed an arrow in his bow and then loosed it at the barren hills across the valley. Leaving a comet-like trail of light, the arrow flew across the valley. It struck and miraculously, a grove of pinion trees heavy-laden with pine nuts suddenly sprang up where it had buried itself in the earth.

A second arrow with a comet-like trail followed and where it struck, a bubbling spring erupted and immediately became full of fat rainbow trout.

The huge figure then gazed back at the Shoshones, the trace of a smile on his stern face. He pointed down to the rock upon which he was standing, then vanished back into the mountain.

Early the following morning, Salamahowish, great chief of the Shoshones, cautiously made his way up the mountain. There was fear in his heart, but he was a great chief and it was his duty to protect his people.

The others watched fearfully from below as he ascended the rock upon which the giant had stood.

Suddenly the stone receded and Salamahowish found himself inside a huge cavern with a floor like silver and a roof like icicles. From far back in the cave tunnel, the giant came forth, explaining to the Indian chief that he was the savior of the Shoshone tribe. He said that as long as the Indians obeyed his code, he would protect them. But, he warned that none should dare ever enter his cave again.

He then commanded that the Indians were to dance in his honor whenever they heard him strike the silver gong-like boulder at the cave mouth.

According to the Shoshones, this is where their fandango dance, previously called Neg-gakin, originated.

This ancient story predates the discoveries of Lehman and Whipple Caves in Eastern Nevada by many hundreds of years, yet these caverns are in what was once Shoshone territory and fit the Indians' description of their Savior's home perfectly. Hence, this legend may be more truth than fiction.

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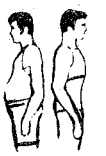

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JOHNNY HEALY

(continued from page 34)

and the commercial dust had settled there was no one who would accuse Johnny Healy of ever missing a chance to turn a fast buck.

While serving as sheriff Healy had another close associate in the personage of "Judge" John W. Tattan - another Montana Irishman. This pair was hard to beat. Healy made the arrests and Tattan assessed the fines. A scarcity of opposing lawyers in the area resulted in most cases being "no contest" with the standard bearers of law and justice, to wit: Healy and Tattan having the world on a string with a downhill pull. Both Irishers had strong Fenian leanings. This, coupled with a keen yen for adventure, makes one wonder why both didn't help spearhead General Donnelly's aborted invasion of Canada.

An old-timer in Benton recounted an incident wherein Healy arrested a waterfront prostitute for firing a pistol on one of Benton's streets on Sunday morning. On Monday, when the lady had sobered, she was brought before Judge Tattan. From a courtroom lacking dignity the judge spotted Healy and shouted out the window: "What about this, John?" Healy replied; "Fine her ten tricks, John. I got the gun and she didn't hit a damn thing!" Evidently the going price as her bordello was two dollars. Tattan fined her $20 and the case was closed.

Tattan's most memorable contribution to history came when he signed on as one of the Fort Benton Volunteers in 1877 in their foolhardy attempt to waylay the Nez Perce Indians north of Cow Island on the Missouri River. Under the leadership of army regular, Major Guido Ilges, the plucky vols were lucky to escape with hair intact. The Nez Perce, in a desperate flight for freedom, had soundly trounced several fully equipped Army units on their epic trek and the under-manned volunteers posed no threat. In an extremely long range exchange of fire power, Tattan was struck in the belt buckle and rendered unconscious by an Indian bullet - the extent of his Indian Wars experience.

Healy figured prominently in a most amusing experience, one that was nearly fatal, on the river bank at Fort Benton. Several of the city's notables were anxious to demonstrate the awesome power of the white man to a visiting group of Blackfeet Indians. The citizens mounted one of the fort's small brass cannons on a swivel mount on the back of a large mule. It was duly loaded and precisely aimed at a rock on a bluff across the river. Several hundred jovial and interested spectators lined the bank as Sheriff Johnny Healy lit the fuse. With the touch of the match all plans went promptly asunder. The spitting and sizzling of the fuse, a sound completely foreign to the mule, caused the startled animal to turn in tight circles - the cannon levelled alternately at the river and the onlookers. The crowd, all but the credulous Indians who thought the ensuing footrace was part of the entertainment, scattered in every direction. Luckily, the cannon discharged harmlessly into the ground. But not before the usually cool Johnny Healy had dove headlong over the bank into the muddy waters of the Missouri. Witnesses testify that it was the first and only time their sheriff ever ran away from anything.

The year was 1885. Fort Benton was relatively quiet, if a raucous river town was ever quiet. Solid and stately brick structures were fast replacing those of crude logs. All three of the major trading firms were doing normal business in supplying immigrants with stoves, fuel, clothing, groceries, etc. The fur trade

From author's collection

Site of Fort Conrad on the Marias River in Montana. It was never a military installation and consisted of two rows of sturdy log cabins with stables enclosing one end. The notorious "Whoop Up Trail" crossed the river at this point. It is said that the Hudson's Bay Company maintained a trading post on this spot as early as 1850. Fort Conrad existed from 1875 to 1890.

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was a thing of the glorious past. Indians had settled down to raising cattle and kids instead of hell and a healthy, wealthy Johnny Healy was bored. Alaska, the new horizon of "The Great Land" beckoned. After settling his affairs, arranging letters of credit, he departed for Seattle and the vast northlands.

Healy's first stop in Alaska was at Dyes, the jumping off place to the Chilkoot Pass and the Klondike. There he established a general store and trading post to accommodate prospectors and gold-seekers who were beginning to explore the far reaches of the territory. He fared well and it was again like the old days. However, others facing the problem of getting into the back country were faced with a nearly insurmountable problem. It was that of finding guides and packers to aid their quest. The only facilities available for this rugged and foreboding terrain were controlled by an Indian, Don-A-Wok, elder chieftain of the chilkoots and his younger cohort, Chief Isaac. This pair of primeval pirates ran a rather high-handed monopoly of the guide and packing business and if their prices weren't met or the traveler didn't appeal to them they refused to budge. Stories of prospectors who attempted travel without the Chilkoot aid were myriad. They often fell victim to savage attacks and many were never heard from after departing Dyea. Old Don-A-Wok had a real going thing of an early-day protection racket. It was pay or don't go and the prices were high.

Healy, wise to the ways of the Indians, recognized a bad situation and realized that if the land was to be truly opened to gold-seekers, some satisfactory arrangement had to be made with Don-A-Wok. Irish John had fought the Blackfeet and won. He had domesticated Fort Benton and bucked the big fur companies. The eighty year-old chief posed but a small problem. Johnny, who after combating the Blackfeet for years, had been made an honorary warrior in the Elk Society, turned his silver-tongued Irish blarney in the direction of the octagenarian Chilkoot monarch. Instead of combating the Indians, Healy tempered their high-handed ways with the advent of small Klondike Wagons used to cover the ground easier and faster than the primitive back-packs. He also designed knock-down boats used for river travel. In addition to these features, Healy became an agent for the Chilkoot packers. His influence over the old chief resulted in lower prices to the prospectors, an easier method for the Indians, and above all he made it possible for all who wished to venture into the Klondike to have a simpler, more expeditious route. Of course, it also assured a steady flow of transients and greater volume of business for the Healy Store and Trading Post. Alaska was a piece of cake compared to the old days at Sun River and the first years of Fort Benton's hey-day.

Johnny Healy spent the ensuing three years exploring the coasts of Alaska searching for more advantageous routes to the inland. He was shipwrecked three times and three times he escaped to prolong his quest. His trading post at Dyea was a huge success and with the subsequent gold bonanza in the Klondike Irish Johnny was making money hand over Gaelic fist. When gold was discovered on Forty Mile Creek Healy pushed into the interior with a string of trading centers and agents all along the route. When the first big strikes were made on the Yukon River, Johnny Healy was already operating a fleet of river steamers to accommodate the miners. By that time he was considered an "old timer" in Alaska and was recognized as the best posted man in the Territory. He was the first to advocate a railroad over White Pass - so far ahead of his time that miners and operators thought him crazy. It was more than a dream.

When Captain Johnny Healy, a long life of rich adventure behind him, died in California in 1913, he was still controlling vast holdings in Alaska from a position of semi-retirement in the Golden State. Some people classified Johnny as a "grabber". Of course, financial success quite often breeds contempt, especially by those lacking in ingenuity and audacity to proceed in a similar manner. There can be no doubt, Johnny was an opportunist. However, when the books are balanced, the things he left behind for the benefit of others far outnumber those he took with him. He made lots of money - was loved by many, hated by some. Nobody ever accused Johnny of really going in quest of the easy buck, not that he didn't make a few. Most of his fortune was amassed by looking ahead and proceeding with sheer guts. He was truly "some kind of man." Like the feller said about the early Montana pioneers - especially those who made it, "There was a helluva lot of good and a whole lot of bad in the best of 'em." ●RW

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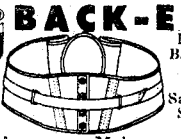

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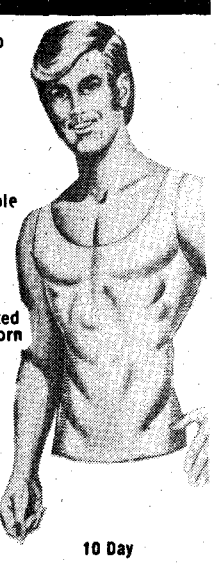

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JESSE JAMES

(continued from page 43)

bandits then attacked the jail. Apparently this was done to liberate a number of prisoners who still strongly expressed their secessionist feelings. Jailer B. G. Griffin and his son refused to give up the prisoners and a bitter fight ensued. The fifteen-year-old boy had stationed himself behind a tree and was bravely firing into the faces of the bandits when he was surrounded and shot to death. Seeing the fate of his brave boy, Jailer Griffin dashed to the side of his son, fighting desperately until he, too, was killed, pierced by seven bullets. By this time the citizens had gained enough courage to open fire on the bandits. However, the robbers rode unharmed out of town.

Richmond was in a virtual state of war; business was suspended for several days while the brave jailer and his son were buried, and warrants were issued for several of the invaders who had been recognized: Peyton Jones, Dick Burns, Ike Flannery, John White, and Allen Parmer who later became the brother-in-law of Jesse James. For some reason or other the names of the Youngers and the Jameses were again omitted from the list of recognized men and other names were given as suspects. Why the name of Parmer was included is difficult to tell, because he was at that time in Kansas City working for J. E. Shawhan & Company.

Pursuit of the robbers became intense. Kansas City sent out a squad of eighteen men in pursuit of the robbers, and on the 26th, three days after the robbery, they learned that Peyton Jones was stopping at the house of Mr. Evans, two miles west of Independence. Marshal Tom Mizery, who was in charge of the party determined to capture Jones, accepted the offer of a neighbor of the Evans family, a Dr. Noland, to send his daughter along as guide. It was a strange thing to do . . . to send a girl along on a raiding party. The rain beat down with intense fury and the night was pitch black, but the girl had no trouble in locating the Evans home. When the posse began to close in, Jones dashed into the yard firing a double-barreled shotgun. The heavy buckshot instantly killed a posseman named B. H. Wilson and fatally wounded Dr. Noland's daughter. Without firing another shot, Jones escaped into the dark woods. It was indeed a sad party which returned to Kansas City that next day.

On the night following the attempt to capture Peyton Jones, a party of ten men from Richmond captured Dick Burns, and without any ceremony or loss of time they hanged him to the nearest tree. Another suspect met the same fate; and Andy Maguire was captured near Warrensburg several weeks later and was also hanged without ado. Indeed, the people of Richmond soon appeared to be the nemesis of the entire band . . . they refused to allow their anger to cool or to forget the terrible experience their town had gone through.

Tom Little, another suspect, was chased from cave to cave, over hills, into lonely places, and at last boarded the *Fannie Lewis* at Jefferson City. When the boat arrived in St. Louis the police were at the wharf waiting for him, having been previously notified by the Richmond authorities. He was taken to Warrensburg for fear that he would be lynched. Perhaps it would have been better for Little had he been taken to Richmond, for he was soon taken from the Warrensburg jail and hanged to the highest oak in town. The irate citizens had recalled how he previously had robbed several of their best people and then ridiculed them when they attempted to arrest him.

Jack Hines and Bill Hulse were also suspected of complicity in the Richmond robbery, but the hunt became so intense that it became necessary for them to leave the country. The bitterest feelings prevailed and wayside assassinations became so frequent as to put every man in jeopardy. Not until some of the most prominent men in the affected counties organized an effort for peace did this veritable vendetta come to a close.

Many persons asserted that Cole Younger was one of the band also and must be run down. However, this was not true since Cole was in Texas at the time preparing a home for his mother in an honest effort to remove her from the land which brought back haunted memories of the loss of her husband, the persecution of her children, and the destruction of all her earthly possessions. ●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:
Liberty *Tribune*, contemporary issues.
The Day Jesse James Was Killed by Carl W. Breihan

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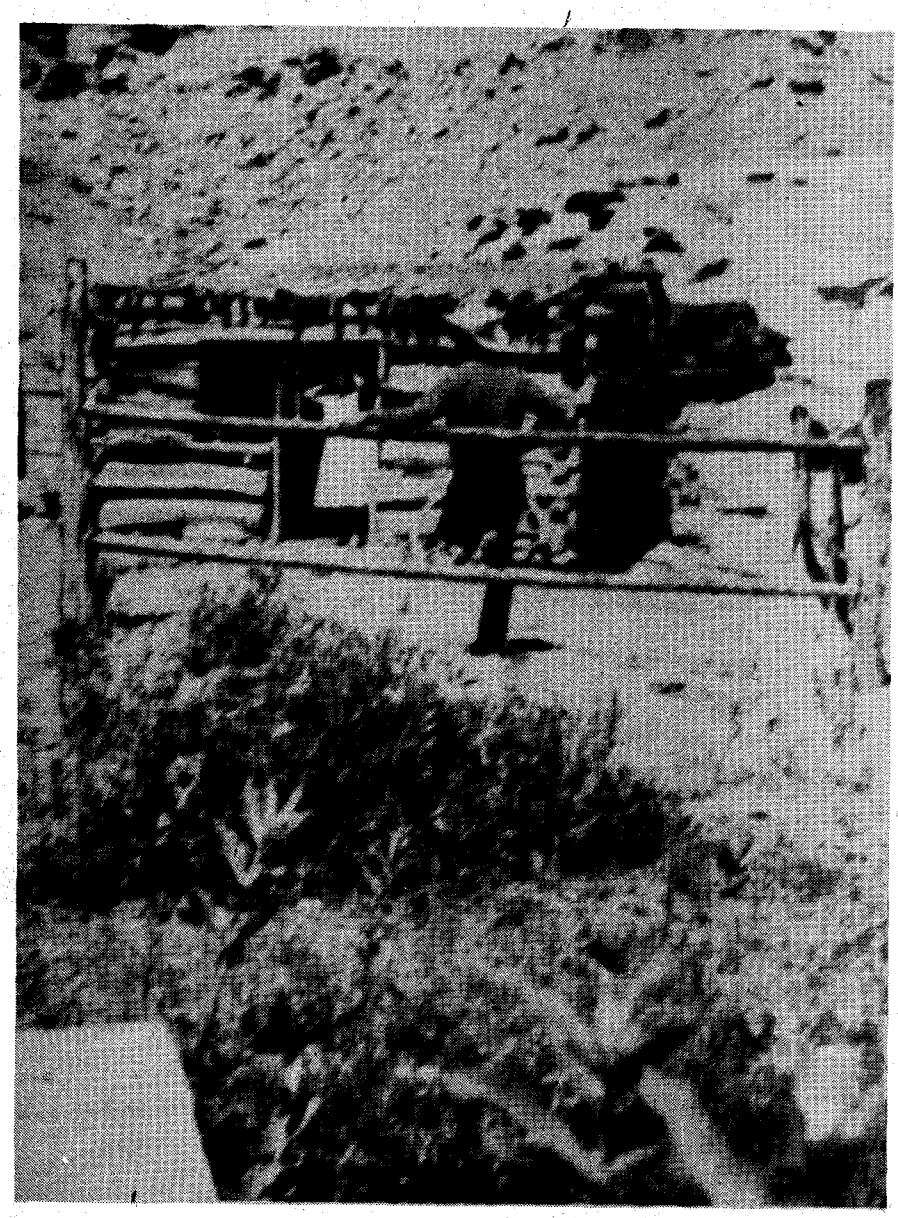
FOREFATHERS

(continued from page 19)



Ancient Wolf Creek cabin, headquarters for cattlemen pushing their herds up and over the old Spanish trail in Utah.

and women who braved and conquered the American frontiers. With only an axe, a musket—some with canoes—traveling in ox-drawn covered wagons, they took from forests, rivers and lakes what they needed while fighting then pacifying the Indians. Later they built forts and trading posts, some of which grew into towns. Then metals from the mines provided them with implements for building better homes and supplying their needs in a safer way.

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ANIMALS
(continued from page 28)

pouches and jumped down a perpendicular bank of about twenty feet into the river. The bear sprang after them and was within a few feet of the hindmost when one of the hunters on shore shot him in the head and finally killed him."

After this experience the Lewis and Clark expedition members were more cautious of the giant bear.

Teddy Roosevelt wrote about the Grizzly thusly: "He has been hunted for sport, and hunted for his pelt, and hunted for the bounty, and hunted as a dangerous animal to livestock, until save in the wildest district, he has learned to be more wary than a deer, and avoid man's presence almost as carefully as the most timid game."

It was the Sharpes repeating rifle that started the grizzly down the road to extinction in most of the western states. Man was to become the only real predator against the huge carnivore. The grizzly gradually began losing the battle against man.

When man replaced his herds of cattle for the thousands of buffalo that once roamed the plains the death knell for the grizzly rang out loud and clear. "The Grizzlies gotta go!"

How could the grizzly tell the difference between man's cattle and the buffalo he had preyed upon for thousands of years? After all, their meat tasted very much alike. The big carnivore learned to kill the white man's cattle and for this a price was placed upon his head.

Some of the grizzlies became infamous rogues, at least as far as the ranchers were concerned. One, Old Moe, was said to have killed at least five men and taken half a thousand cattle. A price of $1,000 was placed on his head. The old rogue managed to elude his hunters for many a season but in the end fell from the shot of a bounty hunter.

The grizzly is well equipped to survive where man has not molested him. Keen of hearing and smell but with poor eyesight he feeds on almost anything from grass to meadow mice. He will spend hours digging like a bulldozer for a mountain marmot or cony. Where salmon run up rivers to spawn he becomes an excellent fisherman and spends hours in the water catching fish after fish. The only areas of the continent that this now occurs is in Canada and Alaska where the big brownies (a sub-species of grizzly) line the shore of salmon rivers like cattle.

The female grizzly mates at the age of three years. The male often will fight over the female, the victor going off with his prize like a teen-age lover. Once in awhile, perhaps the female becomes impatient, the object of the fight will step in and stop the combatants and choose one or the other, not necessarily the one that was winning. The male stays with the female until the approach of winter and then seeks a separate denning site.

Bears do not actually enter into a state of hibernation as their temperature doesn't lower nor does their breathing change; it seems more like a deep sleep. At any rate it is during this winter sleep that the cubs are born, usually two, very tiny, hairless creatures hardly larger than new born kittens. In two months they have fur and springtime finds them ready to leave the den when their mother does.

The cubs stay with the mother for two years and then are abandoned to shift for themselves. During the time the cubs are with the mother, however, she treats them with loving care, teaching them the thousand and one lessons they must learn to be able to make their own way in the wilderness. A bear matures in eight years and may live for as many as thirty.

The last stronghold of the grizzly is the rugged ranges of Canada and Alaska as well as along the coastal areas of the larger islands such as Kodiak. The grizzly may make it for a long time in the wilder sections of his range but as man ever penetrates these regions his numbers will gradually decrease. Some future day, unless man takes measures to protect him fully, the giant grizzly that may have roamed the continent for as many as ten million years will have gone the way of the dodo and the passenger pigeon. What a loss that will be. ●RW

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The Mammals of British Columbia, by Ian McTaggart, Cowan and Charles J. Guiguet.
No Room for Bears, by Frank DuFresne
Mammals of the Pacific States, by Lloyd G. Ingles
National Wildlife, "Steer Clear of the Grizzly", by Jack Denton Scott
Personal observation in Alaska

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EDITOR'S CORRAL

(continued from page 53)

HARSH PUNISHMENT FOR NON PAYMENT OF BILLS

A Chinaman in Carson City failing to pay his laundryman, another Chinaman was, on September 8, dragged into the Chinese Masonic Lodge there, and had a portion of his ear cut off as a punishment, after which he left the city.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 18, 1879

WINNEMUCCA VISITS HIS PEOPLE

Winnemucca, chief of the Piutes, who is now over 75 years old, is visiting all of his people. Feeling his end to be near, he is exhorting them to remain on friendly terms with the whites.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, October 18, 1879

R. L. STEVENSON PLANS TO LIVE IN COLORADO

Mr. R. L. Stevenson, the novelist, is going to live on a Colorado ranch for some years.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 20, 1887

BUFFALO BILL IN EUROPE

Buffalo Bill intends to give a Fall season in Paris and a Winter season in the Coliseum in Rome. His European engagements extend over three years.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 20, 1887

BUFFALO BILL ENTERTAINS IN LONDON

A rib-roast breakfast in honor of Simon Cameron was given by Buffalo Bill in the marquee of the Wild West camp, in London, one day last week. A score of distinguished gentlemen were present, including Chauncey M. Depew, Murat Halstead, General Hawley, Leonard Jerome and Justin McCarthy. Grilled ribs were served to the guests on the homeliest of platters, and were eaten Indian fashion, with keen relish.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, August 20, 1887 ●RW

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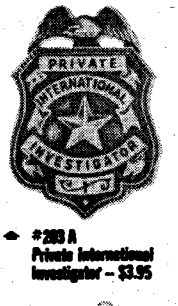

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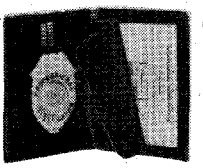

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THOMAS STARR KING

(continued from page 15)

John Greenleaf Whittier sent a special poem for the dedication services on Jan. 10, 1864.

King, himself, donated the organ.

When the new church was dedicated, King estimated that the income of his church was $25,000 per year, contrasted to $30,000 per year that Henry Ward Beecher raised in his famous Brooklyn church, and Beecher's church was twice as large as King's. King said that based on membership, his church was the number one church financially in America.

Any one of his labors would have been enough for one man, much less the outstanding success of all of them combined.

With a new and prosperous church, the Sanitary Commission on a solid and functioning basis, and Union victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg sealing the doom of the South, he had every reason to sit back and relax.

He was now also financially secure personally. Still another of his parishioners, William C. Ralston, the great financier of the Comstock Lode, had given him solid advice on investments in Nevada silver mines.

He was due a sabbatical. He could now look forward to rest, travel, and writing his book on the Sierras.

Yet, as his congregation had deduced on the very first day, his health was never good. Only devotion to what he considered God's will and "being mad" kept him going as long as they did. Now the Herculean labors began to take their toll.

All along, there were indications he was driving himself too hard for his weak little body.

Indeed, in 1861, he collapsed after speaking to the thunderous applause of 3,000 persons at a major Republican rally with Leland Stanford.

When Bret Harte found him almost passed out on a sofa in the dressing room while the applause continued, Harte asked, "What a triumph! How did you manage to get through the long last sentence?"

King feebly responded, "I hardly know. I seemed quite unconscious of my surroundings. My imagination beheld the scenes, my mind worked out the sentences moments before I uttered them."

Frequently his friends urged him to ease up.

Yet, now that he had the chance and every right to take it easy, disaster struck.

On Feb. 28, 1864, he was hit by diphtheria soon complicated by pneumonia. For two days, he clung tenuously to life.

Then a second attack of pneumonia struck.

A doctor was summoned. The doctor told him that he now had only a half hour to live.

King glanced at the calendar.

"Today is the fourth of March," he sighed. "Sad news will go over the wires today."

Next, he dictated his will.

Then he turned to his wife, "Do not weep for me. I know it is all right. I wish I could make you feel so. I wish I could describe my feelings. It is strange. I see all the privileges and greatness of the future. It already looks grand, beautiful. Tell them that I went lovingly, trustfully, peacefully."

One by one across San Francisco the American flags dropped to half mast. The city hall and all the state and federal offices immediately closed. Soon the foreign consulates and foreign ships in San Francisco harbor joined in dropping their flags to half mast.

The State Legislature in Sacramento adjourned for three days in mourning after passing a resolution that "he had been a tower of strength to the cause of his country."

A military honor guard was posted at his casket. His body lay wrapped in the American flag in front of the altar of his church.

Mrs. Fremont placed violets on his chest.

As King lay in state, some 20,000 people came to pay tribute. Many broke into tears as they passed the coffin. Some kissed the flag that was his shroud.

In the bay at Fort Alcatraz, in Union Square in downtown San Francisco, and at other federal military installations, the cannons boomed in memorial tribute.

Bret Harte composed the eulogy, "Relieving Guard."

"A Star? There's nothing strange in that."
"No, nothing; but above the thicket
Somehow it seemed to me that God
Somewhere had just relieved a picket."

Such a mammoth outpouring of emotion and sorrow was not equalled on a national level until 99 years later with the murder of President John F. Kennedy.

Services were conducted by the Masons, with ministers of the Methodist and Presbyterian Churches joining in the rites.

His body was buried in the front lawn of the church he had just completed building.

It still lies in a crypt in front of the church today at the corner of Franklin and Starr King streets. In the early 1960's, the state designated Starr King's church and tomb to be a historical monument.

In 1913, the State Legislature voted Starr King and the great Catholic missionary Father Junipero Serra to be the state's two greatest heroes. It appropriated $10,000 to erect a bust in King's memory in the U. S. Capitol to stand with those of George Washington and Robert E. Lee for Virginia.

The statue was unveiled on March 1, 1931, by King's grandson, U. S. Navy Lt. Cmdr. Thomas Starr King.

In addition to the giant granite mountain in Yosemite National Park, one of the great trees that he admired in Yosemite is also named for him. There is another mountain in the White Hills of New Hampshire also named Mt. Starr King.

California has many public schools and Masonic Lodges bearing his name. In Long Beach, there is even a Starr King Presbyterian Church.

The Unitarians have named their major seminary the Starr King School of Theology.

However, like his compatriot and admirer, Abraham Lincoln, his greatest monument is the dream he labored for, "One nation, under God, invidisible, with liberty and justice for all." **●RW**

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LOST TREASURES

(continued from page 62)

who are interested in early mining history and the collection of relics and artifacts from the days when the Montana mines were producing fortunes in precious metals.

Where else could you wander in and around old mines possessing such interesting names as Lily Orphan Boy, Hard Luck, Golden Anchor, Blue Eyed Maggie, Morning Glory, and, a bit farther away, the Gold Coin, Atlantic Cable, Blue Eyed Nellie, Southern Cross, Thursday Friday, and Forest Rose?

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But remember, to visit and to find a few collectible relics is not the same thing as to loot, to vandalize and utterly to destroy. The manner in which other visitors will be welcomed in the future is, in part, determined by how well you and I conduct ourselves when we are guests of the areas we visit.

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OLD FORT BOWIE

(continued from page 65)

The ghost fort is a monument to all the brave troopers who risked their lives in the bloody pass and the wilderness of the then young Arizona Territory to bring civilization to Arizona and to speed safely the westward bound emigrants toward "ultimate destiny". As an empire builder it was truly one of the greatest. •RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

Frontier Military Posts of Arizona by Ray Brandes

Arizona Pioneers' Historical Society, Tucson, Ariz.

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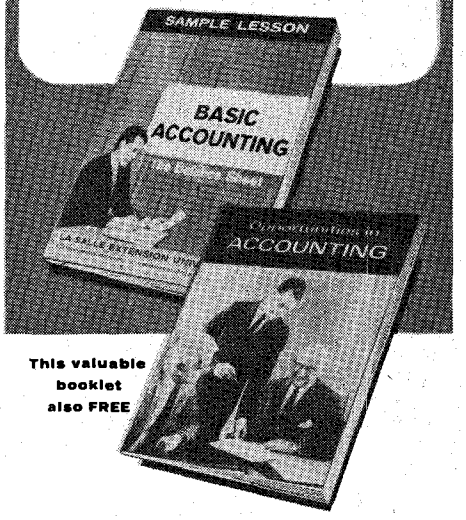

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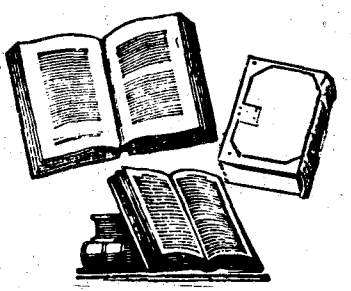

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A handmade book, printed on an antique hand press from handset type and handbound. The edition is limited to 500 copies. The book reprints three of Charles Lummis' magazine articles which were first published 70 years ago: The Southwest Wonderland, The Pyramids of Taos, and The Country of Standing Rocks.

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GENERAL CROOK AND THE SIERRA MADRE ADVENTURE

By Dan L. Thrapp
University of Oklahoma Press,
Norman, Oklahoma
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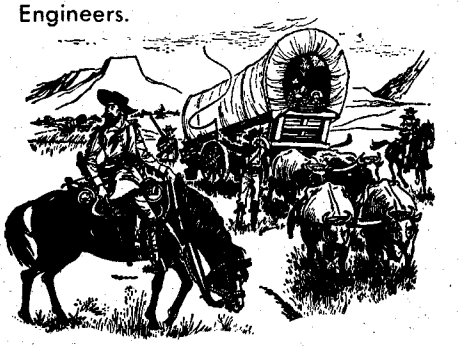
As white settlers from the East continued to pour into what is now the southwestern part of the United States in the early 1880's a group of nearly 1,000 Chiricahua Apaches, including more than 150 fighting men, secured themselves in the Sierra Madre of northern Mexico. From that stronghold they carried out an active campaign against the settlers. This book presents a carefully documented account of the events leading to the Apache entrenchment and the inevitable United States Army expedition against these Indians. A map of the route of the expedition, featuring many battle sites never before precisely located helps the reader follow General George Crook's forces in one of the most dangerous of the frontier Indian wars. That the expedition of 1883 was carried out successfully against overwhelming odds is a measure of the remarkable officer who led it. The author shows how incident followed upon incident, the whole forming an integral pattern which led directly from bloody Cibecue Creek in eastern Arizona in 1881 through a succession of raids, battles, and ineffectual pursuits to the forested mountains of Sonora, hundreds of miles to the south. Included with the volume are reproductions of two rare contemporary maps; a map of the fight at Cibecue Creek and the topographical map of Crook's 1883 expedition compiled from the field notes of Lt. G. H. Fiebeger of the Army Engineers.



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THE AMERICAN INDIAN

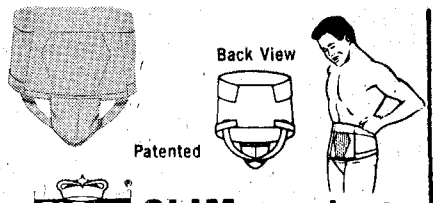
(continued from page 35)

silver soon became their favored metal.

Most of the designs used on copper are those of birds, animals, men or abstract geometrical forms. Many of the abstract geometrical designs are very beautiful in composition, showing a high degree of artistic ability. Much of the copper in form of men show the figure executing dance steps. This has a special interest as it shows the character of the costume having a connection between the tribes of the Mississippi Valley and the Maya and Aztec people of Mexico. In many details the figures of the masked dancers from the two areas are almost identical. One design of interest is the double-headed eagle; this is often attributed to European influence, but these prehistoric plates prove that this was also a native Indian design.

In the southwest copper was found in many places but the Indian in this area did not seem to make much use of it. Bells or beads seemed to have been made but little else. The bells are small being less than an inch in diameter. They are globular with an opening on the side or bottom and a ring for suspension on top. The clappers are pebbles. The beads are cylindrical in shape and almost an inch in length.

The Indians also used compounds of copper in the manufacture of blue and green paints. Copper which is long exposed becomes coated with a green basic carbonate called verdigris. This is especially true where there is some moisture. Most of the Indian-made copper objects are mottled green color, but this can be removed and the surface restored. ●RW



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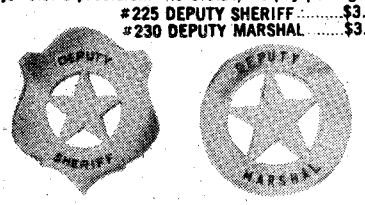

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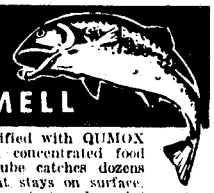

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WHISKEY JIM GREATHOUSE

(continued from page 59)

Another informed Deputy Sheriff William H. Hudgens that the beef came from Whiskey Jim.

Forming a posse of eight men, Hudgens rode north to the ranch which had been partly rebuilt after the burning. Kuck was there and amiably agreed that they were welcome to search the premises. No beef hides were found that bore any other owner's brand. What Hudgens could not know was that by then Whiskey Jim was buying butchered beef from rustler gangs. They did the slaughtering and delivered the quarters to the ranch, being paid after the beef was sold. Whiskey Jim was a joker who never took a chance on losing a dime.

Over at Bear Springs running cattle in the Gallinas Mountains was the notorious Joseph (Joe) Fowler who boastfully claimed to have killed fourteen men. His nearest neighbor was another cattleman, C. F. Blackington, who would soon become the county sheriff. Fowler had been losing cattle over a period of several months. For some reason he accused Blackington of being the thief.

On December 15, 1881, Fowler and his foreman Jim Ike, cut the trail of forty rustled steers. They followed it into the mining district of Georgetown, arriving just after they were sold to a slaughter house.

The rustlers were identified as Jim Finley and Jim Kay. They were former cowboys for Blackington. Fowler did not know that they had quit their jobs a couple of weeks before. They were traced from town to Bert Shaw's ranch where Whiskey Jim happened to be present.

Fowler had an unsavory reputation for shooting victims in their back from ambush. Knowing this, on sight, Finley and Kay lifted their sixguns, prepared to shoot it out on the spot. Fowler and Ike were caught cold and surely about to be killed.

Whiskey Jim started at the tableaux in astonishment. To him Fowler appealed in a shaky voice before guns blasted lead.

He asked quickly, "Hey, what the hell's wrong with these guys?"

"What's up?" Whiskey Jim asked Finley and Kay.

Finley replied, "This bastard was snaking his rouser from the holster as soon as he hit the ground from his saddle. If he wants a shooting, we'll accommodate him!"

"I, uh, just killed a man over at Socorro," Fowler lied. "Guess I'm a mite nervous and imagined these boys were after me."

"You shouldn't be sneaking in on people," Whiskey Jim replied. "It ain't noways the right thing to do."

Knowing that he was still in a shooting situation Fowler began building up to Whiskey Jim. Afterwards he boasted that he used guile, knowing that Whiskey Jim bossed the gang preying on cattlemen's herds.

Fowler, a bushwhacker, had never killed an antagonist in a fair fight. He wasn't just about to brace Whiskey Jim face to face.

So well did Fowler smooth over the incident that Whiskey Jim rode along with him and Ike when they left Shaw's ranch. Finley and Kay followed close behind them.

At the Point of Rocks the entire party pulled up and ate a meal of cold grub carried in saddle bag pockets.

During this halt Finley got the opportunity to whisper a warning to Whiskey Jim, "Twice I have seen Fowler start to lift his gun on you when your back was turned. Watch him because he's out to kill you."

Whiskey Jim knew all about the often drunk Fowler's inclination to shoot someone in the back. Therefore it seems odd that sided by Finley and Kay he did not handle the cold blooded killer when the final showdown came suddenly. All three paid for this mistake with their lives.

Only Fowler's story was accepted by investigating lawmen. According to him they were preparing to mount after partaking of lunch when Whiskey Jim turned on him holding a levelled gun.

He allegedly shouted, "I know your game, Joe! It won't work with me."

Fowler claimed that he was forced to draw in self-defense and killed Whiskey Jim with one bullet. His second dropped Finley dead. Ike in the meantime had killed Kay.

No one in New Mexico believed the shootout occurred that way. It was certain that in some way Fowler and Ike bushwhacked them. When lawmen went out for the bodies it was found that Whiskey Jim, then only twenty-seven years old, had been shot twice. One bullet went into the back between the shoulder blades, the second through the right side when he must have been turning about to face his slayer.

In no other way except by trickery could Whiskey Jim have been killed.

After Fowler's death a short time later, Ike gave another version. He said that when they started mounting up to leave the Point of Rocks, Whiskey Jim carelessly turned sideways to fork his saddle. From behind his horse, awaiting the opportunity, Fowler leveled his sixgun over the saddle and thumbed off two shots. Wheeling, he let Finley have it. Both rustlers were then shooting wildly at Fowler and Ike killed Kay.

Whatever happened, the putrid if not infamous career of Whiskey Jim was brought to an abrupt end by a cold blooded, wanton bushwacker.

Continuing his murderous ways, the night of November 6, 1883, in Socorro Fowler engaged in a self-made argument with one of his few remaining friends, Joseph E. Cale.

Cale was a mild little man and never carried a weapon of any kind. When he tried to withdraw, saying, "Joe, we'll talk it over later," Fowler suddenly lost his mind.

Drunk, he pulled a Bowie knife and stabbed his friend to death before bystanders could throw him to the floor. When they did he was held there until officers arrived to haul him off to jail.

The wanton murder enraged the citizens of Socorro. He was subsequently convicted and sentenced to hang. But the local citizens could not wait that long to see justice done.

More than 100 masked men took him from jail the night of January 22, 1884 and hanged him to a cottonwood tree.

●RW

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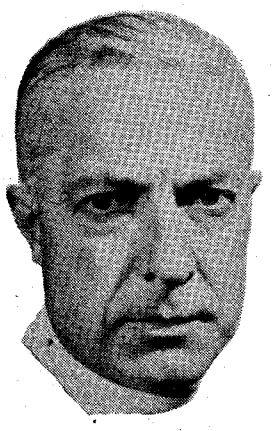

An Important Message

To Every Man And Woman

In America

Losing His Or Her Hair

If you are troubled by thinning hair, dandruff, itchy scalp, if you fear approaching baldness, read the rest of this statement carefully. It may mean the difference to you between saving your hair and losing the rest of it to eventual baldness.

Baldness is simply a matter of subtraction. When the number of new hairs fail to equal the number of falling hair, you end up minus your head of hair (bald). Why not avoid baldness by preventing unnecessary loss of hair? Why not turn the tide of battle on your head by eliminating needless causes of hair loss and give Nature a chance to grow more hair for you? Many of the country's dermatologists and other foremost hair and scalp specialists believe that seborrhea, a common scalp disorder, causes hair loss. What is seborrhea? It is a bacterial infection of the scalp that can eventually cause permanent damage to the hair follicles. Its visible evidence is "thinning" hair. Its end result is baldness. Its symptoms are dry, itchy scalp, dandruff, oily hair, head scales, and progressive hair loss.

So, if you are beginning to notice that your forehead is getting larger, beginning to notice that there is too much hair on your comb, beginning to be worried about the dryness of your hair, the itchyness of your scalp, the ugly dandruff — **these are Nature's Red Flags** warning you of impending baldness. Even if you have been losing your hair for some time, don't let seborrhea rob you of the rest of your hair.

HOW COMATE WORKS ON YOUR SCALP

The development of an amazing new hair and scalp medicine called Comate is specifically designed to control seborrhea and stop the hair loss it causes. It offers the opportunity to thousands of men and women losing their hair to bacterial infection to reverse the battle they are now losing on their scalps. By stopping this impediment to normal hair growth, new hairs can grow as Nature intended.

This is how Comate works: (1) It combines in a single scalp treatment the essential corrective factors for normal hair growth. By its rubifacient action it stimulates blood circulation to the scalp, thereby supplying more nutrition to still-alive hair follicles. (2) As a highly effective antiseptic, Comate kills on contact the seborrhea-causing scalp bacteria believed to be a cause of baldness. (3) By its keratolitic action it dissolves ugly dandruff. By tending to normalize the lubrication of the hair shaft it corrects excessively dry and oily hair. It eliminates head scales and scalp itch.

In short, Comate offers you in a single treatment the best that modern medicine has developed for the preservation of your hair. There is no excuse today except ignorance for any man or woman to neglect seborrhea and pay the penalty of hair loss.

COMATE IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED

To you we offer this UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE. Treat your scalp to Comate in your own home, following the simple directions. See for yourself in your own mirror how after a few treatments, Comate makes your hair look thicker and alive. How Comate ends your dandruff, stops your scalp itch. How Comate gives your hair a chance to grow. Most men and women report results after the first treatment, some take longer. But we say this to you. If, for any reason, you are not completely satisfied with the improvement in your own case — AT ANY TIME — return the unused portion for a prompt refund. No questions asked.

But don't delay. For the sake of your hair, order Comate today. Nothing — not even Comate — can grow hair from dead follicles. Fill out the coupon now, and take the first step toward a good head of hair again.

Male pattern baldness is the cause of the great majority of cases of baldness and excessive hair loss. In such cases neither the Comate treatment nor any other treatment is effective.

Note To Doctors
Doctors, clinics and hospitals interested in scalp disorders can obtain professional samples and literature on written request.

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21 WEST 44 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

"I used to comb out a handful of hair at a time. Now I only get 4-6 on my comb. The terrible itching has stopped."
—L. H. M., Los Angeles, Cal.

"My hair has improved. It used to fall out by handfuls. Comate stopped it from falling out." —D. M. H., Oklahoma City, Okla.

"My hair has quit falling out and getting thin."
—D. W. G., c/o FPO., N. Y.

"My husband has tried many treatments and spent a great deal of money on his scalp. Nothing helped until he started using your formula."
—Mrs. R. LeB, Piqua, Ohio

"Comate is successful in every way you mention. Used it only a few days and can see the big change in my scalp and hair."
—C. E. H., N. Richland, Wash.

"My hair was thin at the temples, and all over. Now it looks so much thicker, I can tell it."
—Miss C. T., San Angelo, Tex.

"Now my hair looks quite thick."
—F. J. K., Chicago, Ill.

"My hair had been coming out and breaking off for about 21 years and Comate has improved it so much."
—Mrs. J. E., Lisbon, Ga.

"I've used a good many different 'tonics.' But until I tried Comate, I had no results. Now I'm rid of dandruff, and itchy scalp. My hair looks thicker."
—G. E., Alberta, Canada

"Used it twice and my hair has already stopped falling."
—R. H., Corona, Cal.

"No trouble with dandruff since I started using it."
—L. W. W., Galveston, Tex.

"It really has improved my hair in one week, and I know what the result will be in three more. I am so happy over it, I had to write!"
—Mrs. H. J., McComb, Miss.

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Please send at once the complete COMATE hair and scalp treatment (60 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results, or you GUARANTEE prompt and full refund on return of unused portion.

☐ Enclosed find $10 (check, cash, money order). Send postpaid.

☐ Send C.O.D. Enclosed is $1 deposit. I will pay postman $9 plus about $1.50 in postal charges on delivery. Save the $1.50 by enclosing $10.
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COLEMAN

(continued from page 52)

products. He was known as a financial Wizard, a courageous and charming individual, and a big man on Wall Street.

Coleman continued to spend much of his time in New York, as Mrs. Coleman managed to keep him from moving the family west for some years. Personal problems must have taken their toll, too, as only two of the seven children born to the Colemans lived to maturity.

But finally, in 1870, William and Carrie Coleman and their two sons, Robert and Carlton, headed for San Francisco to establish a new home. The location was a fine house on Nob Hill, and San Francisco was glad to welcome a favorite son.

But storm clouds gathered over the city again, in 1877. This time the cause of unrest was strictly economic, as the city reacted to its long burst of growth, and unemployment plagued the area. As in so many western towns at that time, the result of such a condition was an attack on Chinese workers who had been brought here to build railroads long since completed, and were now competing with other men for jobs.

In San Francisco's strange "brush-fire" approach to solving civic problems, the man who was called "the Lion of the Vigilantes" was once more asked to serve his adopted city, and to head a Committee of Safety. Coleman, now 53 years old, agreed, and quickly organized 6500 volunteers, with an object of avoiding rioting and bloodshed. This time he had federal help, as he received permission from President Rutherford Hayes to imprison a large number of trouble-makers on Navy ships, if necessary. After issuing this threat, Coleman ordered that 6,000 hickory pick handles be made into billy clubs. 1500 men were to be on duty and armed with these clubs around the clock, ready for anything.

Finally, the inevitable happened, when a ship arrived with 138 Chinese immigrants. 700 vigilantes were deployed to fight 1500 rioters, and in two hours, the trouble was over and the rioters were thoroughly subdued. Only the billy clubs were used by the vigilantes in this fight, to avoid as much bloodshed as possible. Coleman was very gratified by the result:

"Our men displayed coolness, discipline, and courage, throughout. Our success was complete, and by midnight the city was quiet and safe. The next day showed the general demoralization and discouragement of the lawless element; they were subdued, and the backbone of their movement was broken."

"Within five days from the first call we had organized, armed, and gone through successful action, completed our undertaking, established peace, order, and security; and, as the signs of the dangers which had called us out were now passed, we resolved that the returning quiet should see us relinquish our extraordinary powers and public position."

So things quieted down again by the golden gate, and William T. Coleman, who by now was a rich and famous man, continued to build up his burgeoning industrial empire, and to contribute to the growth of California. He constructed waterworks, developed real estate, became an important banker, and began to deal in mining properties. The first borax claim in Death Valley was sold to the Coleman Co. in 1881, and a form of borax was named colemanite in honor of the great industrialist, who did so much to develop Death Valley borax. Coleman was even considered a likely presidential candidate at one time, but he never went out after the nomination. It would have gone against his basic philosophy, which he explained this way:

"I have never sought public prominence ... But, happening to be where trouble arose ... I have, in a plain way, done what I could to better the conditions of affairs. I have not stopped to ask whose approval it would meet, nor whose disapproval; nor to inquire whether it was safe or unsafe, politic or impolitic, profitable or unprofitable. The simple question with me has been, Is it right? Can I do some good? Can I help my fellows? And I have done it, probably to the best of my ability, only asking the voluntary aid of those who wished to help, and when the work was finished, I have quit."

Things rolled right along in prime fashion, until one black day in the spring of 1888, when a combination of tariff cuts on borax imports, temporary overextension, and rumors that Coleman had his back to the wall brought his whole empire tumbling down.

It was a terrible blow to Coleman, after a life spent in building a business, to have to witness what he considered its needless collapse. Bankruptcy laws required only partial repayment, but the old lion still had plenty of fight left. He announced to the papers:

"As for my intentions, I propose paying every one in full, and am going to work for that with a will, if my assets should not prove sufficient ... I can take off my coat and go to work again."

And at age 64, William T. Coleman did just that. He began by selling the mansion on Nob Hill, although the buyer would only pay half its value, and Coleman was in no position to insist on more. In four long, arduous years, he managed to pay back every penny that had been lost by the collapse of his enterprises, but the fantastic effort, at his age, exhausted him. He lived only one more year, and died on November 22, 1893, at the age of 69.

Newspapers all over the country were full of praise and appreciation for this remarkable man. Typical were these remarks by the San Francisco CALL:

"There is hardly a product of this State which he has not been the means of developing and for which he has not created or widened the Eastern market."

The famous historian, H. H. Bancroft, interviewed Coleman in his declining years, and had this to say of his character:

" ... no one who has lived through his times and experiences, and who has undergone trials by which men's integrity, character, and manhood are crucially tested, such as he passed through, has survived the ordeal with brighter record or better name."

"The history of this life carries its own moral."

●RW

REFERENCE SOURCES:

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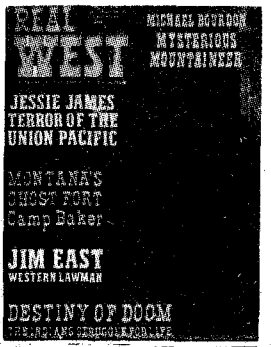
Long Riders of the Outlaw Trail

Fabulous Cripple Creek

Mangus Colorado Giant of the Desert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JESSIE JAMES TERROR OF THE UNION PACIFIC
MONTANA'S GHOST FORT Camp Baker
JIM EAST WESTERN LAWMAN
DESTINY OF DOOM

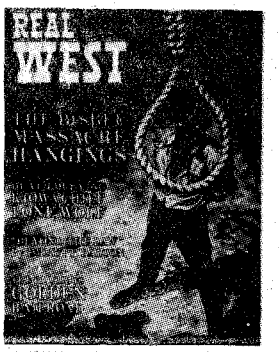
JUNE, 1971

Jessie James Terror of the Union Pacific

Montana's Ghost Fort Camp Baker

Jim East Western Lawman

Michael Bourdon Mysterious Mountaineer



AUG., 1971

The Bisbee Massacre Hangings

Death Defying Kiowe Chief Lone Wolf

"Beyond The Law" by Emmett Dalton

The Glorious Golden Railroad

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GEORGE BENT OWL WOMAN'S SON
THE RAILROAD COMES TO ARIZONA
HE CAUGHT WOLVES WITH HIS BARE HANDS

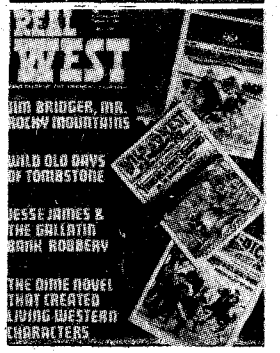
SEPT.,1971

Jim Lane, Kansas Firebrand

George Bent, Owl Woman's Son

The Railroad Comes To Arizona

He Caught Wolves With His Bare Hands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WILD OLD DAYS OF TOMBSTONE
JESSE JAMES & THE GALLATIN BANK ROBBERY
THE DIME NOVEL THAT CREATED LIVING WESTERN CHARACTERS

OCT., 1971

Jim Bridger, Mr. Rocky Mountains

Wild Old Days Of Tombstone

Jesse James & The Gallatin Bank Robbery

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NOV., 1971

Day Of The Hanging

First Jesuit In Montana

Physicians Of The Rails

California's Mighty Battling Riverboat Captain

"My Boyhood Days in Oklahoma"

DEC , 1971

Boone Helm Man-Beast of the Frontier

The Man Who Took Custer's Place

Boone Helm Man-Beast of the Frontier

The Mysterious Message

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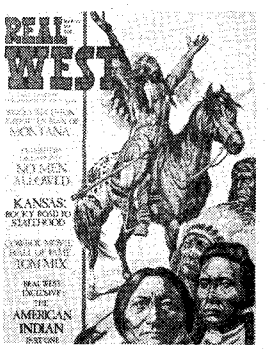
The Bloody Hayfield Fight

Mark Twain Out West

Bill Houston - Sheriff *Without Fear*



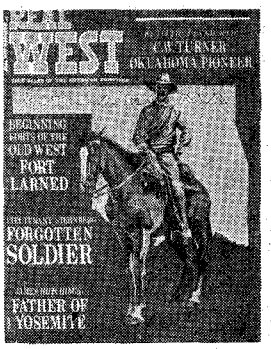
MARCH, 1972

Sidney Edgerton-Forgotten Man of Montana

Bethsheba, Oklahoma--No Men Allowed

Kansas: Rocky Road to Statehood

Cowboy Movie Hall of Fame--Tom Mix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BEGINNING FORTS OF THE OLD WEST FORT LARNED
LIEUTENANT STERNBERG FORGOTTEN SOLDIER
JAMES HUTCHINGS FATHER OF YOSEMITE

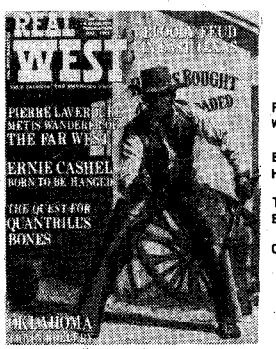
APRIL, 1972

Beginning Forts of the Old West--Fort Larned

Lieutenant Sternberg--Forgotten Soldier.

James Hutchings, Father of Yosemite

C.W. Turner--Oklahoma Pioneer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ERNIE CASHEL BORN TO BE HANGED
THE QUEST FOR QUANTRILL'S BONES
OKLAHOMA

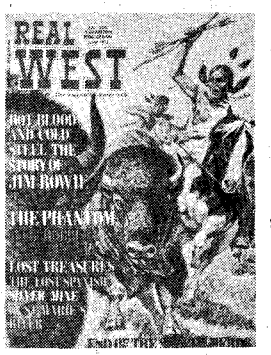
MAY, 1972

Pierre Laverdure--Metis Wanderer of the Far West

Ernie Coshel--Born to be Hanged

The Quest for Quantrill's Bones

Oklahoma Train Robbery



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This is the ad the Racing Form refused to print!

Winning at the Races May Not Be Your Idea of Fun, But...

Here I sit, trying to write about Larry Voegele. And all the while I'm working and sweating, the guy I'm writing about is out at the racetrack. Not a worry in the world—and probably making more money in a day than I make in a week.

What's his secret? *He knows how to beat the races. Really* knows. Knows so much that he runs a school for handicappers. (It's the only one of its kind in the world. Which is why he was asked to appear on "What's My Line.")

He charges his "students" two hundred bucks apiece. He tells them that if they're not completely satisfied he'll return every cent they've paid, and *nobody* has ever asked for his money back.

What's more, he went on a live radio show (The Pete Smith Show on KMPC, February 20, 1971) and did something that had never been done before. Mr. Smith really threw it to him: asked him to pick the winners in the 7 races that were being run at Santa Anita, while the program was on the air. Two out of seven would have been good enough to show a profit. Three would have been phenomenal. Larry Voegele picked *five!*

If he'd been at the track betting, say $20 on each race, he would have picked up a cool $404... net profit! Not bad for an afternoon's "work."

And all the knowledge that Larry publicly *proved* that day... *every* fact that he teaches in his $200 course... is in his book.

If you've never bet on a horse in your life, you'll read and enjoy every word. And end up understanding more than most guys who have been following the ponies all their lives.

If you're an oldtimer, you'll skip the background and get right down to the nitty gritty. If you can forget what you *think* you know, if you have the nerve—and the *discipline*—to follow his methods to the *letter*, you could make more money than you ever dreamed possible.

Why? Because you'll *know* more than 95% of the people who go to the track—and you're betting against *them!* The money they lose, *you'll* win! The track and the state take their cut, but there's plenty to go around.

At Santa Anita, for example, over *two million dollars* is bet every day. And it's a statistical fact that only one out of 20 walks out a big winner. You can be one of them!

Larry Voegele doesn't look like a racetrack tout. He's not.

He's a college graduate. He was the editor of a newspaper. He was a legislative assistant to a congressman.

He was a stockbroker, working for a major Wall Street firm. *Was* because he found out that investing in horse races was *safer*—and more profitable—than trying to beat the Bulls and the Bears at their own game.

And that's the secret of his book. He approaches handicapping as a *professional.* It's *scientific.* No "hunches." No "tips." No so-called "systems."

It isn't even "inside information." Just simple, hard *facts.* Facts that *anyone* could see if they knew what to look for. In short, if they knew what Larry Voegele knows—and tells in his book.

It'll take you about an hour to read it. Another hour to practice what he preaches.

Then if you do *exactly* as he says, step by step... if you don't get reckless or greedy... you'll be on your way to the kind of life you want.

Is that worth a 2-hour investment? Because that's all you're risking. Just time. Not money.

Here's why: your check or money order will *not* be deposited for two weeks *after* your copy of the book is mailed. That'll give you plenty of time to receive your book, read it thoroughly, and put the principles into *action.*

If you're not thrilled with what you've gained, just send the book back within 14 days. Your *uncashed* check or money order will be in the return mail!

Ever heard of an offer like that? No. But there's never been a book like this either.

As to the price—*if* you decide to keep the book. Frankly, we didn't know what to charge. It isn't just paper and ink. It's *information.* Facts that dozens of people have paid $200 to gain—and were satisfied to pay.

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Pimlico, Winter 1971 (30 Days)
270 Races, 97 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.84 35% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $4,140.00

Hialeah (40 days)
400 Races, 147 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $7.80 37% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,148.00

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378 Races, 127 Winners
Avg. Win Price: $9.10 33% Winners
Net Profit $20 Flat Bet to Win: $3,807.00

But there aren't many people who can afford that kind of money. Even for a sure thing.

So what do you think about 10 dollars? That's all—10 dollars. And you have something *better* than a money back guarantee. Because your check or money order won't even be cashed unless—and until—you decided to keep the book because it's worth a *lot* more.

Winning at the horse races, traveling first class and living in the best hotels may not be your idea of fun. As for me, I think it sure beats working for a living. See you at the track.

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OK—I'll take you up on your offer. Send me Larry Voegele's book. Enclosed is my check or money order for ten dollars, but DO *NOT* DEPOSIT IT FOR 14 DAYS *AFTER* YOU SEND MY ORDER.

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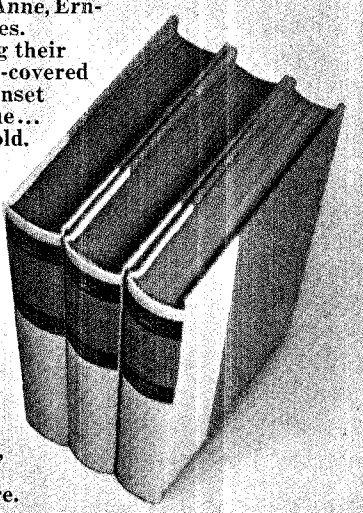

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